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ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

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THE CLARION

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EDITORIALS

Again the revolving wheel of time has turned to the first of the school year. It has turned out the old Senior Class only to fill the space with a new class, a class so numerous that, like Gaul of old, it is divided into three parts, located in the Crosby, Locke and High School buildings.

Seniors, before us lies our fourth year, with its opportunities for success. Let us seize them, for this is for all of us our last year in the schools of Arlington; and for many, it is the last year of school life. Juniors! You are *upper classmen*, now! Don't forget it! Sophomores, you are no longer Freshmen. It is up to you to set a good example. Freshmen, we are proud of your class. It is the largest in the history of the High School. We want to hear from every one of you.

To all the High School the "Clarion" extends a hearty greeting and very best wishes for the ensuing year. Every one of you should be a regular subscriber and contributor. We desire your hearty support and earnest co-operation that this year may prove a success.

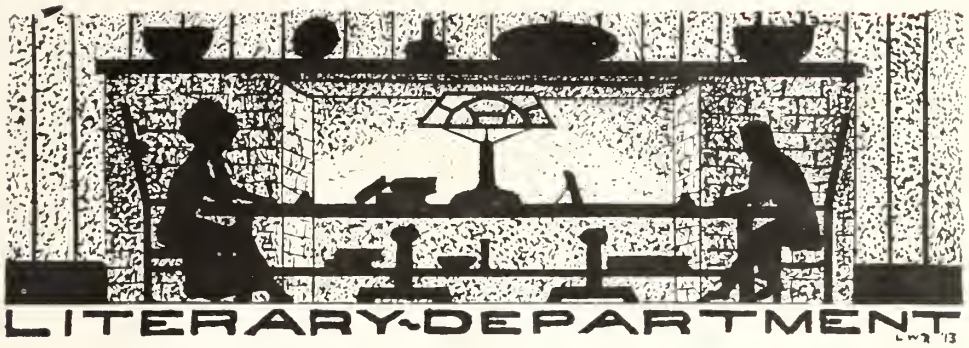
The first of the Monday morning lectures was on October 20, when Mr. Sheridan, superintendent of the Lawrence schools, spoke to us. His subject

was: "In the Wake of the Half Moon." The lecture proved to be a very interesting talk on the Hudson River, and the stereoptican views were numerous and beautiful. Mr. Sheridan afterwards complimented the Arlington High School on its school spirit.

The High School is fortunate this year in that it has lost but one teacher and gained three. Miss Briggs, a popular and successful teacher, who will be greatly missed by her former pupils, was married in June to Roger A. Johnson, Ph. D. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are now living in Columbus, Ohio, where the former is professor of mathematics in Western Reserve University. Miss Pearl Maynard comes to us in Miss Briggs' place from the Hopkinton, Mass., High, where she taugh science and mathematics. Miss Allen and Miss Berry have charge of the division of the Freshman class at the Crosby School. We shall hope to meet and come to know them at our social events.

A happy and satisfactory Thanksgiving to every one in any way connected with A. H. S. Let us see if we cannot improve on the spirit of 1913's Thanksgiving as depicted in the clever Freshman paper in this number by gratefully "counting our blessings" and doing something toward making the day a happy occasion for some less fortunate than ourselves.

V.14-20
0251



THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Dancing, prancing, tossing, twisting, whirling and swirling in the breeze! Rollicking, frollicking out of the gutter, along the sidewalk, through the fence, and over the grass! Glimmering, shimmering overhead in the misty twilight! Crackling cheerfully underfoot in welcome to our every step! Who but the Autumn Leaf? A vivid splotch of red on the green and yellow landscape merrily singing or rather shouting his gladsome message to all the world.

And that message is:—

"Get thee hence, thou sordid care!
Hie thee back to thine own lair.
Know'st thou not that this is Fall,
The gayest, happiest time of all?"

B. L. H., '11.

THE AUTUMN ELF.

She came in the night, when all was still,
From Dame Autumn's kingdom, o'er the hill:
Her eyes were hazel, her hair was brown,
She wore on her head an ivy crown;
Into the woodland with stealthy tread,
Silently, swiftly, the maiden sped;
She kissed the leaves and turned them gold,
Bright colors flamed o'er mead and wold;
She waved her hand, and the tall oak trees
Shivered and shook in the passing breeze;
Then one by one their leaves fell fast,
And the maiden laughed and hurried past
On toward the brook, whose waters gay,
Gurgled and eddied and rushed away
To join the river beyond the plain
And hurry on toward the sea again:
She shook the trees, and nuts rained 'round,
Then picked them up from the dewey ground;
With her pearly teeth, she cracked each shell,
And her laugh was like a silv'ry bell;
Through all the orchards she hurried on,
For she must away e'er break of dawn.
She kissed the fruit, as swift she sped,
And the apples blushed a rosy red;
But as she clothed the maples old
With garments flaming red and gold,
A shaft of light gleamed through the air,
'Till the dew-drops sparkled in her hair,—
Morn is here, and break of dawn!
Night with its labors now is gone;
Gazing around with a happy smile,
At wonders worked in so short a while,
With a laugh like a tinkling waterfall,
The maiden heeds Dame Autumn's call.
Back to her home among the trees
O'er the misty hills the maiden flees.

Marion Evelyn Bushee, '14.

HIS FIRST HALLOWE'EN.

The Melborns lived in a great, spacious old country house on the outskirts of a small California town. The gardens about the place were beautiful, and at one end of the lawn, which was dotted with great beds of magnificent flowers, was a little maze, laid out years before by Great-Great-Great-Grandfather Melborn.

There were five of the Melborns, father, mother and three young Melborns, Jack, Andrey and Peter, aged nineteen, fourteen, and twelve, respectively. They were a jolly family.

It was getting on toward the last of October, when a long expected cousin from Germany arrived to pay them a visit. His name was Karl Tigerstedt, and he was just a little older than Peter. Of course, he seemed odd to the alert young Americans, so he was subjected to a great amount of "joshing" and good-humored teasing.

When Andrey and Peter discovered that Karl didn't know what Hallowe'en meant, with Jack's big-brotherly help, they planned a surprise for the jolly little German.

Hallowe'en arrived, and about seven o'clock in the evening Andrey and Peter sweetly invited their cousin to accompany them for a stroll about the grounds, to which proposal Karl readily agreed.

It was very dark, so Andrey politely guided the German on one side, while Peter helped on the other. Karl thought that Andrey embraced his arm rather lovingly, but she was a pretty girl and an affectionate cousin, so he didn't mind. Indeed, Karl felt very cheerful and light-hearted this evening, and once, when Peter started at the sharp crackle of a branch, Karl laughingly promised to protect him from the "bogie man."

They strolled about, chatting, until it was so dark that nothing could be seen around them. Then Andrey quickened their pace a little, and led her companions into the maze. Karl didn't know in the least where he was, so when Peter proposed a run down the path he started at once, leaving his cousins behind him, choking with laughter. Of course, in a moment he stumbled against the end of the path, and when he picked himself up he took the wrong turning.

In a moment terrified shrieks rent the air, and wild scufflings and kickings were heard. Peter climbed a tree, from which he could look into the maze; and there he beheld the stout little German in the light of the jack-o'-lanterns, madly tearing up and down, his eyes streaming with tears, calling upon Dunder und Blitzen to rid him of the terrific sights before him.

When Peter had laughed himself quite silly, he went to the rescue, bravely faced the ghostly pumpkins, with their great eyes and teeth and swaying white sheets, and brought Karl out.

Of course, at first, the boy felt rather angry at the joke on him; but when they reached the house, and he saw the lovely, funny old jack-o'-lanterns hung on the piazza, he felt better, and when his eye caught the Hallowe'en spread laid out for them his smiles returned, even while he warned Peter to be on his guard, for in time he would surely return that joke, with interest.

G. H. Morgan, '15.

KING FROST.

King Frost has come again.
To change the season's hue;
And with his ghostly, icy cane,
He paints the leaves anew.

He pictures things upon the pane,
Of figures we don't know;
But maybe they are messages
Of the coming of the snow.

Kenneth Reed, '16.

STRAINS FROM PHOEBUS' LUTE

Have you ever stopped to think of the wonderfully beautiful songs the

birds possess? What exquisite compositions they would be, if the musician could only catch their strains on his instruments?

One evening, after a long, hot summer's day, I sat on the porch, just as the sun had set, and the rosy after-glow was still in the skies. The heat was slowly disappearing, and the cool of the night taking its place. I could see the mist settling on the lake, and, beyond, the black pines stood, tall and green, against the sunset sky. Everything was still, a hush seemed laid over everything by some unknown, unseen hand, when all of a sudden a bird-note broke the stillness. It rose clearer and higher until it seemed as though it must have come from Paradise. Then it stopped. In a moment a beautiful, rich song burst from the solitary singer. It rang in the damp evening air like the notes of a clarion. Now it was broken by a little trill, then a ripple, and at last the high, sweet call of the beginning. Then it died away into silence. Not many minutes afterward another song broke out, almost identical with the first, and it seemed to come from the throat of the same singer. Its bell-like notes rang once more over the lake. Again and again the bird repeated his call, until at last he stopped. The hermit-thrush had finished his evening song.

Early, about four o'clock, one morning in June, I was wandering in the meadows, gathering some wild flowers, which had just opened. Dawn was breaking, but the world had not yet awakened from sleep. It was going to be a beautiful day, for the haze had lifted, and the sun, just risen, was flooding the world with its brightness. I was making no noise, as the ground was very soft. Soon from a tuft of grass not a stone's throw away a little flutter seemed to come. I stood still where I was, and waited expectantly, almost knowing what was about to happen. Then a bird rose slowly from the tall grass, shaking off the dewdrops from his wings as he flew. Going straight up into the air for a short distance, he instantly broke into song. A flood of music poured forth from his little throat—his glorious tribute to the morning sun! Up and up he flew, until he was but a speck dotting the sky. But I could still hear his song, away up in the heavens. Fainter and fainter it grew, until I lost, together, sight of the skylark and the sounds of his song.

One other morning I lay in bed (I was not such an early riser as before), just between sleep and consciousness. It was very early, as I could just see the light beginning to creep in behind the curtains, and could no longer feel the cool night breeze. All of a sudden I was startled into wakefulness by a whistle, clear and sweet, from another room. Soon came a twittering and crooning, then a low chirp, interrupted by a trill, and finally a whole melody broke out. It swelled clearer and higher, like the notes of a flute, until at last—the perfect song of my canary.

And so it seems as though the birds were but strains of music from Phoebus' lute, caught and held together by plumes; and as though the least breath of air would blow them away.

Let us try always to love and be careful of the birds, and shield them as much as we can from harm; because, who knows, some day the "wind" may sweep them away from us and leave us disconsolate. M. E. A., '16.

THE VESPER SPARROW.

When o'er the world the twilight shadows softly fall,
Then is heard the vesper sparrow's sil'ry call;
Almost Sabbath-stillness fills the fresh'ning air,
In the west are ling'ring rosy tints and fair;
Soon, where sank the golden sun, the stars will gleam:
'Tis God's love over all, and Heav'n on earth, 'twould seem.

Dorothy Allen, '16.

"GYP."

Gyp always spent the mornings with me in my study. She would lie quietly, half asleep, on the sofa, only opening an eye now and then to see what I was doing. One morning, however, she seemed restless, running from one window to another, and then to me, whining softly. Suddenly the door of my study was thrown open. "Hey, Professor, your barn's on fire."

I started down the stairs, but Gyp was ahead of me. By the time I reached the back door she was at the barn door, jumping against it. Then I remembered, and hurried to her. The smoke in this part of the barn was not as yet very thick, so we reached the loft in comparative safety. Gyp darted over to the old corn-bin. I grasped a struggling mass of puppydom and started out, the little mother following me.

Leaving the puppies on the porch, and Gyp in charge, I returned to the fire. The season had been unusually dry, and the flames spread rapidly over the doomed building. The firemen did their best, but soon all hopes of saving it were given up.

Suddenly a small, white body hurled itself against my legs, and I saw Gyp going back in the direction of the fire. "Better grab that animal, Professor; she may go back in the fire. They do sometimes."

I reached down to grab her collar, and, for the first time in her life, she snapped at me. Surprised, I stepped back. The fire was burning furiously, a burning beam fell in front of us. Uttering a piteous cry, the little dog darted forward, and was gone.

The firemen yelled to the crowd to stand back, and a deep silence fell over all, broken only by the crack of glass, the hissing of the flames, or the sound of falling timber. Suddenly, as if one man, the crowd looked up to the window on the second floor. Instinctively all held out their arms and began to whistle. There stood Gyp, her little trembling body outlined against the furnace of flames. In her mouth she held a struggling puppy. The smoke grew thicker. A long, hungry flame shot out over the brave little dog. She pushed herself forward, and, grasping the puppy, which I had so carelessly left, jumped. A shout went up from the crowd, and they all gathered around her, then turned away, for the brave little body was still.

B. K., '17.

THREE THANKSGIVINGS.

1830.

The whole family are up at four o'clock, for it is Thanksgiving Day.

Great-grandmother's kitchen is a large, low room, with a buttery opening from one side. A long settle stands on either side of the fireplace. A few straight-backed, rush-bottomed chairs are arranged about the walls. (In those days only the elder members of the family sat at the table to eat; the children stood.)

While the brick oven is heating, great-grandfather and the boys are out in the yard, wringing the necks of the turkey and the chickens. A great variety of pies had been baked the day before, and now stand ready upon the pantry shelf. The older girls of the family are busy preparing vegetables of all kinds. Almost everything used for the table had been grown upon the farm.

At ten o'clock all depart for the meeting house (except Betsy, the hired girl), for the two-hour service of thanksgiving.

It is two o'clock, and the abundant dinner is served, but not in courses; everything is on the table at once in heaps. The children are very hilarious, while their elders behave very sedately.

At candle-light, hymns are sung, a chapter from the Bible is read, and the children are sent early to bed.

1870.

At grandmother's house, forty years later, they do not arise until six. Her

kitchen contains a wood stove, with a large oven, in which is baking a stuffed spare-rib of pork and a generous chicken pie.

The children look forward to the cranberry sauce, sweet cucumber pickles, and currant jelly, as they are not served every day. Pies, cakes, plum pudding, nuts and raisins are all provided for dessert.

All the relatives have gathered here for the day. The young people rush off, with their skates, to the pond, while the older ones sit and talk of olden times. At last, to the delight of all, dinner is ready, and the long table is surrounded with happy faces.

At dusk the kerosene lamps are lighted, and all gather around the organ to sing old-time songs. Then both young and old play "blindman's buff" and "spin-the-cover," until grandfather and grandmother come in with cider, apples and doughnuts

1913.

Mother gets her family down to a nine o'clock breakfast, chiefly prepared at the table by the use of the electric toaster and coffee percolator.

The large turkey is placed to roast in the oven of the coal range. The vegetables and pudding are steaming in the fireless cooker, and the gas range is ready for any quick cooking.

The automobile is waiting to take a merry load to the football game. The guests for the day are college chums of the son and daughter. Now the game is over, and they take a spin on the boulevard before coming home.

In spite of the cut glass, silver and hothouse flowers, the dinner seems, at first glance, very simple, as little food is on the table at one time. It is served in courses, beginning with grape-fruit and ending with fancy ices from the caterer's, black coffee, and imported cheese.

The young people, after leaving the dining room, turn on the electric light at the piano, sing the latest songs, and dance the alarming new dances to ragtime music, while the older people play bridge in the library.

No one has remembered during the whole day the notice of the special Thanksgiving church service, or has even thought of the true significance of the holiday.

JULIA CURRIER, '17.

A TURKEY TROT.

Down the way the couple flew,
  While many natives turned and gazed;
For such a sight in such a town
  Was one at which to be amazed.

A dip, a hop, and on they sped,
  Pursuers in hot haste;
And none too gently were they seized
  When homeward they were faced.

A few harsh words, and then a blow,
  In garnished splendor now they lie;
No more they'll strut about the yard;
  Hurrah! for turkey dinner's nigh!

D. B., '15.

THE MYSTERY OF THE EMPTY STABLE.

The clock chimed twelve slow, solemn strokes. I awoke from my doze to find the fire out, the room cold, and a dreary wind whistling around the corners of the house. I had told mother that I wasn't afraid to stay alone, and yet, somehow, I hated to go to bed; still—horrors! What was that? A bright light filled the room with a sectral glow for an instant, and then was gone. I ran to the window in time to see an automobile stop before an old, deserted stable, which stood a little way down the road from our house. Two men sprang out, one of them quickly throwing a robe over the glaring headlights which had startled me so. Yet I could still see that the men entered the old stable. An instant later a dim light flickered for a second inside, and then a blanket was hung at the window, blotting out the tell-tale light. I dont

know how long I crouched there waiting, but it seemed ages before I saw one man burst out of the stable, snatch the covering from the headlights of the waiting car, and rush it away at full speed. Trembling with excitement, I sat there on the floor, feeling that some terrible mystery was being enacted before me, and waiting for the next scene. Perhaps a half-hour later, the same big auto dashed up to the stable, and this time, without hesitation, its occupants got out and bolted headlong into the building. I did not have to wait long this time before the great stable doors swung back, and a huddled group of men appeared, bearing in their midst a long, black figure, draped with a cloth. This burden they placed carefully in the tonneau of their car, got in themselves, and drove noiselessly away. When they had gone, I slipped, with a gasp, to the floor, whence I had risen in my excitement. There had been a murder! A horrible murder! One of the first two men had been killed, and his murderer had rushed off to get accomplices to help him get the body away. Possibly they might suspect that I had been watching, and would come back any minute to silence me! Good gracious! I must be prepared! All these thoughts, and more, ran wildly through my head, and I'm rather ashamed to say that I spent the rest of the night seated on the top step of the stairs, with father's old cavalry saber across my knees.

I must have slept towards morning, for I awoke to the sound of a latch-key rattling in the lock. My first bewildered thought was that the murderers had returned, and I sprang up, tripped over the saber, and fell headlong into the arms of my brother, who, coming over from college to spend Sunday, had just opened the front door.

"Hello, sis!" he said. "What's all the excitement?" Then, seeing the sabre on the stairs: "Been having a little fencing match all to yourself?"

I longed to tell him my tale, but Jim is a great tease, and I was a little afraid that he would say I had been dreaming, so I put him off by asking about the outcome of a football match which had been held the day before between the Seniors and Juniors of his college.

At the words, Jimmy grinned an expansive grin. "Dont' know anything about it. I wasn't there," he said.

"Not there!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "Why, you're the very best man on the Senior team."

"That's what the Juniors evidently thought," he chuckled. "Sis, if you won't tell a word of this to anyone, I'll explain. I was kidnapped."

"Mercy!" I breathed in heartfelt sympathy.

"Oh, it wasn't gypsies," he said, laughing. "You see, night before last, a crowd of the Juniors invited me to a feed that they were going to have in one of the fellow's rooms. I ought to have suspected something then, but I was flattered to think that the children wanted me, and went along as innocently as a lamb. Well, we'd eaten, and as we were drinking toasts, and so forth, suddenly out went the lights! I felt a woolly blanket wrapped around me, and about ten fellows, I should say, on top of me. In half a shake they had tied my hands and wrapped something around my neck and the lower part of my face, so that I couldn't yell. Then they found my cap, put it on my head, and the whole bunch escorted me to an automobile that they had waiting at a side door. They bundled me into the tonneau, and as soon as the car was well under way, bandaged my eyes, so that I hadn't any idea which way we were going. I guess we travelled about half or three-quarters of an hour before the car stopped, and we all got out and went into a building. They made me sit down on the floor, tied my feet, took the bandage off my eyes and scooted.

"When they'd gone I found that I was in a large, open room, with my hands and feet tied, and with a long rope

hitched to my ankle and a stair-post, preventing my getting near enough to the door or windows to look out, or to call for help. I wasn't tied very tightly, and, though at first I was furious, I finally went to sleep. When I woke up it was daylight, and I was hungry; but the kids had left a bottle of water and some sandwiches on the floor beside me, so that was all right. But the more I thought about the game, and the probability of those low-down Juniors winning it, the madder I got, and I finally vowed that when they came after me I'd give them a good scare.

"I guess I must have gone to sleep again some time during the day, for it didn't seem such an awfully long time until dark, and then before a great while I heard the auto come up. I waited a minute, and then, just as I heard the door opening, I began to groan in the most sepulchral way. I tell you, they came over mighty quick to where I lay stretched out on the floor, and spoke to me, but I pretended not to know them, and just rolled my head from side to side, and cast up my eyes into the top of my head. Well, two more scared young gentlemen you never saw. They finally decided that one of them had better go for help, while the other stayed with me, so John Burdett dashed off in the car, and Tom Ivers stayed with me.

"It wasn't long before the auto dashed up again, and John came in with my room-mate and a crowd of other Seniors. Poor Jack had evidently confessed the whole plot, and the Seniors were lighting into him in good shape, and threatening to go to Prexy with the story. I was still groaning and rolling, so they wrapped me up in a coat, carried me out, and laid me in the car as carefully as if I'd been cut-glass. All the way over the Juniors were apologizing and grovelling, the Seniors threatening, and I putting in a few groans now and then; and before we got to the college the Juniors had promised that the game should be played over next Saturday, so the Seniors kindly consented not to go to Prexy, especially since I had managed to let them know that I was not half so nearly dead as I sounded. I quite brightened up when we got to my room, and after the badly scared and repentant Juniors had left us, was able to sit up the rest of the night and make plans with the fellows about giving the Juniors the worst licking of their lives next Saturday. So now, you see, kid, why I wasn't playing football yesterday."

I sank to the stairs with a gasp.

"What's the matter?" inquired the kidnapped James, making passes through the air with the sabre. "I really wasn't hurt any, so you needn't worry about that."

"Nothing's the matter," I replied, pettishly, "only you spent yesterday and last night under my very nose, in that old deserted stable down the road, and spoiled a perfectly good 'horrible murder' mystery, you horrid boy!"

L. E. R., '14.

HONORABLE MENTION LIST.

1914.

Shields ..... Grace Moir
Heroes Three ..... Lois B. Nightingale
A Novel Experience ..... Frank Olson
A Boy's Thanksgiving Dreams,
Amy E. Schwamb

1915.

The Enchanted Turkey . Mildred Bolster
The End of a Perfect Day . Pauline Clare
Betty Gray's Thanksgiving,
Ruth Crosby
A Midnight Feast ..... Gretchen King
Catching Sharks ..... R. Percy Johnson

1916.

The Cape Cod Canal . . . Stanwood Cook
The Washington Irving High School,
Gladys Middleton
Autumn ..... Oswald Banks

1917.

The Girl Who Wanted to be a Boy,
Catherine Balser
A Hallowe'en Forfeit ..... Mertis Bank
A Maple Sugar Camp . Dorothy Currier
The Boat Race ..... Nelson Gamester
A River Trip ..... Edna Holt



On Sept. 17 the first meeting of the Athletic Association was held in the hall. Officers for the coming year were nominated. A few days later they were voted upon, and are as follows:

President—Gaylord Goldsmith.

Vice-President—Albert Wunderlich.

Secretary—Katherine Eberhardt.

Treasurer—Mr. Cross.

The three alumni directors—Hicks, Landall, Scully.

The three undergraduate directors—Kimball, Ross, Percy.

KATHARINE EBERHARDT, Sec.

The athletic directors got busy a bit earlier than usual this year. The cross-country candidates were called out on the second day of school, while the football candidates followed suit in a few days.

CROSS-COUNTRY.

The cross-country team, captained by G. H. Goldsmith, is made up of practically the same men as was last year's team.

The team is sure to feel the loss of "Joe" Zwinge, who is at present attending Worcester Academy, and who is reported as having made good on their cross-country team.

Several recruits have been showing up well in practice. Of these, Collins, one of the most promising, has been obliged to lay off, owing to an injury received in practice.

The first run of the season was held over the new Spring St. course, which has been selected for this year's work. The teams scheduled to run were Arlington, Melrose and Malden. At the last moment Malden backed out, and Arlington and Melrose were left to fight it out. The race was easily won by Arlington, this team finishing five men in a dead heat, fifty yards in advance of Heald, the first Melrose man. The first five to finish were: G. Goldsmith (capt.), C. Adams, R. Hatfield, H. Kimball, A. Wunderlich

Robinson, Reycroft, Morse and Young finished in the order named.

Percy Johnson was not allowed to enter the race on account of a previous sickness, which has diminished his former strength.

FOOTBALL.

Although the football squad is almost entirely new, it is doing exceedingly well. There are but five veterans on the team—Mansell, Cousins, Duncan, Caterino and Campbell. These five men make a great tower of strength, about which the recruits may rally.

On account of extra work which Robbins was carrying, it was impossible for him to come out for the team until just before the Stoneham game. Robbins is a very clever player, and his presence is sure to be felt in the coming games, as it was in the Stoneham game.

The team played its first game on

Wednesday, Oct. 7, at Quincy. Although our men were outweighed, they put up a stiff fight, and held their opponents to one touchdown, the score being 6 to 0 in Quincy's favor. On this occasion Mansell and Cousins played their usual fast game. It was in this first game that Berquist showed up so brilliantly. He received much good practice while playing with Somerville last year.

On Oct. 9 the boys went to the Brown and Nichols field to play a scrimmage with that team. The score was not counted.

The third game was played at the home grounds on Oct. 13, with Stoneham. Captain Mansell played a brilliant and fast game, ably seconded by the rest of his team mates. There were two very spectacular plays during the second half of the game. Stoneham had advanced the ball steadily down the field by a series of line plunges until Arlington's five-yard line was reached, when they were held for downs. Duncan passed the ball to Spencer, who faked a punt. The ruse worked, and Spencer was able to run down the field for a gain of forty yards. In the last quarter of play, Cousins received the ball on Arlington's forty-yard line, and rushed the remaining fifty yards for a touchdown, making the final score 18—0.

The game, on the whole, was easy, but, withal, well played.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

Team	Date
Quincy at Quincy	Oct. 7
Stoneham at Arlington	Oct. 13
Natick at Arlington	Oct. 18
Lexington at Lexington	Oct. 25
Lowell at Arlington	Nov. 1
Winthrop at Winthrop	Nov. 4
Belmont at Arlington	Nov. 7
Wellesley at Wellesley	Nov. 14
Winchester at Arlington	Nov. 21
Melrose at Melrose	Nov. 27

Report of the Treasurer of the Arlington High School Athletic Association.

October 21, 1913.

June 27, 1913, Balance on hand	$4.18	
Sept. 23, Paid for stamps		.50
Sept. 24, Athletic dues to date	8.50	
Sept. 29, Athletic dues to date	27.00	
Sept. 30, Athletic dues to date	37.35	
Oct. 1, Athletic dues to date	17.00	
Oct. 7, Paid H. Kimball ac. Quincy game		10.00
Oct. 9, Paid H. O. Bixby, printing		1.20
Oct. 9, Athletic dues to date	11.00	
Oct. 9, Paid F. C. Mitchell, loan repaid		9.50
Oct. 9, Paid coaching		10.00
Oct. 17, Athletic dues to date	6.00	
Oct. 13, Grand stand receipts and coll.	36.57	
Oct. 13, Expenses Stoneham game		8.00
Oct. 13, Expenses cross-country, Melrose		1.20
Oct. 21, Balance on hand		107.20
	$147.60	$147.60

G. J. CROSS,
Treasurer.

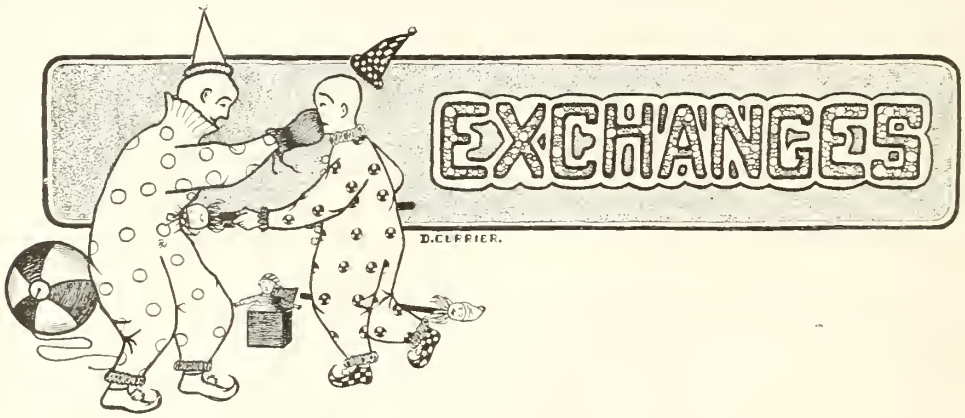
F. C. MITCHELL,
Auditor.

TENNIS.

There has been quite a little interest evinced in tennis this fall. Especially is this true in the case of the girls, who pulled off a tennis tournament the week of Sept. 22.

Sixteen girls entered the tournament, which was under the management of Miss Dorothy Munch. Miss Christine Darling won the tournament, although

she was at times pressed for the honors by some of the less fortunate ones in the field. Miss Darling, Miss A. Hooker, Miss Doris Devereaux and Miss R. Mitchell were the runners-up. Miss Darling came out victor, and received a handsome silver cup presented by Mr. Gilbert. Miss Hooker won the second cup, a silver trophy presented by the management of the tournament.



The following exchanges arrived too late for acknowledgment in the "Clarion":

"1913 Class Book," Burlington High School.

"The Recorder," Springfield High Schools.

"The Mirror," Waltham High School.

"The Clarion," West Roxbury High School.

"The Clarion" has an excellent literary department, but is lacking in an exchange column.

"The Recorder" is an unusually well-arranged paper. A few more stories would add greatly to its interest, however.

The exchange column in "The Mirror" is especially good. The paper contains many good stories, too.

Teacher—Yes, they say that the dog sometimes steers himself with his tail.

One of Our Hopefuls—Does he use it to guide his wandering bark?—*Ex.*

Washington Senior—Here, you little rascal! What do you mean by cutting down my cherry tree?

Little George—Don't disturb me, father; I'm making history.—*Ex.*

Close Just the Same.

The young man was disconsolate. Said he: "I asked her if I could see her home."

"Why, certainly," she answered. "I will send you a picture of it."—*Ex.*

Teacher—When was the Revival of Learning?

Pupil—Just before the last exam.
—*Ex.*

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Then, come along. I'll Fiji"—*Ex.*

"Where is Bill these days?"

"Fired."

"Oh, yes, I believe I did hear the report."—*Ex.*

Pat—An' phwat the divil is a chafin' dish?

Mike—Whist! It's a frying-pan that's got into society.—*Ex.*

He failed in Latin, flunked in Greek,
They heard him softly hiss:
"I'd like to meet the man who said
That ignorance is bliss."
—*Ex.*

French Politeness—"No doubt you are right, Madame, but God knows it ees impossible."



ENGLISH CLUB.

The English Club made an auspicious opening at its initial meeting of the year, held in the Assembly Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 22, 1913, at 3.30 o'lock. Miss Furdon, '14, and Wunderlich, '14, presided, and gave a cordial welcome to all present, especially to the newcomers. The constitution was read, and Crowley, '14, was elected secretary for the ensuing year.

Miss Woodend, '15, opened the program with a piano solo, "Rondo Capriccioso," by Mendelssohn, which was well executed and appreciatively received.

The literary theme of the afternoon was "Old England."

Miss MacBride, '16, gave a short history of the ballad in English literature, and then recited "The Bold Pedler and Robin Hood."

Miss Eberhardt, '14, Miss Clare, '14, and Miss Kennedy, '16, in costume, sang an old English song, entitled "The Three Old Maids of Lee."

Miss Stickney, '14, read an original paper on "The Origin of Hallowe'en."

Miss Morgan, '15, who travelled in England this vacation, undertook the difficult task of lecturing on some of the places which she visited. She was assisted by the stereopticon, and slides of her own procuring. This was a novel feat for a student, and was creditably accomplished. The meeting ended with the singing of the National anthem, "America."

The popularity of the English Club, as well as the educational value of its work, was shown by the large attendance at this meeting, and it is hoped that the new students will join the club, and so secure the benefits to be derived from an organization of this kind. The November meeting will be in charge of Miss Eberhardt, '14, and Goldsmith, '14.

CROWLEY, 14, Sec.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

The first meeting of the Girls' Glee Club was held on September 29. At this meeting the following officers were elected for the school year, 1913-1914.

President—Catherine Eberhardt.
Vice-President—Dorothy Bateman.
Secretary—Pauline Clare.
Treasurer—Margaret Yerrinton.
Librarian—Mildred Bolster.
Pianist—Lois Nightingale.

We gladly welcome Miss McIntosh again as our director, and know that under her efficient leadership the Glee Club will be a success.

It was thought best to enlarge the membership of the club, as there were so many old and new members wishing to join. We have now forty members.

The club will meet for rehearsal every Tuesday afternoon at 2.30.

PAULINE CLARE, Sec.

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

To the first call for candidates for the Boys' Glee Club about forty-five boys answered. The club is now under way, and will be conducted in the same manner as last year.

GERMAN CLUB NOTES.

A meeting of the German Club was called to elect officers. The following were elected:

President—Doris Devereaux, '13.

Vice-President — Reginald Squires, '14.

Secretary—Pauline Garman, '14.

Treasurer—Thomas Donnelly, '14.

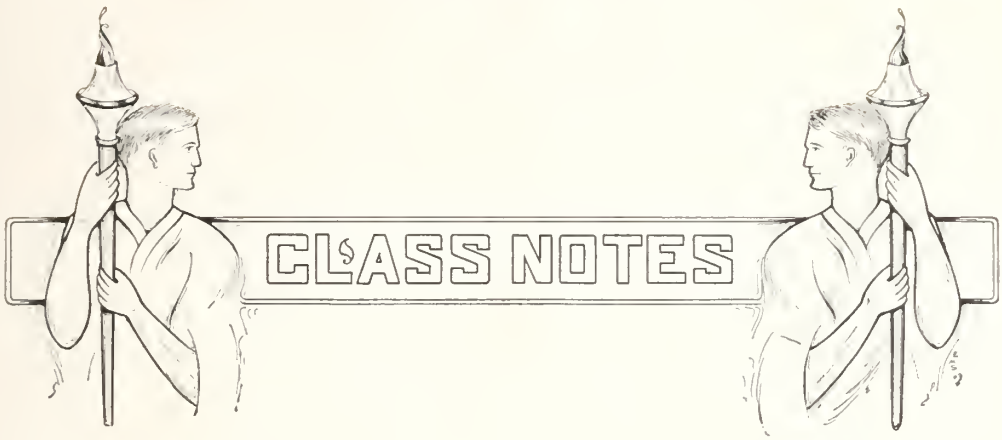
ALUMNI NOTES

We hope to have collected news of all the last year's Senior Class by the next issue of the Clarion, so this time we offer as a substitute the following:

1913.

A is for athletics, for which we have fame.
B is for Buttrick, who plays his own game.
C is for Chaves, who surely is fine.
D is for Doctor, who coaches the nine.
E is for errors, the few that they make.
F is for the fielders, and flies that they take.
G is for Goldsmith, who never gives up.
H is for hockey, that wins us our cup.
I is for Ilsley, the cornetist we need.
J is for Johnson, who follows "Gay's" lead.
K is for Kelley, who pitches the ball.
L is for Lowe, the favorite of all.
M is for Melrose, whom we excel.
N is for the nine, which always plays well.
O is for Osgood, who taught us to fight.
P is for Percy, who helped out that night.
Q is for query—for which of the R's,
Robbins, Reycroft, or Ross, are the most brilliant stars?
S is for Scully, a goal-tender true.
T is for temper, which we've learned to subdue.
U is for unity, we must always maintain.
V is for victory, we strive to attain.
W is for Wunderlich, who runs with great speed.
X is for xcellence, a trait we all need.
Y is for years of championship fame.
Z is for Zwinger, who helped gain our good name.

A. Livingstone.



1914.

Seniors! Why were you so funny before the election of your editor, and so dignified thereafter? Do you consider this an improvement with age?

Senior History Review:

Miss H.—"Now, Miss B., can you tell us of some of the cruelties which the Assyrian rulers practiced on their subjects?"

Miss B.—"Yes; they often riddled them with bullets." (*Note*—Another example of anachronism for English III.)

Latin IV.

Miss R.—"What accusative is 'eyes'?"

Brilliance Incarnate—"Extent of space."

Miss R.—"There were the barking cliffs."

Is this the latest popular song?

Heard in French translation:

"Who will protect you when I am no longer?"

He evidently doesn't expect to grow much more.

"Dido" Kelley asking for information in scansion: "Isn't there elision in 'heaven'?"

A sample of the literary aspirations of some of our Senior friends:

"Mr. Sh—w, what are you going to write on for a 'Clarion' theme?"

"On a post card."

Latin IV, scansion of Virgil.

Teacher—"You're on the wrong foot."

Scholar shifts his weight on to his left foot, and recites on the next line.

Teacher—"Now both feet are wrong."

The scholar looks at his feet in bewilderment, and, giving up, sits down.

Does this apply to our class?

"Generally speaking, the girls are—"

"Are what?"

"Generally speaking."

It must be the weather that makes Sh—b, in German class, call a reindeer a regnenliebe (rain, dear).

Scholar asks if he may be excused from reciting.

"Why?" asks the teacher in German.

Scholar in German—"Because I am a little horse."

Miss M. (in German class)—"Why are you not prepared?"

Pupil—"I didn't have time enough."

Teacher—"Not time enough! Why, with forty-eight hours in a day, surely—"

1915.

German III. B.

Miss M.—"What will you become when you are big?"

Herr P.—"A man." (Such ambitions.)

Algebra III. A.

Miss B.—Please refer to a note on Page 1. I notice a class is always loath to look at notes—*in books*.

Room 3 seems to be the largest in the building, as it contains two "Halls."

Teacher (to Master C—r)—"Do you want to progress?"

Mr. C—r (sotto voce)—"No; I'm a Democrat."

German I.

Mr. K. (translating "dumm")—"I don't understand that word."

Miss M.—"Sometimes I tell you that you are 'dumm.'"

Mr. K. (promptly)—"Oh, stupid."

The Junior Class is almost exactly twice that of the Senior Class, and, besides quantity, quality prevails in a large amount.

Suggestions for class colors:
Kelley green and Alice blue.

German III. B.

Miss T.—"Er sieht den Wald vor Baumen nicht. Please paraphrase."

Mr. M.—"So many trees that he couldn't see any."

Chem. II. B.

Mr. G.—"Miss B."

Miss B. (promptly)—"I didn't understand your question."

Mr. G.—"I haven't asked it yet."

Chem. II. B. (Mr. G. gave out some personal problems.)

Surprising results: Mr. S. weighs 600 pounds. Miss H. is 4 meters (12 feet) tall.

1916.

We organized as Sophomores,
Most other classes do;
And elected for president, Hardy;
He'll make a good one, too.

Vice-president is Miss Hooker,
And Cook is treasurer;
K. Sawyer keeps the records
Of all that does occur.

Three class meetings have been held this year. At the first were elected the officers as above. At the second, the class elected Miss Magner as advisor, and at the third, Emnice Eberhardt and Harold Bixby were elected as "Clarion" editors.

German I.

A Lamm was dursty und he ging to die Flusse zu trink.

This is a sample of Pl—ed brand of German translation. Never mind, Pl—ed there are others.

Visitors in Latin B., beware until S—n—g—n's seat is removed further from the door.

An angle is a triangle, and vice versa, according to some of the brilliant Geometry I. pupils.

We could recommend the present Sophomores for their scholarly standing, but not for their wit.

Class jokes in 1916 seem to be about s thick as the hair on a door knob.

1917.

Teacher in Greek History—"What happened to the ten tribes of Israel?"

Bright Pupil—"They were transplanted to different countries."

Miss Holt (describing the Roman form of worship)—"The bridegroom then advanced to his mother-in-law, and

tore his sobbing bride away from her, hurried her into a chariot, and drove off." To class: "What was that a sign of?"

Our Sentimental Member (promptly)—"It was a sign of great love."

E. S. and P. R. are taking a much needed course in mechanical drawing, and are in hopes it will help them to arrange the chairs in the Assembly Hall, as nearly as possible, in a geometrically straight line.

Mrs. W. (to class which has just read the story of Olaf's crew)—What were Olaf's men full of, beside courage?"

Brilliant Pupil (with a knowing smile)—"Drink."

Mrs. W.—"Who was Queen Gunhild?"

Answer (from rear)—"Harkon's father."

Miss M.—"How can you tell that the earth is round?"

Pupil—"By looking at the moon."

Miss H. (to boy who was not paying attention)—"Tell all of the story I have just read."

Master R. (after a dazed moment)—"Where shall I begin?"

Class in Ancient History.

Teacher—"Miss D., what was the name given to the peculiar form of writing used by the Babylonians?"

Miss D.—"Khufn."

Note—Miss D. meant Cuneiform.

Pupil (called upon to give a simple sentence)—"The man descended into the attic."

The Locke Freshman Class had an aerial visitor some days ago; and it wasn't Graham White, either. It was a cunning little pigeon, which was so interested in us he spent the entire morning in the room.

Mr. E. has long been trying to establish a gym. in the schoolroom. The other day he performed an amusing stunt by falling from his seat of knowledge to the floor, breaking a good strap and causing much amusement for his fellow students.

The Locke Freshman Class, with the assistance of their teachers and principal, have succeeded in organizing a club. This club is formed for the purpose of interesting the pupils in debates, dramatics and current events. The officers of the club elected are as follows:

President—Daniel Clifford.
Vice-President—Herbert Collins.
Secretary—Nora Kelly.
Treasurer—Marion Webber.

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ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

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EDITORIALS

A warm, glowing spark rises from the chimney, circles up into the air. Its journey is arrested, and for an instant it remains motionless against the black sky forming one more of the myriad stars. Then slowly, majestically, it descends to settle at length among some dry leaves in a crevice on the roof. Slowly the leaves catch fire, burning brighter and brighter. Then faster and ever faster the flames spread from shingle to shingle, from roof to roof.

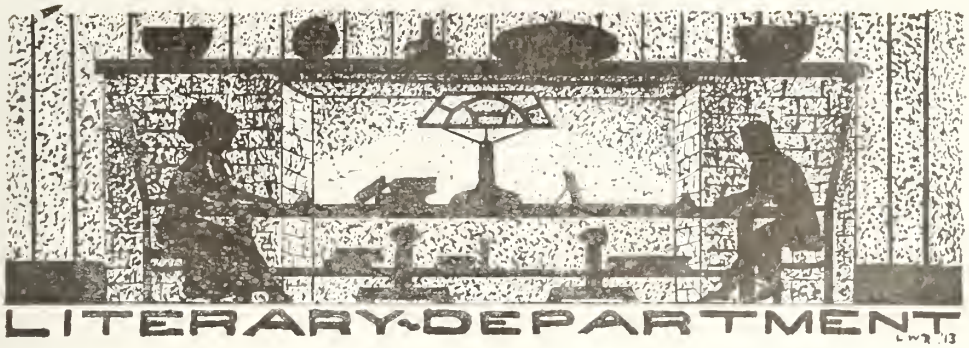
Even so is the bond of friendship kindled; a warm, sparkling smile lights up a face, and in all who see it there comes a response; the heart is lighted to a warm glow. So each smile kindles an answering smile; each glad heart forges a link in the chain of friendship, and link by link the chain grows.

Now the token of friendship at Christmas time is a gift. It should not be the gift itself that pleases us, so much as the fact that the giver has not forgotten us, that he counts himself among the number of our friends, and friends are the priceless jewels set in our life. Therefore, there should be no time so happy, so joyous as the Christmas tide, because we are thinking of our friends, and we know that our friends are thinking of us.

On Friday night, November 21, a reception was given to the parents of the High School pupils in Cotting Hall. The teachers of the High School, assisted by Superintendent and Mrs. Scully, and by members of the School Board, received. The Seniors assisted wherever they could by ushering, helping the ladies to remove their hats and coats, and serving light refreshments. The reception was a great success, for a very large number of parents attended. Dorothy Munch played the piano while the parents were being introduced. The Girls' Glee Club sang; the orchestra played; Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Scully spoke; Elton Mansell sang; also a girls' quartette. Altogether it was a very enjoyable evening.

After the big victory of our championship cross country team at Ithaca, New York, a large crowd turned out to celebrate. Speeches were made in front of the new Town Hall by Mr. Scully, Mr. Noyes, chairman of the Board of Selectmen, and by Mr. Tupper, chairman of the School Board. Cheers were given each member of the team. The Zouaves furnished music, and the procession travelled about the streets for hours with red lights and enthusiasm!

A very very merry Christmas to all readers of the *Clarion*, and may Santa Claus remember you every one!



THE TRUE SPIRIT.

His name was Friend. It was an appropriate name, for he had no enemy in the world.

Friend was a little brown dog. He was not a pretty dog, but his deficiency in appearance was more than counteracted by his wonderful intelligence.

Nobody knew anything about Friend. He had no home, no master. The only food he obtained was from refuse cans, the only kindness, from the people passing his establishment every day.

Friend was a business dog. He did not work for any firm or corporation. He was in business for himself, his work being to help mankind.

Every day, at a crowded corner in the business section of a great city, Friend would be seen. He was a guide. When any old or infirm person came along, or any frivolous child, Friend was immediately at his side and would conduct him over the dangerous crossing to safety.

All the teamsters knew Friend, and when they saw him coming they would stop their vehicles and allow him to pass with his precious party.

Sometimes the person he was conducting would know his intentions, sometimes they would not. When they knew, he was sure to get a kind word or pat, which would please him very much. When a person did not know his intention or did not recognize his service, he would look wistfully after him, and slowly make his way back to his post.

One day—it was the day before Christmas—Friend had an exceedingly hard day. The holiday rush was at its height, and the crowds were large and heedless. All day long the little dog had walked back and forth over the crossing, first with an infirm old lady, then with some heedless children.

At ten o'clock at night there was no decrease in the crowds. Friend was very tired, but he still kept on his mission.

He saw in the distance an old blind man coming, his heavy cane resounding on the asphalt pavement. Truly, here was one who needed protection. The dog was at his side in an instant, and together they started on their perilous journey.

The wagons and automobiles seemed to be increasing as the night went on, until now there seemed to be an endless stream, all impatient to be moving onward. When Friend reached the middle of the road he seemed surprised, for the teamsters did not stop for him as they usually did. He was just about to lead the blind man through a break in the line when an automobile came rapidly from the rear and struck him. He emitted a sharp, painful bark, and all was over.

"Oh, its only a dog! He was killed by an automobile. Come on."

Only a dog! If some men had the kind and brave heart that that little dog had, and would so willingly risk their lives to help their human brothers, then there would be a true Christmas spirit, a spirit which the founder

of Christmas wishes men to have, and which they could very well learn from that poor, dumb creature, who was made by the same Creator, and did as that Creator wished him to do.

Thomas Lyons, '14.

AT TWILIGHT.

The sun was set, the evening air was chill,
And o'er the grey and naked hilltops drear
And thro' the leafless trees with arms outstretched
The winter wind soughed with a mournful tune.
The world looked barren, hard, and full of pain.
Then suddenly the wind was hushed and still,
And all was wrapt in quiet, deep and full,
As tho' the world were waiting for a sign
That should a promise be of joy and peace.

From heaven a token of God's grace was given;
Gently the soft white snow began to fall
And cover up the sins and scars of earth
With that pure symbol of God's love and cheer.
And the whole world seemed nearer unto God
And Holiness and Peace reigned over all.

G. H. Morgan.

A SIGN OF WINTER.

Although pheasants are seen throughout the year, they seem especially numerous in the autumn and winter, when one can hardly see fewer than three or four while on a ten-minute walk through the woods. My first introduction to a pheasant was made several years ago in the latter part of the winter. I was gathering pussy willows on the edge of a small swamp, and had stepped backward into some tall, dead grass, so that I might see better the best place for my knife to work, when suddenly, without any warning: Bang! bang! boom! boom! whr-r-r! whr-r-r! To say that I was frightened was to put it mildly, and if anyone had been around with a tape he would have found that I had taken the record for high jumping. I landed facing the direction from which the explosion had come, only to see a large bird flapping leisurely away.

Yesterday while I was returning through the woods from a tramp at dusk, I saw seven, and heard many clucking on their roosts, while the day before I watched one retreat silently by scooting away on its feet.

I have noticed that in the early spring and late winter their explosions are clear, not unlike a bunch of lady crackers going off, but that now the explosions are not so clear; a sound more like someone drumming on a tin can.

The clucking in the dusk of innnmmerable pheasants on their roosts is one herald to me of the winter

Parry Reiche, '17.

A CHRISTMAS ON A COASTER.

We were snug in the cabin of the Ellen Bayne, and our captain's little girl kept asking if it wasn't time to hang her stocking.

I lounged in my bunk reading, and when the schooner staggered in a hollow of the sea I was glad I was a passenger and not one of the crew.

The captain came below at six. "Well, Sweety," said he, "What do you think Santy 'll bring you tonight?"

"Maybe he'll bring me a doll."

"That'd be jolly. I hope he brings me a let up of foul weather."

We had a large cargo of cypress, and had been beating northward for a week. It had grown bitter cold, and the gale had struck us good, but Sweety didn't mind. Her head was full of Santy, and her stocking was now hung at the foot of her bunk.

Shortly after the mate came below.

"Here's the doll, Mr. Turner," said the captain's wife.

"Sweety 'll be too proud," said Mr. Turner, grinning. "It's all right," he whispered. "Here, let me stick it in her stocking—so!"

About midnight I was awakened by a crash. The stern of the schooner went up, her nose went down. She seemed to rush ahead, then she came to with a lurch. As I tried to pick myself up, Sweety thrust her head out of bed clothes and rubbed her eyes, and then, catching sight of her doll, exclaimed:

"Oh, oh, Santa Claus has come!"

She seemed heedless of the storm, yet the schooner was listed to the port and rolling heavily.

The captain rushed in, shouting:

"Here, get the belts on quick's ye can!"

"Have we struck?"

"No, but the rudder's gone, and the fore-mast's down. The schooner's done."

"Oh, Papa," called Sweety, "see what Santy has brought me!"

"Yes, yes, Sweety; it's nice, ain't it?" he answered absently. "But you'll have to get dressed, Sweety, soon's you kin. Fix her up warm, Mother."

When day broke, we all dotted the rigging, like flies in a web. I looked over where Sweety and her mother were. I could see the child's lips move as she looked at her doll.

Toward noon a smudge of smoke blurred the skyline, and two hours later a large steamer was standing by, two miles away. Then a boat's oars flashed on the crest of the sea, and came, nearer and nearer. It wasn't until sundown when we were finally lifted out of the rigging and hoisted on board the liner.

In some way Sweety dropped her doll overboard. For a minute I feared that her Christmas would be spoiled after all. But Mr. Turner, being yet in the boat, as luck would have it, made a grab for the doll, went overboard, seized it, was pulled in, and presently had the pleasure of restoring the treasure to Sweety, where she lay curled up in a bunk with the ship's surgeon busy at work at her little frost bitten fingers and toes. But Sweety didn't mind her fingers and toes, now that she had her Christmas doll again.

Thornton Cutler, '11.

RETROSPECTING.

Drifting, ever drifting the white flakes silent fell.
Offering jeweled billows to hill and plain and dell.
Moaning, always moaning, the plaintive pine trees weep,
Guarding slumbering nature, reposed about their feet.
Laughing, gently laughing, the tiny streamlet sings.
Sheltered 'neath its silvery roof, longing just for spring.

Drifting, moaning, laughing; how like humanity!
Living in a struggling world, 'midst a troublous sea.
Drifting is temptation, that helps us learn to rise.
Moanings are the sorrows which lure us to the skies.
Laughing comes to greet us, though defeat stands in our way;
While, hoping and believing, our skies will not stay gray.

Failures and despondings give only just a chance
To help us fully realize, the worth of an upward glance.
Defeat, that seems to threaten our last supporting pride,
Teaches us the sooner, in simple faith to hide.
Day by day will brighter grow. Let it be confessed,
Things which seemed so hard to bear were for us the best.

The past year's gone forever (it's joys
and sorows o'er),
And shining stars now tell us, eternity
lies before.
Drifting, moaning, laughing, our por-
tion still has been,
But may we live more nobly 'til
Heaven will here begin.
Then gaze with upward glances to
where a chorus swells,
Of angel voices singing, "All must be
well."

Adella W. McMillan, '14.

"MA'S" PRESENT.

"Pa" Benson wrinkled his forehead in deep thought. Because of unexpected profits this year, he was eager to make the approaching Christmas a red-letter day for his worthy sponse. Gift after gift presented itself to his mind, only to be rejected on one ground or another. Suddenly a thought flashed over him so quickly, he jumped right up as if he were sitting on a hot potato, and just chuckled. There were no more doubts in his mind now as to what "Ma's" Christmas present should be.

So eager was he to go to the city to select it, he could hardly wait for the next day to come. When it did come, and he found himself in all the bustle and confusion of a big city at Christmas time, he felt like a fish suddenly lifted from the water of his native brook, and cast into the roaring ocean. With a "do or die" expression on his face he followed the crowd, or speaking more properly, was carried along with it, into a store fairly glittering with lights and the brilliancy of Christmas decorations.

His mind was fully made up as to what he wanted, but—he looked around, dazzled by so much splendor,—how was he to find it here? Why here was a small town in itself! Finally, after wandering aimlessly about for some few minutes, he stepped up to a beautifully gowned woman who looked as if she might know everything—or nothing, perhaps!—and said politely: "Could you tell me, ma'am, where I might find—*dresses*?"

She looked him over from head to foot, while all the time conscious of the shabbiness of his best suit of clothes, he felt himself growing smaller and smaller, fairly dwindling away. At last she condescended to murmur: "I have no idea."

"Pa," turning away in utter despair, took out his great handkerchief, and wiped the drops of perspiration from his face. Oh, but this was infinitely harder than a day's work on the farm! But when he put his hand to the plough at home, he went on, regardless of obstacles. So did he here.

Seeing a group of people crowding into a little box-like contrivance at one end of the store, he folowed. As the elevator sped upward on one of its innumerable journeys during the day, he was rewarded by hearing the welcome words: "Fourth floor, suits, coats, dresses," and he hastily stepped off, his hopes rising rapidly.

Looking about, he descried a gown draped upon one of the forms, which he considered prettier than anything he had ever conceived of. As a haughty young woman sauntered toward him, he ventured to ask its price.

"One hundred and forty dollars," was the answer, as indifferently as one might say, "one hundred and forty cents."

Gathering up the last remnants of his fast oozing courage, he heard himself asking if there wasn't something not so expensive.

"Not in this department." She directed him to another section of the store with a vague wave of the hand.

"Pa," after following as nearly as possible the direction pointed out, stated his desire to another very elaborately dressed person, who calmly asked him what size. The question struck him as a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

"I don't know," he said, weakly. "I'll—I'll call again."

* * * * *

That evening as he leaned across the supper table, he inquired of "Ma" with a twinkle in his eye, if she wouldn't like to choose her own present this year?

Marion F. Anderson, '15.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Joyously the bells are pealing
Carols wild and free;
O'er the earth sweet peace is stealing
Softly, silently.

In the sky a star is gleaming,
Wonderfully bright,
And below the earth lies dreaming
'Neath its twinkling light.

Silently the gift is given,
Christ is born tonight.
Sing, oh angels, high in heaven,
Of earth's eternal Light!

Marion E. Bushee, '14.

CHRISTMAS IN THE FOREST.

It was a clear, cold day in December, and a heavy blanket of snow covered the earth. The birds were chirping, busily hurrying to and fro to find food, which was a hard task because of the covering of snow. In the forest all was quiet. The trees stood tall and gaunt, devoid of leaves, and the evergreens sparkled brightly in the sunshine because their green needles were threaded with snowy silver cord.

The sun shone high above them and then began to turn to the west. Suddenly a tall pine spoke, and the trees near him listened attentively, for they all respected the majestic giant.

"Two years ago," he said, "some people came into our home here and had what is called a winter picnic. They swept the warm snow from the arbutus and evergreen, and trampled down the sleeping plants. In fact they did everything to disturb our peacefulness."

"But," asked a little frostpine near, "they didn't take away anything, did they?"

"Yes," stormed the stately one, in reply, "they brought sharp, cruel axes, and cut down a small tree about your size. They talked of how pretty the spangles and gifts would look on it. But I know that tree would not hold much because it was only as large as you."

"Oh," gasped the little tree, and her branches shook with terror.

"I do not think they will come this year, because tomorrow is their Christmas Day, and they usually come a week before then."

Suddenly on their ears broke the sound of human voices, and the trampling of underbrush.

"They are coming!" whispered the little pine, "and I know they will take me! Oh, if only I were big like you!"

"Well, maybe they won't" said the big tree, consolingly, "there are many other trees here you know."

But they came tramping in, and the eyes of one of the men fell on the little frost pine.

"Here's the one we want," he cried to the others.

They immediately set to work and cut down the poor little tree, while the big pine angrily looked down on them.

They caried the tree off, and its branches seemed to be waving a pathetic farewell to its friends in the forest. The trees left behind whispered mournfully among themselves, and the wind moaned with a wailing sound through the branches of the great tree, who mourned the loss of his little neighbor.

But Christmas morning dawned clear and bright, and the trees nodded a "Merry Christmas" to each other. Although the men had robbed the woods of a tree, yet Nature, the mother of them all, would plant another, and where the snow was trampled she

would toss down another snow storm to cover the plants.

Through the air came the sound of chimes: "Peace on earth; good will to men." And the big tree nodded his head in understanding.

Ruth Gleason, '16.

THE HIDDEN CHRISTMAS TREE.

"Mother! Mother!" Goodwife Stillman looked up from her pies in mild amazement at the sound of her name spoken in accents of wildest excitement, and saw her four rosy-cheeked youngsters crowding in at the door, laughing uproariously.

"What ails thee, then," she asked reprovingly, "Dost not know that such shouting and mirth is most unseemly?" Then, seeing the little merry faces fall into dolorous lines, she added more gently, "Hast found a new kind of nut, or, perchance, a tame squirrel?"

"Oh no, mother," spoke up Prudence, the eldest of the four, "but we've found that tomorrow is Christmas and we—" but the word was hardly out of her mouth when she stopped before the horrified look on her mother's face.

"Child, child," cried the good woman in horror, "what can ail thee? Satan himself must have put such an idea into thy head. Dost not know that talk of Christmas is but wicked Papistry. See that thou dost not let our good Elder hear thee say that word, and think no more about it thyself, my child."

"But, mother," said little Thomas, plucking up heart of grace, "why is it so wicked? Dost not remember how, back in England, little Barbara and Timothy Southworth had a most wondrous beautiful tree at their house the night before Christmas, and how they danced around it and sang? How can such a merry-making be wicked, mother?"

"'Tis a Papist custom," replied Mistress Stillman, weakly. She herself had been brought up to love Christmas and all its good cheer, and it was only since she had left her merry England and sailed far away to this bleak Plymouth shore, that she had tried to be as severely sedate as her husband and the rest of the little Pilgrim band.

"Oh mother! but it was so beautiful," cried Prudence, "and why cannot we have just a little tree tonight. 'Twould do no harm, and we know such a pretty straight little pine that Thomas could chop down, and we could make pop-corn strings, and there are plenty of candle-ends, and oh mother! do let us!"

Mistress Stillman probably knew that she who hesitates is lost, yet she hesitated, hesitated another second, and was lost.

"But what will your father say, and the good Elder?" she demanded, but the children heeded her not.

It took much coaxing on the part of the children, and much pleading on the part of his wife to persuade Master Stillman that to celebrate Christmas in any way, shape or manner would not forever oust them from the society of pious people and class them with Romanists and Papists. But his heart was full of love for his children, and after all, was it not just a bit of innocent amusement that no one need ever know of.

All that afternoon the little Stillmans were busy popping corn and stringing it on thread, and making long chains of bright red berries that they had found in the woods. Just before dusk, all four of them, arrayed in woollen mittens and mufflers, braved the snow which had begun to fall softly and steadily, and set out for their tree. Then did Mistress Stillman, a cheery smile on her motherly face, begin to bustle round her kitchen, and in a few moments the appetizing smell of boiling molasses filled the little room. As she watched the mixture in the kettle, she popped more corn, and before the children came stealthily in, dragging their treasure behind them, a

platter heaped with corn balls had been safely hidden away. Indeed, the spirit of guilty mirth seemed to have pervaded the whole family, for when the father came in to the evening meal, he slipped a clumsy bundle into his wife's arms, whispering, "'Tis for the tree," and adding for his dignity's sake, "I do not yet approve of such an unseemly show of mirth, however."

When the simple repast was cleared away all was excitement. With much subdued giggling, the children hung blankets at the windows to shut out the sight of their forbidden glee, from the eyes of anyone who might happen to pass, although 'twas hardly likely that people would venture out in such a storm. The straight, graceful little tree was soon set up in the middle of the room, and garlanded with the chains of white pop-corn and crimson berries, and a number of pieces of candles were fastened to the branches and lighted. Then Dame Stillman, entering into her children's mood of reckless gayety, made them go each into a corner and turn their faces to the wall, while she tied their father's gifts to the tree and laid her corn-balls on its branches.

"Now children," she said merrily, and the children turned from their corners, laughing, but the smiles died at once from their faces leaving them ashy white, for there in the doorway stood a stalwart Indian in all his war-paint and feathers, and behind him crowded more warriors. Yet even as the children cowered back into their corners, they noticed that the chieftain's hand had fallen from the tomahawk at his belt, and that his eyes were resting wonderingly on the pathetic little Christmas tree with its few flickering candles, its simple decorations and its rude home-made gifts.

Slowly, as if in a trance, the stately Indian advanced into the middle of the room. Then with a graceful gesture he asked simply: "What?"

But before either her father or mother could answer, Faith the youngest of the children stepped out before the Indian. "'Tis a Christmas tree, sir," she said, dropping a quaint little curtsy, "and this," reaching up to take a corn-ball from the tree, "is a sweetie that our mother has made. Wilt taste it?" and she put it into his hand.

A wonderfully gentle smile lit up the brave's face, and rather gingerly he tasted the offered dainty. Giving a grunt of pleased surprise he tasted again. Then, with the innate courtesy of an Indian he passed the corn-ball to one of his warriors. In a second the three other little Stillmans had run out of their corners and were stripping the tree of its sweetmeats and offering them to their unexpected guests.

In less time than it takes to tell, the Indians were seated in a circle around the hearth, while in solemn silence the peace-pipe was smoked.

A little later, as the chieftain rose to depart, he placed his hand on little Faith's bright head. "Came to kill," he said, "Stayed to smoke. Friends now, always."

And he kept his word, for later, during the terrible struggles between the red men and the white men, Massasoit and his tribe remained stanch friends of the settlers, and all because of the little girl who was not afraid, and the little Christmas tree hidden behind the blanketed windows in the Stillman kitchen.

Laura Robinson, '14.

AN ENGIMA.

5, 14, 10, 8 is a shelter.

12, 6, 3, 8 is something a dog does.

1, 11, 13, 5 is a young animal.

9, 7, 4, 8, 6, 10, 1, 14 is a word meaning importunity.

10, 2, 5 is a common adverb.

The word consists of fourteen letters. The answer is the name of a well-known city.

Charles P. Smith, 17.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is like the equator, because it encircles the earth, and like the poles because it is best when served with ice. It is the only holiday that lasts a month, having thirty days in preparing for it and one day in celebration.

After the last morsel of the Thanksgiving turkey is gone, we take the slippery wishbone and wish that the late departed was the golden goose, still alive, to lay eighteen karat eggs, so that we might do our Christmas shopping early. We try to solve our problem in many ways. First we take simple arithmetic, but this does not work. Then we resort to algebra, with no avail. Three dollars and thirty-nine cents will not buy twenty-five dollars' worth of presents.

We consult the "Home Magazine," and read in the "Holiday Helps" how some wizard has made a beautiful Morris chair out of a couple of old cracker boxes and three cedar shingles, but we give this up in disgust. Then we try to cut down the number of presents, but we find if we do this, that there will be nothing left but the cut. At last in despair on the night before we rush into the "Five-and-Ten," and buy anything we see. Then comes Christmas day, and everybody is happy. Grandpa received a comb and brush, though he has had no hair on his bald head for twenty years. Uncle Ben received a smoking set, though he has never smoked in his life.

This is the way Christmas comes and goes, and everybody is happy, not always because they received a beautiful present, but because they know that their friends remember them if they receive a little gift.

Emmet Keenan.

"ARLINGTON."

(With Congratulations to The Team.)

"A" stands for Arlington,
A well beloved place;
And also athletics,
Where we set the pace.
"R" 's for our runners,
O'er this country they're famed;
And "L" shows their loyalty,
So often proclaimed.
"I" 's for instructor,
Who helped win the game.
"N" stands for national,
"The champions," their name.
"G" 's for our Goldsmith,
Whom no others excel;
While "T" means the team-work,
For none e'er rebel.
"O" stands for obedience,
A grace they profess;
While "N" shows nobility,
Which won them—"success."

MARGARET GRANNAN, '15.

MAKING HIS "A."

Fred Thresher was a gritty lad, and for three years had worked hard to make the football team, and thereby win his "A." This was his last year in school, so he played hard all the season to make a backfield position, but he was handicapped by his light weight; also there was a veteran backfield from last year's team.

His heart and soul were set on making his "A," so he played with the scrub team, and awaited his chance to go into a game and make good. Now there remained but the Thanksgiving Day game, so he fought hard in scrimmage during the last days of practice, and when it was finished he waited with feverish impatience for tomorrow to come.

Thanksgiving morning dawned clear, but windy and cold. The crowd began to fill the stands and side lines long before the game was scheduled to commence. The Arlingval rooters occupied the east and centre section, and their part of the stands looked like a

great, swaying slope of red and gray. The rival rooters for Melville occupied the west stands, and they had turned out in great numbers to cheer their team on to victory.

Both teams had been drilled and coached for the last game of the season, and both were keen and eager for the fray. Fred Thresher listened with intense interest to the last words of the coach to the team, and then he trotted out with the squad on the field headed by their captain. The Arlingval stands, to Fred, looked like a waving mass of red and gray; and the deep rumble and roar of the school yell sent the blood jumping through his veins. Then the Melville team trotted on the field, and they were given a reception by their followers worthy of gladiators.

Fred was crouched on the side lines, covered with a blanket, watching the two teams go through a brisk signal practice. He watched the two rival captains meet, and then they tossed the coin for their choice of kick-off. The Arlingval captain won the toss, and chose to play against the wind and to receive the kick. Dan, the Melville fullback, scraped a mound of dirt with his shoe, arranged the ball with great care and precision, and then stepped back. The game was on.

It was a terrific kick, and Fred breathlessly saw Thorn, the fullback, catch it almost under the goal post. Fred tightened his fist and rose to his knee as he saw Thorn dodge the first tackle, and then a second dove and brought Thorn to one knee, and Fred almost shouted as he saw Thorn still fight on, and as he was thrown to the ground by the Melville men Fred bit his lip and dug his hands into the ground.

The Melville team proved stronger than expected, and the first half ended with no score. Between the halves Fred listened in grim silence to the coach, who flayed them alive, and besought them to go back in the second half and fight for their lives. The referee put his head through the door and yelled, "Time's up." Then the Arlingval team trotted back to the field, with white faces and savage eyes, determined to score or die.

They kicked off to Melville, who rushed the ball back to their thirty-yard line. Here the Arlingval team, fighting like demons, held Melville for downs, and took the ball away from them.

Fred Thresher's heart was jumping like a triphammer as he saw the Arlingval backs smash through the Melville team for four or five yeard gains, and then, after an exchange of punts, it was Arlingval's ball on Melville's forty-yard line. Fred held his breath as the ball was snapped to the halfback, who, lowering his head, plunged into the line of flying feet and arms, and, with a sickening impact of bone and muscle, was crushed to the ground by a pile of Melville men. Fred, with eager eyes, watched the men slowly get up, and as he saw Jones lying, limp and white, on the ground. Fred's breath came in long gasps as he saw the players lift the halfback from the field to the sidelines.

Had his chance come at last. Fred, half kneeling on the ground, prayed for a chance to make good, and when the coach came to him and said, "Get in there, Thresher, and fight for your life," he tore off his sweater and sprinted on to the field. He was given the ball on the first play, and he shot through skin tackle for three yards. On the next play the quarterback fumbled the ball, and a Melville player recovered it on the fifty-yard line.

Twenty yards back of scrimmage line Thresher waited. His breath was coming in gasps, and his eyes were nailed on the ball. There was only one minute to play, when, on a fake punt formation, the Melville quarterback tried a forward pass. His aim

was good, and the ball shot straight towards the end, who waited with outstretched arms.

Fred made a wonderful leap in the air, and somehow caught the ball, tucked it under his arm, and sped for the goal line. Far ahead the goal post seemed to dance before his eyes. He heard the heavy thud of the pursuing halfbacks, and now, as he flashed across another whitewashed line, he heard their sobbing breath, and could almost feel it on his neck.

Only fifteen yards more! But his knees began to weaken. He gasped, and staggered on. Nearer and nearer came his two pursuers, and, as he crossed the ten-yard line, he felt two mighty backs hurl themselves on him, and he fell across the goal line with the men on top of him.

Time was up, and Fred had made his "A."

HUGH G. BERQUEST, '15.

A SUNSET OF NOVEMBER.

A glory spreads over the valley,
The glow of a sunset autumn;
Faint shadows of pink and of yellow
Are playing at tag o'er the hill-tops.
They fade to a deep royal purple;
To eastward the moon now hath risen:
You smile as she smiles, but think sadly
Your sunset has faded to evening.

DOROTHY ALLEN, '16.

A CHEERFUL GIVER.

I was in a toy department of a large store, looking at the different mechanical devices which usually attract one at Christmas time, when suddenly I heard footsteps. Looking around, I saw a little newsboy, whose canvas bag hung quite empty at his side, and tightly clutched in his little hand, was a twenty-five-cent piece. He was nothing but a ragged little street urchin, but something in his glance interested me very much, so I watched him.

Just then another boy not more than seven years old came in. He was nothing but a newsboy, too, but he had some papers in his bag, which he had not sold. The two seemed to know each other. After a while they began to discuss the toys. The smaller boy had thirty cents in his grimy little hand.

At last the clerk, after deciding that they really meant to buy something, went up to them and spoke in a gruff voice, and asked them what they wanted. The smaller boy spoke first, pointing out a toy boat that wound up. The clerk said it was fifty cents.

"W'y," exclaimed the little boy, "I t'ought ev'ryt'ing was marked down!"

The other gave a glance at his companion, then told the clerk to wrap the boat up, he would help pay for it.

As the two passed out, the older said:

"Aw, dat's all right, Bobbie. I didn't want de engine very bad, anyway." And he left the store grinning.

At a glance, one would think he was just as happy as the smaller boy, but I saw that his eyes were filled with tears.

LUCRETIA KELLOGG, '17.

HONORABLE MENTION LIST.

1914

Her "Lucy Doll"...Dorothy Bateman
A Plea for a Spider...Doris Devereaux
The Spirit of Christmas..May Furdon
What Little Jimmie Thought of Christmas .....Leo Kelley
Christmas Customs.....Grace Moir

1915

Mistletoe .....Pauline Clare
People Below .....Gretchen King
Winter's Twilight Beauties, Ruth Woodend

1916

The Song of the Christmas Violin, Helen Donnelly
Matilda's Christmas, Marguerite Lamson
How Christmas Came to the Allens, Lawrence Marshall
Christmas .....Helen Prince
A Scheming Old Santa Claus, Louise Reynolds

1917

In Search of Santa Claus, Wilhelmina Allen
Christmas in Ancient Times, Dorothy Jordan
A Christmas Story...Florence Lennon
Christmas Bells ....Cecelia McLelland
A Christmas Incident in a Miner's Camp .....Theodore Pierce
A Young Composer.Bertha Richardson
A Christmas Surprise Foiled, Carolyn Rowse
A Christmas Frolic...Gertrude Viano

In the last issue of the *Clarion* a mistake was made in the Honorable Mention List. The story attributed to Dorothy Currier was written by Doris Chauvin, 1917.



CROSS COUNTRY

Since the last issue of the *Clarion*, the A. H. S. cross country team has completed its season in a blaze of glory.

The second meet of the season was held Oct. 23, with the Harvard Freshmen, over the Menotomy Rocks course. It was a hard race, but was won by a score of 21—48. This was Goldsmith's seventh straight victory.

The third race was held at Worcester, under the anspices of the Worcester Academy A. A. This race was to determine the championship of New England, schools entering from Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. The course was the regular Worcester Academy course, which is 3 1-2 miles long and etxremely hard. The first five to finish were as follows: Wunderlich, Arlington; Goldsmith, Arlington; J. Clark, Providence Tech.; McDermott, Stoneham; Adams, Arlington. Score—Arlington, 21; Providence, 62.

The next raec was at Brookline. The meet was under the anspices of the B. A. A.

This race was held over the M. I. T. course, at the request of the Cornell Alumni Association of New England which offered to send the winning team to compete at the Cornell University cross country meet.

The Arlington boys again won their race with both hands down, with a score of 21. Providence Tech scored 50, and Stoneham, 84.

The Mystic Valley race was next on the program. It was run over the Winchester course, on Nov. 12. Here again Arlington came out on top. The closest finish of any race of the season occurred in this meet. McDermott of Stoneham, pushing Goldsmith and Wunderlich all the way, was just nosed into third place in the last 220 yards.

Having won the privilege of being sent to Cornell, the following five men left Boston on the 7.05, Thursday, Nov. 13: Kimball, Adams, Hatfield, Goldsmith and Wunderlich. The boys were entertained at D. K. E. house, the strongest fraternity in the college.

Here again the boys were victorious, winning over Buffalo Central by one man. This last meet furnished the grounds upon which the school bases its claim to the national championship.

FOOTBALL.

Although the football team has not been so fortunate as in former years, it deserved the hearty support of all.

The team this year was composed, for the most part of entirely new material. It has also been somewhat unfortunate in the injuries which some of its stars received. Taking all into consideration, it would appear that the team has done exceedingly well.

Robbins has had very hard luck this season. Coming out late, he played but a couple of games, when he broke a small bone in the back of his hand,

which put him out of all but the last four games.

Cousins has been playing his usual fast offensive game.

Berquist, with Ryan, are the finds of the year. Berquist is a most excellent defensive, as well as offensive player, while Ryan is a wonderful ground gainer, and will, with training, develop into a whirlwind back.

Captain Mansell has led the team in admirable fashion, always acting as an inspiration to his team mates.

Philpott, the giant back, was hurt seriously in the early part of the season. His loss proved a great handicap to the team, which was banking on his weight to do execution through centre.

Another great find of the season was Scully's kicking ability. Although Cousins was a fine kicker, he lacked Scully's weight in getting off the long kicks.

The season's scores were as follows:

Quincy, 6; Arlington, 0.
Stoneham, 0; Arlington, 18.
Lexington, 12; Arlington, 7.
Lowell, 35; Arlington, 0.
Winthrop, 13; Arlington, 0.
Belmont, 0; Arlington, 28.
Wellesley, 27; Arlington, 7.
Winchester, 7; Arlington, 41.

GIRLS' HOCKEY.

The girls' hockey team came to grief on its very first game. Although our girls played a fine game, they were clearly outclassed by Lexington.

Our girls had not acquired that very difficult, but extremely important art of team work.

The Lexington contingent held the ball in Arlington's territory the major part of the game, for only twice was Arlington able to get the ball between Lexington's uprights. Each of these goals were shot by a Vail "twin." The final score was 8 to 2 in Lexington's favor.

This game wound up the season, and the girls broke training Tuesday night.

The sport will be resumed when Spring puts in her appearance. We are sure that the next time the gentle hockey players compete with the "Up to the Minute" girls, they will hang a beating on them that will clear up any doubt as to which team can play better hockey.

HERE'S FOR ICE HOCKEY!

May we ever be successful, and the game ever popular!

Although the prospects for a winning hockey team are good, we hesitate about making any prophecies concerning it. However, we have back four of last year's men. Robbins, who is captain, expects much of these men, and will use them as a corner-stone upon which to build his team. They are: Robbins, Cousins, Scully and Percy.

Percy has gained quite considerably in weight, and should make a fine little forward.

THE VICTORIOUS BOYS.

In autumn, when the wind is cold,
We like to see our warriors bold,
In football, play a mighty game,
And win for A. H. S. its fame.

In summer, when the sky is blue,
Our baseball boys, so strong and true,
With courage high, and lofty crest,
Win victories for A. H. S.

And when we see the C. C. boys,
We cheer, and make a lot of noise;
We're surely glad, and proud that they
Are victors of the U. S. A.

And soon we'll have a hockey team
To make us cream of all the cream;
Our trophies every eye shall dazzle,
We'll beat New England to a frazzle.

ALICE HARDER, '16.



ENGLISH CLUB.

The November meeting of the English Club was held in the Assembly Hall on Wednesday afternoon, the 19th of the month.

The leaders, Miss Eberhardt '14 and Goldsmith '14, presented an interesting program, with "Uncle Remus" as the subject of the afternoon. Miss Cotton '12 was the critic of the meeting.

Miss Crockett '16 opened the program with a piano solo.

Before proceeding on the literary theme of the afternoon, Miss Bushee '14 and Miss Wilson '14 presented an argument, "Should Fairy Stories be Withheld from Children?" Both girls put forth convincing and logical reasons, which showed their ability in the debating line.

Hall '15 spoke on the life of Joel Chandler Harris, the creator of "Uncle Remus."

Kelley '15 spoke on "Uncle Remus as a Character in American Fiction."

Miss Stewart '14, Miss Read '15, Miss Bell '15 and Smith '15 gave recitations of Uncle Remus' Stories."

Mansell '14, with Miss Nightingale '14 as accompanist, gave a vocal selection.

The Misses Stewart, Clare, Carroll and Bell sang "Hush-a-by-Lady," with Miss Stewart as soloist.

After the meeting a Victor recital was given, and cake and candy were on sale. The December meeting will be in charge of Miss Bushee '14 and Miss Hatch '14.

The parents evinced their interest in the work of the club by their attendance at this meeting.

Crowley '14,
Secretary.

ORCHESTRA NOTES.

The first business meeting of the orchestra was held on Thursday, November 6, for the purpose of electing officers for this year, the result being: William Wilson '15, President; Priscilla Crockett '16, Librarian; Edith MacBride '16, Secretary and Treasurer; Miss Porter, Faculty member; Lawrence King '16, Kenneth Reed '16, Evelyn Chamberlin '17, Executive Committee. It was decided that the rehearsals be held on Thursdays, from 4 until 5.30 o'clock.

The first social meeting of the orchestra was held on November 20, when the orchestra members enoyed the cordiality of Mrs. Herbert Reed and Kenneth, in their hospitable home. The program of the evening had for its subject "Wagner," with a much appreciated prelude of vocal selections by Mrs. Reed.

I. Duet, "Traumleid".....Wagner
Ralph Sunergren and Kenneth Reed.

II. Paper, Life of Wagner.
Ralph Smergreu.
III. Duet, "Traumleid"..... Wagner
Lawrence King.
IV. Paper, Parsifal.
Mabel Callahan.
V. Talk on German Opera.
Miss Mary Magner.
VI. String Quartette, Lohengrin.
Wagner
William Wilson, Oswald Banks, Helen Donghty, Hilda Prescott.

At the conclusion of this interesting program, delicious refreshments were served, and the remainder of the evening made enjoyable by musical games and a Victor recital. It was a pleasure for this year's orchestra members to have with them ones who have formerly been associated with this organization, such as Americo Chaves, Ruth Scully and Helen Doughty.

Edith MacBride,
Secretary.

THE GIRL'S GLEE CLUB.

Our first public appearance this year was made at the Parents' Reception, November 21, 1913.

At our regular rehearsals every Tuesday the members have shown their interest by their good attendance.

Pauline Clare,
Secretary.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES.

Everybody is probably glad to hear that a Dramatic Club has been formed. This new and interesting organization consists of fifteen members, chosen by a committee which was appointed from the Junior and Senior classes. The trials were open to all, and we were glad to see such interest taken in it.

The following officers were elected: President, Reginald Squire; Treasurer, Albert Wunderlich; Secretary, Dorothy Bateman.

ALUMNI NOTES

November 27, 1913, A. H. S. Alumni vs. W. H. S. Alumni, on Spy Pond Field. Score, W. H. S., 0, and A. H. S., 0.

Maria Allen, A. H. S. '13, is now at Boston University, continuing her studies.

Philip Bower is now at Worcester Academy, where he entered in the fall, and has been making good in studies and athletics.

Harriet Bullard, who gradnated last June, has gone to Wellesley, and is now a member of the class of 1917.

David Buttrick, Arlington High's star goal tender, entered Amherst in September.

Chaves '13 is now at the New England Conservatory, where he is studying music, which he has decided to make his profession.

Eunice Clare '13 has an excellent position as stenographer in the New England Casualty Company, on Water Street, Boston.

Ruth Coolidge, A. H. S. '13, entered Framingham Normal, and is studying to become a teacher.

Chloe Consens '13 is another of last year's class who has become a Boston University '17 girl.

George Currier '13 is up at Dartmouth, with others of A. H. S.

Dana Hardy, who gradnated in June, 1913, has gone to Andover.

Harold Holt, A. H. S. '13, is pursuing his studies at Dartmouth, and taking a hard course.

Walter Hutchinson '13 has entered Harvard University.

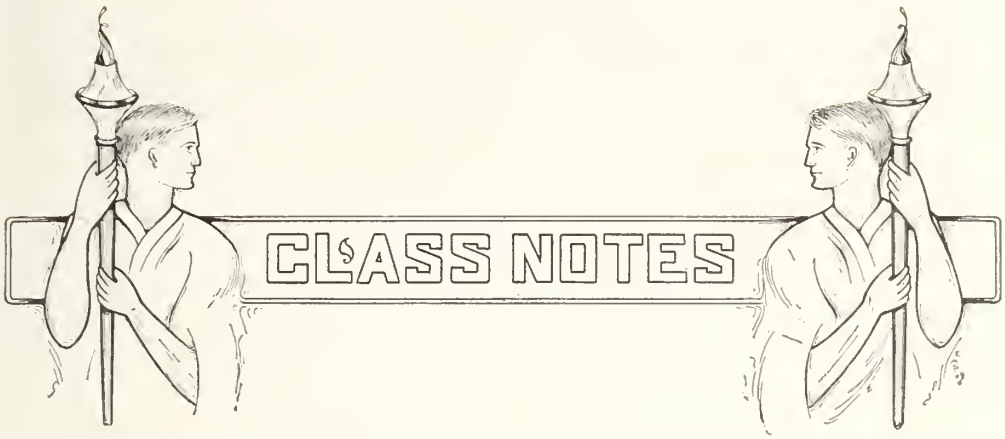
George Lowe '13, Arlington High's greatest athlete, has entered Exeter, and

made good on the football team, helping his team mates to defeat their rivals at Andover by a fabulous score.

Katherine Read '13 is now at Radcliffe, and is specializing in English, for which she showed a remarkable talent when in high school.

Wendell Reycroft '13, who made himself famous by caging the first goal in the final Melrose game last winter, is at Dartmouth, where he has done excellent work.

Grace Roop, A. H. S. '13, has chosen Eastern College, Manassas, Virginia, for her alma mater, and is enjoying it greatly.



1914.

It has been said, by whom I cannot imagine, that Seniors were dignified. If such is the prevailing opinion, let it continue undisturbed.

Miss M-g-er has said: "Du bist die Boseste Class that I know." Be that as it may, whether or not we are the most wicked, little matter to us, since with June our whole class, let us hope, will discontinue its daily comings and shortcomings to dear old A. H. S.

Seen on blackboard in Room 10: Desks remain Thurs. noon. (We wonder where they went on Wednesday noon.)

In Physics:
Mr. G.—"What is work?"
Pupil—"Work is the world's greatest blessing —" (where on earth could she ever have heard that?)

In Latin:
Pupil—"She took fire as she gazed."
Miss R.—"It must have been a warm glance."

Heard in Room 10:
Miss R.—"Anyone trying to commit anything, go to the teachers' room."
Could she have been assisting plotters of some dark crime? We know not, but these were strange words, indeed, for a teacher to speak.

Sentence on Board—The first argument was stronger than the second.
Miss R.—"Why don't you say the first outweighed the other? It sounds more—well—weighty."
Let it be recalled that a pun is the minimum of wit.

1915.

Latin III.
Miss R.—"Does everyone understand?"
Mr. P.—"Yes!"
Miss R.—"Do you see, P-i-lp-t? Well, if you see, I guess everyone does."

Algebra III.
"A fraction looks better on its feet, the same as you do."

French III., B.
"Adieu, France, reine des nations."
Mr. S. (translating)—Good-bye, France, back of the nations."

Latin III., A.
Miss R.—"Class, turn over."
We hear that "most teachers are star performers." I think we'll need some instructions, to carry out such commands.

In "German" we find there is no motion in fishing. This fact is known by many through experience.

Latin III.

Miss R. (to class)—"Why so sober? What had Sulpicius done to incur the interiosity of Sulla?"

Silence! One hand suddenly appeared.

Miss R.—"Good! I'm glad to see that one person is awake in the class. Well, C—?"

Mr. Cr-ck-tt—"I didn't get your question."

Latin III.

Student (translating) —"You see me, surrounded by tears."

Yes, we often hear of the famous shower baths in Cicero's time.

A company of young ladies went thumping down the hall. Someone was heard to inquire:

"What are you trying to do, girls? Make a hit?"

History III. C.

Miss H.—"I much prefer ally to al-ly." (Some people don't.)

A Latin pupil to the teacher on Friday:

"I'm not going to remind you of composition for Monday, because you might forget it." (Slim chance.)

Heard at 3.15 P. M.:

Miss T.—"Did you hear anyone knocking?"

Mr. M.—"I think it's you talking to Miss S."

Latin I. A.

Miss R.—"If you can't see, stand up. It's better to strain your ankles than your eyes."

Is it the burden of Latin that makes them so heavy?

English III. D.

Miss B.—"Addison died June 17, 1719, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, as a result of dropsy and asthma."

Moral—Die of asthma and have a famous burial place.

Latin III.

(Translating Cicero, speaking of assistants)—"Certain tools went running about the shops."

Beware, and cage all "tools," to avoid confusion.

English III. C.

Miss R.—"How many can drive an automobile?"

Mr. K.—"I think I can do it, although I never tried."

Miss R.—"I wouldn't want to ride with you, then."

English III. C.

Miss P—d (reading)—"A man should not drive an 'auto' under the influence of liquor." (A good example of personification.

German I.

Miss M.—"Is a fish inanimate?"

Miss Y—g—"If it is dead."

German I.

Miss M. (in German)—"Have we a runner in this class?"

Bright Pupil—"Herr Plaisted."

German I.

Mr. B. (reciting in a mumble).

Miss M.—"Did you say something, Mr. B.?"

German I.

Miss M. (trying to persuade Mr. K- -y to pronounce "glucklich.")

Mr. K—y—"Do you want to choke me?"

1916.

Dear Editors:

I continually lose my books. Could

you suggest a good way for me to keep track of them? *Sophomore.*

Editor—Yes. Study bookkeeping.

Physics.

Mr. G—n—"If the world was going seventeen times as fast as it now does, what would happen?"

L—g—"We would fall off."

Voice in Rear—"Where would we land?"

Mr. G—n—"It would make a difference what kind of a life you had led."

Think of a bullet standing still in midair while a man in an aeroplane comes along and runs into it, thereby killing himself. Lofty thoughts. But we're not responsible. Mr. G—n made it up.

Geometry.

According to Master R—d, 9 plus 6 equals 17.

German.

Miss M—r—"The head is inanimate—it has no life."

Bright Student—"It's supposed to have."

Wanted—A kindergarten for a playful German student, whose playfulness has outgrown Room 8. Miss Magner suggests the office.

Who ever saw—

A sophomore with less than six books?

We recommend that a doctor be present next time K—y tries to say "ich."

Inkwell covers in Room 8 seem to be rated about 500 above par.

Miss W—n entertains herself by tearing up her own and other people's test papers. Anyone wishing their papers torn up may apply to Miss W—n.

You pessimistic fags who don't see the bright side of life should visit Mechanical Drawing, Room 8, 3-4 o'clock. We recommend at least one suit of Spanish armor as protection from rubber projectiles (erasers).

It looks as if we'd bought some hair tonic for that door knob, doesn't it?

1917.

There are only a few weeks before one term of our high school life will be ended. We should all try our best to end this one well. With preparations for Christmas, it is hard to keep our minds always on our studies, but we shall enjoy the vacation that is to come all the more if we feel that we have earned the rest.

Latin 1. A.

Charitable Freshmen, would it not be a kind deed to contribute to the worthy cause of getting a large book, behind which Ch—n may hide his smiles?

S. K. has begun to sail under false colors, his signature now being H. M.

Miss R., to Miss K.—"Translate the first sentence."

Miss K. begins, and, to the amazement of the class, they hear both a soprano and bass voice, and see Miss K. and her brother both reciting.

Miss R. (to class)—"Are there any questions there?"

Miss M. promptly gets up and recites.

Physical Geog.

Miss Maynard—"Miss Mc—thy, where did the large rocks that one sees in so many New England fields come from?"

Miss Mc—thy—"From icebergs—no, volcanoes."

Miss M.—"What would happen when you ascended from a plain to a mountain top?"

Pupil—"Why, the farther up you go, the higher you get."

Miss J.—"What is a rectangle?"
Mr. R.—"A rectangle is a square, whose sides are running the same way."

Greek History I. A.
Miss H.—"Who was Agamemnon?"
Master B.—"Agamemnon was the wife of Helen."

Mrs. W.—"Count not your chickens before they are hatched. Point out the conjunction, tell what kind it is, and what words it connects, Miss Sh—d."
Miss Sh—d—"Before is the conjunction. It is co-ordinate, and connects the words 'chickens' and 'hatched.'"

The Locke Freshman Class is not the only class having aerial visitors. Sophomores and Freshmen, in the Assembly Hall for music, had a visitor, a pigeon, which sat upon the window-sill outside and listened attentively to the music.

Heard in Latin:
Miss R. (having patiently explained what case follows the deponent verb)—"What case is used after the deponent verb, utor?"
Voices from different parts of the room—"Nominative, genitive, accusative."
Miss R. (throwing her book down with a disgusted air)—"Stupidity, thy name is freshmen."

Crosby Class Notes.

Mr. F.—"In what states of matter do we find rock often changed?"
Master E.—"Rock can be changed to air." (Brilliant boy! Perhaps he knows better by this time.)

Mr. F.—"What river forms a large harbor on the east coast of South America?"
Miss B.—"The Nile."

Greek History.
Miss A.—"What can be seen while walking down one of the old streets of Assyria?"
Miss L.—"People."

On one of our test papers we found that the Temple of Karnark was so large it contained a little court house in one corner.

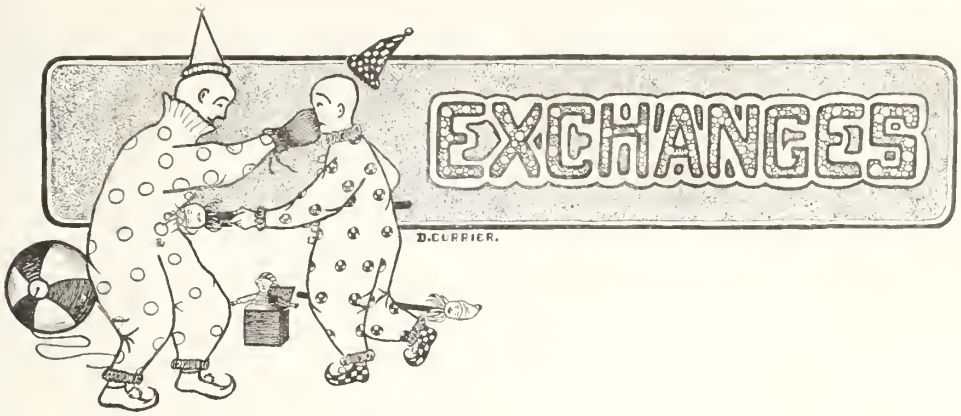
Miss T.—Are the Greek legends true?
Miss A.—We will let you think so a little while longer, you're such a little girl.

While describing the character of the Greeks, one person said: "They believed in any old fish story."

English.
Miss B. finds that the Highlanders were divided into clans.

Miss B.—"When did James V. reign?"
Miss L.—"When his father died."

Romance pursues the Locke Freshmen in the shape of the doves which are building a nest outside the windows. Billing and cooing are all right in their places, but the freshmen who have to listen to incessant love-making of their feathered friends, especially when they are deep in an exam., are becoming really savage in thir remarks.



We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:

"The Papyrus," Manor School, Stamford, Conn.; "The Recorder," Winchester High School, Winchester, Mass.; "The Clarion," West Roxbury High School, Boston, Mass.; "The Sagamore," Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.; "The Recorder," Springfield High Schools, Springfield, Mass.; "The Distaff," Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.

"The Distaff" is, on the whole, a very interesting paper, yet it seems that several changes in the arrangement of material would improve it.

We have absolutely no criticism to offer of the "Recorder" (Springfield). It is an unusually well-arranged, complete, interesting paper.

"The Sagamore": Yours is a very neat and well-arranged paper, but do you not think that a few more real stories would add to its interest?

"The Clarion": We congratulate you on the improvement shown in your paper this year. We hope that you will continue to enlarge your literary department.

"The Recorder": Your literary department and your jokes are certainly your strong points, but the rest of your paper is excellent also.

"The Papyrus": We are glad to see you again this year, and to find you just as good as ever.

EXCHANGE JOKES.

Little spots of mud,
  Litt grains of dirt,
Make a fellow's collar
  Look different from his shirt.—*Ex.*

Teacher—"When you use 'not only' in a sentence you must use 'but only,' too."

Small Boy—"All right, then. 'A goat can not only run, but he can butt also.'"
—*Ex.*

Freshman (translating)—"Haec in Gallia est importantes." "Hike into Gaul. It's important."—*Ex.*

Teacher—"What are you doing now—learning anything?"

Pupil—"No, sir; I'm listening to you."

Silently, one by one,
In the note-books of the teachers,
Blossom the lovely zeros,
The forget-me-notes of the seniors.
  Apologies to Longfellow.—*Ex.*

My bonnie lies under the ocean,
My bonnie lies under the car;
Please send to the gar-age for someone,
For it's lonesome up here where I are.
Ex.

A little boy, seeing an elephant for the first time, shouted: "Oh, pop, look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth, eating hay with her tail!"—*Ex.*

Waiter—"How will you have your steak, sir?"

Minister (abstractedly)—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

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Thirty per cent of the pupils are registered in the Commercial Course. The School Employment Bureau helps deserving pupils to find good positions.

The registration has increased over 100 per cent in the past five years. Total registration for 1913-14 is 525.

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

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EDITORIALS

Opportunity plays the leading role in the drama of life.

The setting of the first act is laid in childhood, when the character is being formed. It is the child's opportunity to learn obedience and truthfulness. It is the opportunity of the parents to see that these lessons are well learned, for they are essential to happiness and success. As a soldier who has learned obedience is fitted to be an officer, so the man who in childhood has learned to obey and to speak truth is ready for a responsible position.

The second act is laid in the period of education, when the mind is being moulded and trained. The power to think and some knowledge of learning in its different branches are as indispensable as honesty and obedience; for knowledge is one of the chief rounds in the ladder of success.

The first two acts are merely the weaving of the plot leading toward the climax which comes in the third act, in the mature age of men and women. Sooner or later comes to each one the great opportunity of a lifetime, and failure to grasp it means that there was a failure in the training of the character, or in the training of the mind.

For example, there is the man who realizes that his opportunity is within reach. He is honest, ready to obey and eager to work, but it is too great an

opportunity his brain has not been sufficiently developed, his education has been neglected. He falls, with success just beyond his reach.

Then there is the man who is well educated, well polished, widely read. He knows the world through and through. The world has not known him, but soon it will find him out; it will bring forth his secret—he is not honest, he is not square with himself or with the world.

And so falls another man, simply because the character training of his childhood was faulty.

Therefore, the man who has made the most of the lesser opportunities will, when the one great opportunity comes, meet it fairly and squarely.

To be qualified to grasp firmly an opportunity is to be sure of success.

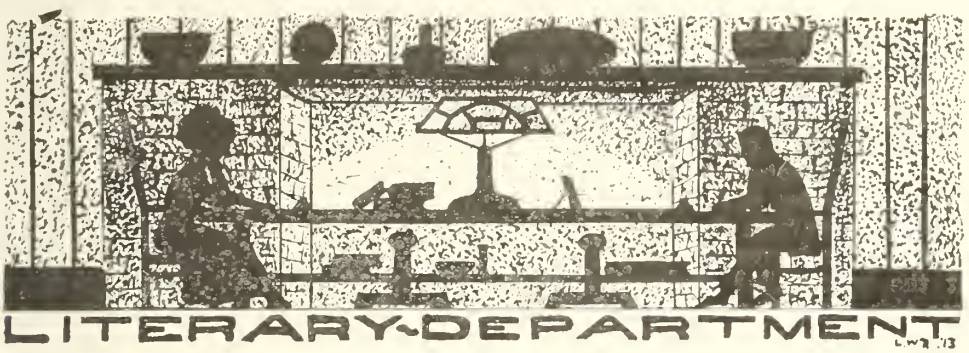
On the cold wintry days when the sun is hidden behind the dusky snow-laden clouds, and the whole world seems dreary, don't forget that we have the "bluebird weather" to look forward to, and that it will be here before we know it.

SCHOOL NOTES

We have had some fine Pratt fund lectures in the new Town Hall. Marshall Darrach gave a masterful presentation of "Hamlet." Mr. Furlong spoke on the Argentine Republic, and Mr. Seumas McManus amused a large audience with his whimsical account of "A Merry Ramble Through Ireland."

At one of the Monday morning lectures Miss Frances Nevin of Brookline gave a reading of Maeterlinck's "Bluebird." It was a question in Mr Scully's mind whether this beautiful bit of literature would be too deep for the majority of the High School pupils. He decided to try the experiment, and truly it was a great success, which was shown by the wrapt attention given to every word. Miss Nevin portrayed the play in a fascinating manner, and her conception of the characters was perfect.

On Monday, the 9th, Mr. Albert Leonard Squier of Newton gave a talk on the White Mountains, which he termed as the "Crystal Hills." His pictures were beautiful. The lecture was of especial interest to those familiar with the white Mountains.



A REAL WINTER.

Stern old King Winter then doth reign
Over the sea and land;
The rocks, the brooks, and the little rills
Are held in his icy hand.

The summer birds have southward flown,
No sound from the wood comes forth,
But through the trees a cold, cold wind
Blows down from the colder north.

The earth is wrapped in a mantle white
All nature seems asleep;
In the hearts of men is a calm repose
That is silent, still and deep.

On the trees, on leafless branches close,
The little buds will lie
Until the breath of balmy spring
Will make old winter fly.

The time of spring is bright and fair,
But winter's fairer still,
When loud and clear, the merry bells
Ring out from hill to hill.

Recount the joys of spring and fall,
And those of summer too;
But I love winter best of all,
And tell me, do not you?

I. Hilda Stewart, '14.

THE WIRELESS MAN.

With her foghorn blaring ceaselessly, and her lookouts doubled, the Green Star liner "Oceanic" was creeping slowly through a dense fog bank at half speed, on her return trip from Liverpool to New York.

She was within a few hundred miles of her port, and in spite of the fact that she was on time, her captain, R. E. Jones, R. N. R., was fretting and fuming on the bridge, at the delay.

In the large cabins, the passengers were holding a dance, and the strains of the music could be faintly heard on the wet bridge where Captain Jones, clad in oilskins, paced back and forth, cursing the fog which would prevent him from making a record run.

To the north, faintly at first, but with increasing loudness, came the blast of the foghorn of another ship. The captain, hearing this, rang to the engine room for reduced speed, and soon the "Oceanic" was barely making seaway, with her whistle blowing every half-minute.

Suddenly the captain, striving to see through the fog, perceived the shadowy shape of the other vessel's bow with the line of foam at the cutwater, coming directly toward him. Instantly he rang "full speed astern," and pulled the lever which closed the collision doors. Then, with a tremendous crash, the other ship struck the "Oceanic" full on the side, heeling her far over.

The other ship backed slowly out of the breach it had made, and faded slowly away into the fog, its bow plates shattered and crumpled by the force of the blow.

Above the cries and screams of the passengers came a more sinister sound; the rushing of water into the hole in the "Oceanic's" side, and the hiss of the escaping steam from the engine room.

For a few minutes all was confusion, but the well-drilled crew soon overcame this, and after a short time the passengers were quietly waiting for the orders to take to the boats.

On ascertaining the damage done by the collision, the captain telephoned to the little wireless cabin on the hurricane deck, and ordered Ellis, the youthful operator, to send out the call for assistance.

Then came the rattle of blocks and the creak of pulleys as the boats, loaded with passengers, were lowered into the calm sea. In the wireless house Ellis was calling: "S. O. S., S. O. S., S. O. S., C. Q. D., C. Q. D.," in hopes that the call would be picked up by some passing ship. Half an hour passed, during which he called again and again, without result. Thinking that his receiving apparatus might be at fault, he added the "Oceanic's" position to the regular distress signal.

The captain's voice broke in on his ears, telephoning from the bridge, "That you, Ellis? Not raised anyone yet? She's almost down, now! The passengers are off, and we'll have to take a chance on being picked up. Leave the house before its too late! We'll hold the boat for you. Come on!"

But Ellis paid no attention to his superior officer; he was thinking hard. The wind was freshening fast, and although the sea was calm now, in twenty-four hours there would be a storm. What chance would those overloaded boats stand in a heavy sea? No he must stick to his key and get help. And he turned back to his instruments and began again to flash into the fog: "S. O. S., S. O. S., S. O. S."

Ten minutes later, with all her people off except the wireless man, the boilers of the great liner burst, and in ten more she slowly raised her great bow and slid beneath the surface of the sea in a swirl of foam.

The following wireless dispatch was received at the Green Star offices in New York, the next day:

"On board S. S. Cymric,
"April 21, 1913.

"S. S. Oceanic rammed and sunk 700 miles off Newfoundland by unknown steamer at 8.40 p. m. Picked up by S. S. Cymric, which responded to distress signals. Two stokers and J. E. Ellis, wireless operator lost. Will dock Tuesday.

"(Signed)
"Jones, Captain."

Willard Bailey, '15.

WANITCHEE'S FIRST SKATES.

Wanitchee was the honored and respected chief of a tribe of Indians. One day, while he was conversing with some of his followers as to the treatment of captives taken in, word was brought to him that the leader of the whites had just escaped. Now this was the only one that the great chief cared to have, so he started off immediately in pursuit, accompanied by five of his bravest men.

Over the snow-covered ground they hastened, up hill and down hill, but the white man managed for some time to keep the distance far apart between his pursuers and himself. The Indians were in better practice, and began to gain on him. Finally, after climbing a steep hill, they saw him standing at the bottom of the hill. As they watched him he seemed to be putting something on each foot, and just as they had almost overtaken him, he darted off across the surface of the lake. Never before had the Indians seen a man move so rapidly over the ice; he seemed almost to fly, and was out of sight before they recovered from their surprise.

But the fates seemed to be against the escape of the leader, for as he neared the other bank of the lake some Indians happened to pass that way.

and seeing the strange manner in which the white man was moving, only waited until he had stopped and removed his skates, when they leaped out and captured him. The Indians, thinking him interesting, decided to take him to their chief.

Wanitchee was indeed pleased to see him again. He determined that he should pay for thus stealing a march on him by giving up his "wings" as he called them. When the leader surrendered his skates the great chief bade him to show him how to put them on, in order that he, too, might go flying through the air like a bird.

He thought it was easy after he once had them on, just to start out with two or three strokes and away he would go. At least so thought the chief, but before his feet touched the ice, he fell down. Not to be outdone by any white, he jumped up and started off again, but only to come down with a worse crash than before. He kept trying, and after a long time he became more skilful than the stranger himself.

These were the first skates ever seen by an Indian, and for teaching him the use of such wonderful things he granted the leader his freedom.

Josephine Leary, '17.

HIS FIRST SLIP.

"Say, Ma, will you sign this?"

"No," answered his mother rather shortly. "Didn't I tell you that I would never sign a slip for you? There's no need of a boy getting poor marks when he's a freshman in High School. Goodness knows by the time he gets that far he ought to know how to study."

"But er——— it's not ——— I mean."

"Don't tell me you didn't deserve it, young man, for that isn't for you to decide," quickly interrupted his mother.

"Well, she gave it to me, and———"

"Well, don't you suppose I know she gave it to you? And, I declare, it's a red one, too. Worse than the ordinary kind. Whatever were you doing? Crossing the lawn, I suppose, in spite of my many warnings. Now, just remember and think it over, the next slip means you leave school."

"Listen, Ma, everybody in the room got them, and she told———"

"Oh, the poor teacher, she has my sympathy, and———. What's that you say, a registration slip? Well why didn't you say so in the first place?"

Marion Robinson, '14.

A QUERY.

"Are poets made or born?" the query,
My answer is to ask Miss B——ry,
'Twas she who in off-handed way
Asked for the poems the other day.

I know not how the others felt;
As for myself, I was at sea,
A failure I, at making rhymes,
As those who read this will agree.

For poesy you understand,
Cannot be learned, like any trade;
The answer to the query is:
"Poets are born; they are not made."

Cecelia A. McLelland, '17.

LATIN, FRENCH AND GERMAN.

Richard Macdonald was born in Alaska and brought up there. He can boast of being born in no town or settlement; he was just born in his father's mining camp, which hovered about the border of Alaska and Canada. There were few trees, and they were only stunted firs. When Dick, as everybody called him, became old enough, he went to the grammar school in one of the neighboring settlements He started when he was six and finished when fourteen. When quite young he was taught the use of firearms, and was a good shot.

His father, Mr. Macdonald, owned a large mining camp, in which there were four miners, Joe, Tom, Charley and Bill, special friends of Dick, and other miners who lived outside of the camp. His mother, Mrs. Macdonald, was a motherly woman, and was called "Mother" by all the miners. Dick's only playfellows were the miners' chil-

dren, and many a good time he had with them.

When Dick had finished grammar school his parents sent him to relatives in Portland, Oregon, where he went to high school. Among his studies were Latin, French and German, in which he made very good progress.

In four years Dick finished the high school course satisfactorily and returned home. When he arrived home he was surprised at the coldness the miners showed toward him. As Dick was working one day with Tom, he said: "Why do you treat me this way? What harm have I done to you, or any of the rest?"

"What harm have you done to me, or any of the rest? None at all. You have harmed yourself. What good will your Latin, French or German ever do you?"

"Lots of good. You'll see yet." The next day Charley came back into camp with the news that two miners who lived apart from anyone else (Dutchy and Frenchy) were dying from the effects of the mauling of a bear. When help from the Macdonald camp arrived, Frenchy was dead, and Dutchy was dying. As he was breathing his last he said:

"Links zwichen dem weissen Stein und dem grossen Baume viel Geld legt."

"What is that?" asked Tom, "What did he say?"

"Never mind now, Tom," said Dick, "Look! He is dying." As he spoke the dying man sat up, stared around and fell back on the folded blanket that served as a pillow—dead. The next day the funeral services were held. Mr. Macdonald had to be the minister, as there were none to be procured. The day after the funeral, Dick called his friends, Tom, Bill, Charley and Joe, together and said:

"You did not understand what Dutchy said because it was German. 'Links zwichen dem weissen Stein und dem grossen Baume viel Geld legt,' means: 'To the left between the white stone and the big tree there is a lot of money.' To the left means to the north of Mt. Elias, which is on the border. Let us get supplies and set out as soon as possible. The treasure ought to be easy to find as he gave us distinct landmarks. I suppose they horded up this treasure all their lives."

They set out that afternoon, and camped in the evening within five miles of what they thought was their destination. The next morning they started early and reached a place which was quite thickly wooded two miles north of Mt. St. Elias. Suddenly Joe exclaimed: "I see the white stone and the big tree! See there." The rest looked and saw what was their destination. Between these landmarks were two small stones together. They pried these off and began to dig. After digging for three hours, and at that digging only two feet, as the ground was frozen, they came upon an iron chest about two feet long, one foot wide, and one deep. They were delighted, and began to shout, for the treasure was theirs by right. Suddenly their joy came to an end as a voice said:

"I claim half of this treasure for the crown." Turning around they saw one of the Canadian mounted police. Recovering from his surprise in an instant Dick said:

"This is American soil. What right has the crown to demand any of our treasure?"

"Sorry, boy. Look up there. See that stonepost, and there the mountain? This is Canadian soil." Dick saw, and was not able to say anything. But as he looked closer he thought that the boundary line could not be determined, and said so. The policeman said:

"Yes, you are right. A government surveyor is over in the settlement on the mountain. I'll get him and we'll decide this."

As he rode away Tom said savagely:

"What does that pie-faced runt want?"

"He claims half of this treasure because he thinks it is on Canadian soil, and the worst of it is, I don't know but he is right."

The next day the surveyor arrived.

The mounted policeman had been there all night. All the morning and afternoon the surveyor tramped up and down with his instruments, and at last toward evening he came to where the little camp was situated. As soon as he arrived all attention was turned to him, as the people in a court room turn their attention to the judge who is about to announce his verdict.

"I have decided," he began, "that the treasure is on American soil, by only four feet." He could get no further, for Dick and his men jumped up and danced and shouted like maniacs. When camp broke up the Canadian mounted policeman gave his hand to Dick and said:

"I congratulate you. I didn't wish to take half your treasure away, but I was just doing my duty."

"I don't blame you the least bit," said Dick, now thoroughly happy. "You were doing your duty, as anyone should do."

When they arrived home, the treasure was divided, Dick's share being several thousand dollars. As he was meditating on the events which had taken place in the last week, someone startled him by saying:

"We've come to apologize about that Latin, French and German stuff. We made a mistake. If it hadn't been for your German, we would have never got the treasure." It was Tom, and with him were Joe, Bill and Charley.

"That's all right," Dick answered, "What are you going to do with your share?"

"We know where there's a place that has not been discovered, with from twenty to twenty-five dollars worth of gold to the ton. We're going to buy the machinery. What will you do with yours?"

"Go to college and polish up on Latin, French and German," answered Dick.

FOSTER P. DOANE, JR., '16.

TEDDY'S VALENTINE.

His head bent low above his work,
His chubby fingers gripped the pen;
His breath came fast, he did not shirk
But struggled to the very end.

He sent the missive through the post,
She got it at just half-past four:
Inscribed there was this childish toast:
"i luv u," — this, and nothing more.

M. E. B., '14.

HENRY'S MISHAP.

"Good morning, Maria. I see yer a gettin' yer washin' out early this mornin'. How am I? Oh, I'm fine, but poor Henry doesn't feel very spry, kind of tired and cross-like. I guess he worked too hard last night. How did it happen that Henry worked hard? Well, I want to tell you my husband always works hard, a good deal harder than your good-for-nothin' brother. I sez ter old Mrs. Tibbits jest the other day, sez I, 'I don't see how Maria manages to support that brother of hers, 'deed I don't.'

"Well, but about Henry. Yer see yesterday I was cleanin' the house an' I wanted ter git the parlor stove mov'd so's I could take up the carpet and clean out the pipe. So last night when Henry came home, I asked him if he didn't think he could move that stove before he went to prayer meetin'. Well, Henry was in his best clothes, but he cal'lated that if he was keerful he might move the old thing before he went, an' save doin' it in the mornin'. So he takes one of my best thin-legged chairs an' standin' on't starts to wiggle the pipe.

"Well now, that er chair weren't never mean't to hold Henry's two hundred an' fifty, an' I told him so before he got on't. But Henry's that obstinate, he sez, 'Guess it's held me before an' guess it'll hold me again.' 'Yes,' says I, 'but you weren't a standin' on't then.' 'Don't make no difference,' sez he. So he gits on't an' starts ter wiggle the pipe as I sed.

"Well, Maria, jest what I expected happened. That old chair jest doubled up an' there was Henry a hangin' from the ceilin' by the old pipe. 'For the

land sakes, drop,' I hollers, 'drop before that pipe breaks.'

"But poor Henry's rather short, yer know, an' he was fully three feet from the floor. 'Drop,' I hollers again, but even then he didn't seem ter want ter drop. He jest kept breathin' harder an' harder, an' gittin redder an' redder in the face. Mercy Maria, he had the reddest face! Jest like a great red apple. Again I hollers, 'Henry Bean, drop this instant, the pipe is beginnin' ter break.' But Henry still hung on an' began to kick his legs around as if he was tryin' ter learn fer fly.

"'Put somethin' under my legs,' he bellows at last. I made a dive fer a chair, but too late. The pipe broke right in the middle, an' Henry, the pipe, an' about three barrels of soot landed in the middle of the floor. Mercy me, Maria, such a mess! Soot all over my best plush furniture an' carpet, Henry on the floor sayin' the strangest things, an' tryin' ter remove an elbow of the pipe which had settled on his head like a stove-pipe hat. An' my poor, poor, old Teddy, the cat, who had been asleep under the stove, an' had jest come out ter see what all the noise meant, was jest in time ter have Henry fall on him an' kill him instantly.

"When Henry had got the pipe off his head he threw it straight through the window, an' picked poor old Teddy up by the tail an' threw him after it.

"When I got through cryin' about Teddy, an' Henry a talkin' ter himself an' the stove, I told him ter git out of the window himself so's not to track soot all over the house.

"Well Maria, I've got ter go, fer there comes the hardware man with a new pipe, an' I must shoo him off my thin-legged chairs."

Lois B. Nightingale, '14.

IN THE QUEEN'S GARDEN.

The little Princess lay back among the pillows of her couch with a sigh of discontent. There was but one thing that she lacked—strength. Everything else that mortal heart could desire was at her beck or call. The doctors promised that she should be strong and well within three years, and still she was far from happy. In fact there was a continual frown on her brow, and nothing at all seemed to please her.

Today she had requested to be left entirely alone in the Queen's garden. She lay curled up on a wonderfully elegant divan spread with trailing folds of purple stamped with gold. Soft and magnificent pillows assured her comfort. A thick braided clump of hair was looped on either side of her small ivory-tinted face. Her big eyes, under lashes half an inch long, gazed discontentedly about the garden, which was a profusion of loveliness. The air was heavily scented with orange blossoms. A little blue sparkling pond mirrored the reflections of palms, magnolias, roses, lilies and wisteria. Behind, the palace rose white, majestic and splendid.

She was clothed in a clinging sheen of old rose silk overhung with shimmering silvery chiffon. Dainty silver slippers encased her tiny feet, clad in rose colored silk stockings. She was the picture of wealth, luxury and beauty.

This fortunate little Princess was beloved and cherished by an adoring mother, and worshipped by all the attendants, servants, and all the people in the kingdom. Yet she counted herself among the most unfortunate for the one thing which she believed she wanted immediately, could neither be demanded nor bought. She must wait for two, perhaps three years, and patience was not one of her virtues.

Finally her restless gaze settled upon a pink rose rising on its slender stem, above all the others. It was in its prime now, and its perfect petals stirred softly in the breeze. Then as the wind freshened, the rose blew more, and twisted, and tugged, and tossed.

It seemed to the little Princess to be trying desperately to tear itself from its surroundings. Unconsciously she compared it to herself. It was of matchless beauty amid the luxuriant

growth, and yet it was dissatisfied, seeking to break away from the monotony of its life. Even as it struggled the petals were torn, then one by one they fell. The rose was shattered.

The little Princess closed her eyes, trying to shut out the significance. The perpetual frown that she wore was marring the beauty of her face. Her attitude toward everything was surely shattering her life, as well as the happiness of others.

She looked again at the stem from which the rose had fallen. It pointed straight toward the sky.

Her heart was thankful for the sign. She would benefit by it. All her life she had had no thought whatever for the comfort of others. She had been a selfish little goddess. Now she had something new to think about. Perhaps it would lessen the weary waiting of the long months to forget herself and to try to make life happier for those around her.

She raised her little jeweled hand toward heaven and whispered softly, "Father, forgive me! I knew not what I did!"

B. L. H., '14.

ICE BOATING.

Skimming along o'er the ice so white,
Is speeding the ice boat, with all its great might;
Look out! clear the track! here it comes, there it goes,
Whirling along like the wind when it blows.
Hurrah for the winter, when we wear hat and coat,
But the biggest "hurrah" for the jolly ice boat.

Kenneth C. Reed, '16.

ALONG THE WAY-SIDE

"Do you know, old pal, it seems to me that the worstest thing I hate on this air earth is that four-legged animal they call dog? Jest to think of two respetful pursons like we-uns dashing thet last undred yarrds in five seconds. Ah, me bones acke with t' feel of it, and me heart ackes to think of it"; and so saying, the one speaking gazed moodily up into the deep blue sky, as the philosophers did of old.

The one addressed slowly put that which he had on the right side of his jaw to the left side, and drawled in a low voice: "Bill, although a ginleman of but few woirrds, those air my sentemints eggsactly, and on thet respected frend, dog, me mouth would open to say many a woirrd." "Don't yer do it, Jim, don't yer do it," cried the one called Bill, quite alarmed, "cuss woirds is all right in their place, but me weak heart could no stand them phrases of your'n."

"I don't know, I don't know," replied Jim. "I ain't nary bit superstitious, yit when I seen thet black dog chasin' we'uns, I said to meself, 'Murder ain't so fur away,' and I won't be doin' the murderin, either." This he emphasized by spitting upon the foot of Bill.

"But look ye!" he suddenly cries, and he points to a farmhouse near by, from which flames and dense smoke are shooting. "Run," cries Bill, "and we'll give 'em a hand, though thet 'ouse be doomeded."

A woman was screaming as the two tramps came running up, "My child!" "My child!" at the same time pointing to the top of the house.

"Come on, Bill," chied Jim, without hesitation, and both entered the burning house.

Stuffing their old bandannas in their mouths, Bill and Jim, the inseparables, slowly ascended the stairs, and fought their way to the room at the top of the house through that terrible heat. The child was quickly caught up, and the two men were just going down the stairs when a hairy mass hurled itself upon them and leaped for the child. It was a dog—the dog that had watched over the child, which neither man had seen. Both of the men fell, and above the roars of the men, the cries of the child and the sharp yelps of the dog sounded a crash, and the roof fell over them. But the dog and child were safe, for, as the vagrants fell, so also

did the child—to the bottom of the stairs, and from there on *the dog pulled her to safety.*

The two pals lay in two cots, side by side, in one of the wards of the hospital. Both were dying, and the nurses and doctors were very still as they looked on the scarred bodies of the inseparables. Both, it seemed, opened their eyes instantaneously, but Jim was the first to whisper. It was but four words, yet they came from the depths of his heart, although saying them with a grin: "Curse that murderin' dog!"

As if in answer came the reply from the other cot: "Yes, but he saved the child."

A few seconds later both fell into their last sleep, off the wayside forever.

E. J. Mansell, '14.

A MUSICAL STORY.

I had just said "Good-bye, Boys," "I Won't Be Back Until August," as "I Am Going Back to Carolina," and now I was "Sailing Down the Chesapeake Bay" "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" "On the Old Fall River Line," and, being "All Alone," my thoughts roamed to "Just an Old Sweetheart of Mine" from "Robinson Crusoe's Isle."

On the boat "Alexander's Ragtime Band" was playing "The Broadway Glide," while the passengers danced "The Walnut Tango" and "The Gaby Glide." During this I had "Dreams of Long Ago."

It was in "Winter" that I met her "In the Heart of the City," "Underneath the Cotton Moon." She was then "Francisco Bound," on the "New York, New Haven & Hartford."

I recalled the days we spent "By the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," near "The Old Oaken Bucket," where "The Green Grass Grew All Around"; "The Summer Days" "On the Mississippi" "In My Canoe"; the day I took her to the "Grand Old Game of Baseball," where we heard the "College Yell" "Up the Street."

It was "Under the Southern Moon," "In the Cool of the Evening," that I arrived in "Dixie Land," when from "Under the Yum Yum Tree" I heard someone say, "Hands Up." I looked around, and there was "That Old Girl of Mine" with the "Dreamy Eyes."

It was "When the Twilight Comes to Kiss the Rose Good-Night," many years after, that I was "Waiting at the Church," and these words the people heard: "Do You Take This Woman for Your Lawful Wife?"

So on "Mobile Bay" in "Dixie Land With Dixie Lou" I am living happily, and shall love that little wife of mine "Until the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold."

Mildred Partridge, '14.

HONORABLE MENTION LIST.

Seniors.

An Averted Tragedy..Minerva Mumdle
At the Sound of Dripping Water,
Bertha Yerrington
Fairyland on Earth..F. B. Whittemore
Johnny's Valentine....Margaret Daley
Tommy's Reward.....May Furdon

Juniors.

Granddaddy's Story..Mildred Bolster
The Song of a Valentine..Ruth Crosby
Love's Sweet Fall.....Rachel Potter
The Ocean .....Alice Read
A Sugar Orchard.....D. Wilson

Sophomores.

A Winter's Eve.....Josephine Baker
The Coming of the Strangers,
Katherine Holway
Caramels .....Marguerite Lampson

Freshmen

Spring's Victory.....David Snow
An Adventure with the Quail,
W. Winslow Hall
Rebecca's Ambition..Florence Lennon
I Luf You.....Helen Sampson
Number 49 .....Bertha Richardson



Since the last issue of the "Clarion" the hockey team has been showing steady improvement in its play.

The team met its old rival, Melrose, at the Arena on the evening of Jan. 2. Although the final score was 3 to 0 in favor of Melrose, the Arlington boys had put up a scrappy game for a green team, which had hardly been on the ice, as a team, before.

None of the boys showed the form which it is expected they will develop in the future. Nevertheless, a couple of the men showed up in good style. Mansell, a new man this year, starred for Arlington, while Ross, on the defence, played an excellent game.

The star man for Melrose was Percy Wanamaker, a veteran of last year's team.

On Tuesday, the 6th, the schoolboys met an Alumni team composed of Buckley, Lowe, Percy, Hadley, Hill, Duffy and Reycroft. The school team won by a score of 1—0. Peabody shot the goal.

The Somerville game, on the 9th, was somewhat of a farce. Neither team played a game which in any way resembled hockey. Both teams had a scramble to see which individual could carry the puck down the ice the greatest number of times. Neither of the teams scored.

Cambridge High went down before the home boys in a poorly fought game. The final score was 1 to 0. Mansell shot the only goal.

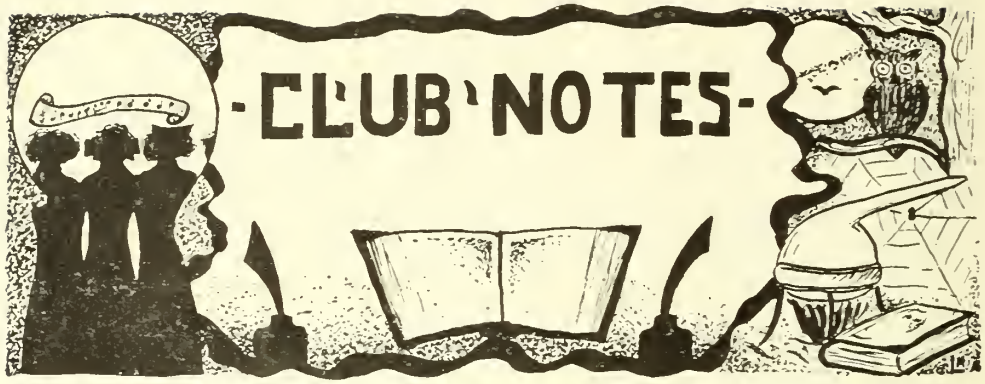
On Saturday, the 17th, the home team went to the Stadium, where they met the Harvard second team. Here they were able to score four goals to Harvard's two.

Arlington's very ancient rival, Winchester, was badly beaten by the local team, 11 to 0 being the final score.

The second Somerville game was played on Friday afternoon, the 6th of February. This second game was as different from the first game as black is from white. Our men showed a marked improvement in every department of the game. There was team work, both on the offense and defence, and the puck was held in the opponents' territory the major part of the time. It was only after a practically second team had been placed on the ice that Somerville was able to score a goal. Percy and Peabody showed up in fine style, as well as the old standbys, Capt. Robbins and Mansell.

The final score was 4 to 1. Goals—Mansell 1, Peabody 2, Spencer and Downie.

The members of the track team met in Room A on Friday of the first week in December. Charles Adams, one of the members of the cross-country team, was elected track captain for 1914-'15.



ORCHESTRA NOTES.

By special request, the orchestra furnished music at the "Parents' Reception" in the school hall on the evening of November 21st. The orchestra selection was "The Evening Star," from "Tannhauser." The second number was a duet, "Mendelssohn's Spring Song," by Kenneth Reed, clarinet, and Ralph Sunergren, flute, accompanied by Miss Porter on the piano. The third and last number was a quartette of four violins, from "Lohengrin," Helen Doughty, William Wilson, Oswald Banks and Hilda Prescott.

Friday, Dec. 5, a short business meeting of the orchestra was held for the purpose of deciding about a leader. It was voted that the orchestra obtain for each weekly rehearsal Mr. Chaves, whose past experience with our orchestra and present study at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston will insure valuable benefit from his directions. Grace Morgan '15, Louis Patriquin '17 and Lawrence Chellis '17 were admitted as regular members.

The second social meeting of the A. H. S. Orchestra, for the month of December, at the home of Miss Porter on December 22, was greatly enjoyed by all the present orchestra members, as well as members from last year's orchestra. The musical program was interspersed with readings, and the program was followed by musical games and Christmas favors from a tree. The evening ended with refreshments. The program was:

I. Piano solo, Priscilla Crockett.
II. Paper, Christmas Waits, Hilda Prescott.
III. Violin solo, Oswald Banks.
IV. Reading, Christmas Hymn, Edith MacBride.

EDITH MACBRIDE, Sec.

SCIENCE CLUB.

On February 2 the first meeting of the Science Club of this year was held in the Physical Laboratory. An interesting program of about two hours' duration was presented, under the leadership of Crowley '14. Snow '14 was elected leader of the next meeting. Following is the program:

Electro-plating, Demonstration,
Snow '14
Conservation of Forests, Reading,
Miss Lynch '16
Commercial Tests Applied to Milk,
Demonstration .....Greenleaf '15
Evergreens, Reading
Woodend '14
Invisible Inks, Demonstration. Snow '14

ENGLISH CLUB.

The Christmas meeting of the English Club was held in the Assembly Hall on Monday afternoon, December 22. The program, which was in the form of an entertainment to the children, who were invited, was in charge of Miss Bushee '14 and Miss Hatch '14, and it was the carrying out of Miss Bushee's idea of a children's afternoon.

Two sketches, written by Miss Bushee and Charles Reed '15, were presented.

The first, "A Christmas Greeting," by Reed, was acted by Miss McClare '14, Banks '16, Gamester '17, Chamberlain '17, Whytal '17, Ring '17 and Nix '17, while in the other, "The Christmas Fairy," written by Miss Bushee, Miss Taylor '14, Miss Masseck '16, Miss Bushee '14, King '16, Squire 14 and Crowley '14 took part.

Mr. Howard Viets was present as Santa Claus, and he made the children happy by his funny stories and the presenting of gifts of candy.

To do outside work is the purpose of the English Club members, and it was to further interest along this line that the January meeting was devoted to an "English Club Author" afternoon. It was held in the Assembly Hall on Wednesday afternoon, January 28, and was in charge of Miss Stewart '14 and Crowley '14.

A competitive exercise on the appreciation of their English Club author, between Miss Anderson '15, Miss Robertson '14, Reiche '17 and Dallin '16, was won by Miss Anderson '15, while honorable mention was given to Miss Robertson '14.

The authors chosen for the afternoon were Kipling, Thackeray, Stevenson and Dickens.

Rinsbach '14, Hall '15, King '16 and Henderson '15 gave impersonations of their respective authors and the story of their lives.

Miss Kennedy '15, Miss Bell '16 and Miss Porter recited selections from the authors, and Miss Stewart sang "On the Road to Mandalay," the words of which were written by Kipling.

Kelley '15 gave a declamation, as the club desires to keep up interest in this subject.

Banks '16, with a violin selection, and Kelley '15, with a piano selection, furnished the music for the program.

JEREMIAH CROWLEY, Sec.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

The rehearsals of the Girls' Glee Club have been held regularly every Tuesday afternoon at 2.30. There is always a good attendance, for the members seem to take a great deal of interest in the club.

The rehearsal which was held on January 27, 1914, was of especial interest to them.

Miss McIntosh's friend, Mrs. Stuart Cecil, delighted the club with her rendering of many charming Southern darky songs.

Miss Tenney, who directed the Girls' Glee Club a few years ago, also visited the club. Many of the old members, who had known her as the leader of the club, were very pleased to see her.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

Carol Singing.

There is a holiday custom in England of having groups of young people, usually members of church choirs, gather on Christmas eve to go around and sing Christmas carols outside of houses which are illuminated with candles in honor of Christ's birthday.

This beautiful custom has been adopted by the Boys' Glee Club of the High School, and was carried out this year for the first time, with great success.

Scores of houses on Pleasant, Jason, Gray Streets, Norfolk Road and Massachusetts Avenue were beautifully illuminated with candles and red lights in preparation for the event. The Glee Club varied the program of practicing only glees by preparing themselves to sing acceptably some of the good old Christmas carols.

At 8 o'clock on Christmas eve we began our pilgrimage, accompanied by a small melodeon, which four "willing workers" carried on their shoulders. This was supposed to keep us on the pitch and cover up a multitude of sins, both of omission and of commission.

The first stop was at Blake's house, on the avenue. This being the centre of a group of illuminated houses, we went through our whole repertory. The first basses cracked on "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," so we avoided that song whenever we could. We got some applause there, which encouraged us to think we were doing well, so we went on with better courage.

We next entertained the Misses Robbins, and I noticed a number of fellows slipping over to the drug store for cough drops. They were just realizing what their throats would be like by the time our evening's wanderings were over.

Pleasant Street was a truly beautiful sight, with the candles burning in all the windows. We sang at five different places in about 300 yards of Pleasant Street, for people seemed so appreciative that it was very inspiring. Mrs. Colman told us to drink the cider that she had bought for the boarders' Christmas dinner. We didn't refuse, for our throats needed lubricating.

After singing twice on Irving Street, we were invited to doughnuts, cheese and cider at Mr. George O. Russell's. This treat was contributed by the Jason Street neighborhood. We thanked our kind hosts, and sang for them the famous Glee Club ditty, "Hambone."

After singing on Gray Street and Norfolk Road, we were invited into Mr. Woodworth's, where we were served ginger ale, crackers and apples. Our throats were considerably rough by this time, and the frequent drinks were the only thing that kept our voices in condition to be enjoyed.

We were asked to go up to Madame Turner's, where there was a sick lady; this we did gladly, for we were by this time indeed filled with the Christmas spirit.

Returning to Homer's, we sang all our carols for the last time. Mr. William Foster played "Stille Nacht" on the cornet, and it was indeed impressive to listen to the clear notes of that beautiful Christmas song floating out on the crisp winter air. Once more we became the guests of a neighborhood. A bountiful repast had been prepared for us, and in spite of the fact that we had been so liberally treated at various other places, we did full justice to the good things placed before us.

Thirty boys had been trying, on this beautiful Christmas eve, to bring home the Christmas spirit to the people of our town in the good old ways of the "old country," and in doing so had brought a greater measure of pleasure and happiness to themselves than seemed possible.

It is a beautiful custom which I am sure we shall be proud to have inaugurated in the good old town of Arlington, to which we owe so much.

Donald B. Scully, '13.

DEBATING CLUB.

Probably in no field of attainment is practice so essential to success as in that of clear, forceful expression; and it is exceedingly important that everyone should possess ability in this line, for the man who can do it is the man who will win at every stage of the game.

The result of the first interscholastic debate, Newton vs. Arlington, held on Feb. 6, in the High School Hall, shows that Arlington High is sending out debaters as well as athletes.

The question for debate was: "Resolved, That the law exempting United States vessels engaged in coastwise trade from Panama tolls should be repealed." David Crockett '15, Thomas Donnelly '14 and Albert Wunderlich '14 supported the affirmative. Wunderlich handled the rebuttal. Messrs. Van Kirk, Pierce and Kepner of Newton took the negative.

Musical selections were given during the evening by the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs, and the Orchestra.

The judges were: L. L. Cleveland, principal, Cambridge High School; H. D. Sears, instructor of English, Somerville High School; A. H. Gilmer, assistant professor of English at Tufts College. The presiding officer was Mr. Frank V. Noyes.

The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

I. Hilda Stewart, Sec.

THE GERMAN CLUB.

Die Studenten des Mehr Kunde Verein versammelten ein Saale des Hoch Schule am Dienstag vor Weihnachstag. Es war sehr erfolgreich, und viele Studenten von den Deutschen

Klassen, die in der Schule vor einigen Jahren waren, kammen.

Das programm bestand aus deutschen Liedern; einem Volk-tanz; und einem kurzen Spiel das vom einem Schuler, Herr Reed, geschrieben wurde, und von Herr Snow uebersetezt wurde; Frau Scully sang und Herr Eberhardt spielte die deutsche zither; Fraulein Magner leitete das zensammentreffen.

DAS PROGRAMM.

I. "Stille Nacht" — Fraulein Bateman, Bell, Bolster und Herren, Ross and Wilson.
Klavier-spielerin — Fraulein Nightingale.

II. Volk-tanz—Fraulein E. Chamberlin, R. Mitchell, M. McLellan, G. King, L. Hatch, E. McClare, A. Livingston, Herr D. Ross, H. Reycroft, R. Smith, P. Johnson, K. Reed, S. Cook, H. Peterson.

III. "O Tannenbaum"—Fraulein C. Darling, G. Kimball, G. Richardson, M. Yerrinton, Herr P. Johnson, H. Peterson, K. Reed, W. Wilson.

IV. "Odu Froliche" — Fraulein R. Scully, B. Yerrinton, Herr D. Ross, L. Kelly.

V. "Du bist wie eine Blume"—Frau Scully.

VI. Die Zither—Herr Eberhardt.

VII. "Ein Weihnachsladen in Berlin" —Fraulein K. Eberhardt, P. Garman, A. Schwamb, Herr O. Banks, H. Bixby, T. Donnelly, L. Rimbach, L. Snow, W. Wilson, A. Wunderlich.

PAULINE GARMAN, Sec.

ALUMNI NOTES

Charles Allen, A. H. S. '13, is now studying at Boston University, and is a member of the class of 1917.

Joseph Chisholm, who graduated from here last June, is doing most excellent work at Boston College.

Ruth Danforth, an A. H. S. '13 girl, is pursuing her studies at Boston University with much zeal and due success.

Ethel Eggleston, another member of last year's class, is now studying voice at the New England Conservatory.

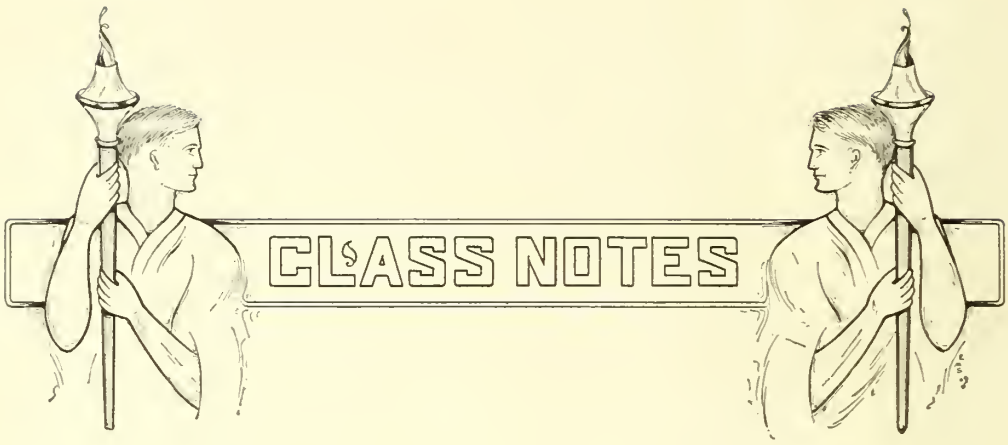
Harlan Eveleth '13, known as the "wizard" among his classmates, on account of his unusual ability along electrical lines, is now out West, studying at the University of California. He is extremely interested in lakes, and is also busy as the Western correspondent for the Electrician and Mechanic, a paper of note in the scientific world.

Louis Ross '13 is studying at Amherst Agricultural College. He has made good on the hockey team.

Ralph Stiles, likewise a member of the class of 1913, is now a freshman at Amherst Agricultural College [illegible] joying it immensely.

Olive Wheaton '13 is taking the gymnastic course at Wellesley, and is enthusiastically interested in the instruction.

Shortly after the Christmas vacation a meeting was held in Cotting Hall one evening, the purpose being to form an Alumni Association. Word had been sent to several, through the efforts of certain ones of the alumni, and the number of those who responded to the call was about ninety. Two committees were elected, one for by-laws and one to look up names and addresses of former A. H. S. students, and to inform them of the plan for an association. Harold Viets was made chairman fo the first committee, and Leo Dalton of the second. A meeting will be arranged for in the near future, and it is hoped that there will be an enthusiastic response.



1914.

Miss T—y—r (translating)—"He girded arms on his trembling shoulder which was long unused on account of age."

Miss H.—"What is a demagogue?"
Br—d—"Half a god."

In Chem.
Mr. G.—"Where does all the carbon in this room come from?"
Young Chemist—"From the animals here."

Miss H.—"The Spartans were outside the pale."
A Stage Whisper—"Who put the Athenians in the pail?"

Master K. (translating detournant ses yeux par la feuetre)—"Throwing his eyes out of the window."

In Chem.
Mr. G. tells us that the trusts keep back the eggs in cold storage so as to keep up the price of diamonds(?)

Heard in the corridor.
First Senior—"The man that mends my shoes is dead."
Second Senior—"Are they going to sound the taps at his funeral?"
Freshman (just arriving)—"Couldn't he heal (heel) his own soul (sole)?"

Pupil—"The thermometer says 72. Shall I pull down the chain? That cuts the heat in two."
Teacher—"According to that it would soon be 36. I'm afraid you would freeze us out."

Teacher—"You never saw that in print—or not unless you printed it yourself."

In German.
Literal translation—"He spoke with winged words."
Teacher—"What does that mean?"
Pupil—"Angelic words, I s'pose."

Teacher (objecting to pupil's Latin composition)—"You don't kill anyone in the dative. You do it directly."

Society News—Cocoa served in halls. Scully and Duncan, pourers.

1915.

Com. Geog. III.
Teacher—"What are the peculiarities of a Swiss watch?"
Pupil—"They have peculiar hands."
Bright Pupil—"Also 'funny faces.'"

Pupils passing up or down the front stairs, beware of talking. Keep your eyes open and your mouth closed, and walk quickly.
Hard labor awaits the deceiver.

Mr. K—y tells us that he can forecast the weather, and that it helps him greatly when he goes travelling.

Travellers, apply to Kelly.

Chem. III.

Mr. G.—"Tell how the flowers of sulphur is obtained."

Brilliant Pupil—"They grow in Louisiana."

Chem. III.

We are glad to learn that the future of "calcium" is brilliant. (In accordance with Mr. R—d.)

Does the Junior Class require a president with two "Kings" in Room III.?

Miss H. suggested, one cold morning, that it was a good thing that B—w—r was absent, as cold contracts.

German II.

Miss M.—"Are there any more corrections?"

Mr. S.—"Yes."

Miss M.—"Well, pass to the board and make your correction."

Mr. S. passes up and very courageously dots an "i."

German I.

Miss M. wrote some German on the board for translation.

Pupil—"Shall we translate it into English?"

Bright Pupil (in rear)—"No, set it to music."

1916.

Physics.

Mr. Gordon has volunteered to put everyone in the Physics II. class to sleep for one minute with laughing gas. Don't all speak at once.

People with weak hearts are warned to stay out of Physics, first period. Also those averse to a bath of any kind.

Mr. G. (after telling the class that potatoes cannot be boiled in the ordinary way in some parts of Colorado)—"How would you overcome this difficulty if you were camping out there?"

Voice from rear—"Bake them."

English.

Miss P.—"Where have we heard the expression, 'Sola, sola,' before"

S-n-g-n—"In the scale."

We learn that Shakespeare was a great writer, yet the original manuscripts of his plays could hardly be deciphered! Rather a paradoxical statement.

French.

Miss J.—"Ou demeurez-vous?" (Where do you live?)

Miss B.—"I don't know."

(We recommend that she find out soon.)

History.

It has become the custom of pupils who do not know their lesson to try to enter into a heated argument with Miss H. and the class on different subjects, varying from the greatness of Alexander to the present day suffragette question. This class should produce some fine debates.

Mr. C.—"You have a mind like one of these new-fashioned skirts."

Master G.—n—"How's that?"

Mr. C.—"Very narrow, very narrow."

Miss M—y—d—"Tell about Switzerland."

Brilliant Pupil—"Switzerland has not any good harbors on its seacoast."

Do you realize that for several weeks we have not had lung exercises on Tuesday morning? How convenient!

1917.

Latin I. A.

"'We' is nom. sing. masc.," piped up L.

Miss R—b—n—"What does that mean?"

"They're married," came a gruff voice from the further side of the room.

Miss R—eh—nd (to study pupil)—"Please drop the transom, for it is very warm here."

After a few minutes a voice from the rear is heard: "Pick it up, it's cold."

English Teacher—"Explain the allusion to Pegasus."

Freshman—"He was the horse Paul Revere rode on."

Evidently his ideas on American and Greek history are slightly mixed.

Another 1917 youngster said the "Bell of Atre" was the bell Paul Revere pulled. Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn" didn't sink in, we take it.

At the first January meeting of the Locke Freshman Club new officers were elected. They are as follows: President, Milton Estabrook; Vice-President, John McCarthy; Secretary, Nora G. Kelley; Treasurer, Abraham Marcus.

In English A.

Mr. McN. stated that three men held a conversation in an apple barrel. Other members of the class reminded him that not all men are of his size.

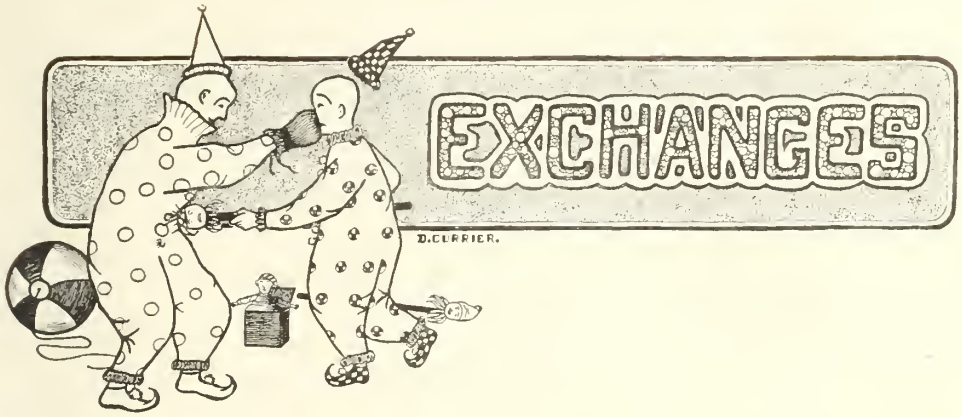
The Locke Freshmen are wondering where their friends, the doves, are. Probably they have gone to pay Sec. Bryan a visit, knowing how well he likes them.

(Note—This is positively the last appearance of any doves.)

Miss W. (in Latin class)—"Miss C., what case is profectionem?"

Miss C. hesitates, and a voice from the playground says: "I know it."

*Freshman editor from the Locke School is Florence Lennon.



We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: "Punchard Ensign," Andover; "The Papyrus," Stamford (Nov. and Dec.); "The Pioneer," Reading; "The Register," Burlington; "Inklings," New York; "The Red and Black," Claremont; "The Budget," Pittsburgh; "The Enterprise," Keene; "The Clarion," West Roxbury; "The Megaphone," Franklin (Nov. and Dec.)

"The Megaphone" (Dean Academy) is certainly to be congratulated on the excellence of its "Alumni Column," to which special attention seems to be paid. It would be distinctly gratifying to the graduates of any school to be able to read such a column in their own school paper.

"The Enterprise"—Why do you not develop your "Exchange Column" more? You receive a large number of exchanges, and it seems that you might help them by some comment or criticism.

The literary department of the "Budget" (George H. Thurston School) is very good, but the paper is lacking in class notes and an "Alumni Column."

"The Papyrus" (Manor School) is well worth notice, because of its editorials especially, which are well and pointedly written.

"The Red and Black" (Stevens High School) is one of the finest looking papers that we receive. The cover is neat, the paper good and the material well arranged.

We are very glad to add "Inklings" (Ethical Culture School) to our list of exchanges, for it is a well-balanced, complete, interesting paper.

Why not have a regular literary department, "Register," and not mix your interesting and well-written stories in with alumni notes and locals?

"The Pioneer" would be greatly improved by more cuts.

The Journal of Education says of Everett: "Everett High School students are turning out one of the best school publications in the State, the Clarion, a weekly. The boys have bought a good-sized press, and do the entire press and composition work, under the direction of Edward S. Bryant. The paper gives all the school news, while it is news, and it has a circulation of 600 copies.

Mary had a little dog,
  It was a noble pup;
It stood upon its hind legs
  When you held its front ones up.
—Ex.

Lives of centipedes remind us
We should all ambition lose
If we had to find the cash to
Keep a centipede in shoes.—Ex.

'Arf a hinch, 'arf a hinch,
'Arf a hinch honward,
'Ampered by 'obble skirts,
'Opped the four 'undred.—Ex.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the brand-new carburettor
Kick to beat the band.—Ex.

Chicago is a Swift place.
Yes, but there Ar-mour.—Ex.

In what country does time go the fastest?

In Italy. Every time you turn around you see a dago.—Ex.

Baron Sans Dough—"What do you think of my family tree?"

Jones—"The tree is all right, but it looks to me as if the crop was a failure."—Ex.

Freshie—"I was out with a chicken yesterday—the kind that won't pick up a worm."

Soph—"Then how did you manage to be with her?"—Ex.

Teacher—"Fools may ask questions that wise men cannot answer."

Senior—"I guess that is why so many of us flunk."—Ex.

There was recently a duel in Mississippi between a Mr. Knott and a Mr. Shott. The result was Knott was shot, and Shott was not. Under the circumstances we would rather have been Shott than Knott.—Ex.

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EDITORIALS

"Blue Bird" weather has come at last.

Just as the blue bird is the symbol of happiness, so the "blue bird weather" means a smiling sky overhead, and happy, light-hearted people below.

With soft, balmy air and lazy, white clouds sailing the blue sky, how can anyone have worries? Spring time is the joyous time, when there's no time for worries. Forget them, or better, don't have them. Watch the trees bud and the flowers blossom. Can't you feel the sap begin to run in your veins? That means that all the old cross worries are to be discarded, that tired, cross cares are to be abolished, a new instalment of just pure happiness is to be moved in filling even the empty storerooms.

Did you notice that the last of March and the first of April was horrid, drizzly, rainy weather? That was the rain that washes away the old grumpy thoughts and cares. Now the rain is happy, jubilant, splashy showers just good nature bubbling over.

So in order not to break the charm of the "blue bird weather," and to keep it with us as long as possible, everyone must be happy.

Fifty per cent. of our Senior class are college-going pupils. Do you realize what that means? It means desire for professional training and equipment; desire for the best positions in business; for positions of influence, as well as positions that pay; positions that offer chances of a steady rise; most of all it means a desire for culture.

If you want to succeed as a business man or woman, go to college. It will certainly be of the greatest service to you. If your family can't afford to send you, then work your way through. The training is invaluable, and you are likely to get more out of it than the boy who goes through with ease and luxury. If you are a poor student, and don't enjoy the work, college may help you to find yourself. If you think you owe it to your family to get to work as soon as possible, think it over more carefully.

The boy who left school after the ninth grade secured a position and worked hard. He may succeed, and very likely will do so. In four years, however, one of his old classmates, now a high school graduate, comes looking for a position and easily overtakes him. In a year or so he has equalled and very likely gone ahead of the boy who has worked for four years longer.

Just so the college man goes ahead, and will probably far outstrip both his mates.

Then there is the cultural side. Not a day passes but what the college man recognizes some minor item with which he has become acquainted in some phase of his college life. The "self-educated" man is not interested, for he knows nothing about it. Yet he marvels, and in his heart he envies the man who understands.

In social life, as in business life, the ability to talk well and interestingly depends upon the education.

Then the college life itself is wonderfully broadening. There one makes friends with whom he is most intimate in later years. These friends come from all parts of the country. Unconsciously he shakes off the little petty habits formed in his home town. He soon learns new ways. He broadens and develops without being aware of the fact, independent of books or teachers.

Boys and girls should wake up to the importance of education, and decide soon enough to go to college, so that the necessary preparations may be made.

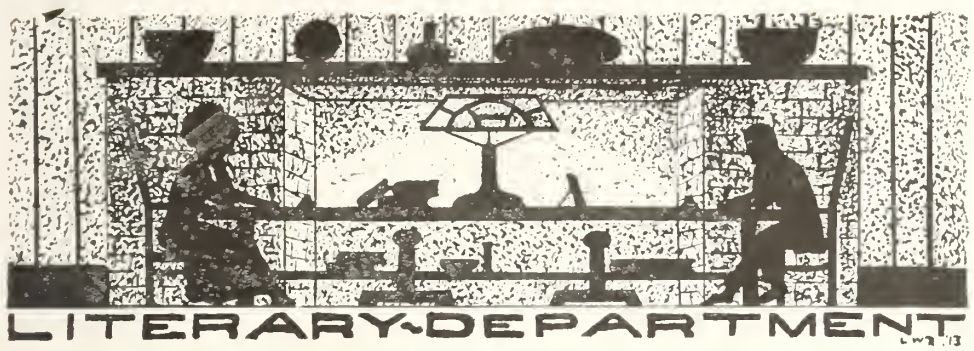
No matter what the life work may be, all available education is necessary.

SCHOOL NOTES

Arlington's favorite speaker, Superintendent Scully, gave a "Monday morning talk" about his recent visit to Richmond, Virginia, several weeks before vacation. He was deeply impressed by the Southern hospitality as extended to him, and the others in the convention; he also explained the feeling and view-point of the Southerners in regard to the Civil War. These impressions, together with an outline of the educational system and its rapid growth in the Southern cities, constituted the subject-matter of his lecture, which proved far too brief for his audience.

On Monday, March 2, Mr. Leonard W. Cronkhite of Boston gave a talk on university life at Oxford. Having won a Rhodes Scholarship, he studied at Oxford several years. In his talk he gave interesting details of the student-life, and methods of study in the English University. By the end of his lecture his hearers felt a general tendency to "sport their oaks"; having thoroughly enjoyed the personal note in his narratives.

P. Garman, '14.



MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT DIVING.

"Oh, dive, you silly boob! dive!" blubbed a scornful voice from the water below me.

I had established myself on the very edge of the dock, and now stood gazing down into the clear depths of the greeny, blue water. Oh! how cold it looked, and how far below me. A chilly breeze shivered past me, making me feel clammy, and warning me that a wet bathing suit is not the warmest clothing imaginable, and up from the water came a taunting voice: "Scare cat; fraid cat."

Quickly different facts came into my mind, when the owner of the voice dived, the water had parted smoothly before his hands, so why shouldn't it part before mine? I flattened my hands together straight above my head. Also, when he dived, his body went in in a straight, graceful slant, and his legs, held stiff, didn't make a drop of water splash after he had disappeared. Why shouldn't it all be the same with me?

With a final effort, I stiffened myself, and yelling defiantly, "I'm not a scare cat," I leaped into the air.

In a moment I, too, was bubbling in the water, but something had told me with a smarting slap that my hands had not cut the water smoothly, and that my body had not gone in after them in a graceful slant. And as for my legs, they seemed to be twisted in some indescribable way about my neck. Coming to the surface, I felt flying drops still falling around me, and heard a retreating voice shriek derisively, "I wonder if they heard that dive (with emphasized sarcasm) in Japan." And I immediately gave chase.

H. G. Berquest, 1915.

THE LIFE OF A BABBLING BROOK.

Rippling, trickling, skipping, dancing, singing its song of joy, the little brook tripped over the moss-grown stones, like a happy child frolicking at his play.

* * * * *

Dashing, roaring, raging in its violent strength, the brook, fully grown in its manhood, leaps from rock to rock in a thundering torrent, and then, with one burst of freedom, overflows into the sea of the world.

Pauline Clare, 1915.

THE LAST STRAW.

"My resolutions, therefore, mean to establish the equity—" "My resolutions, therefore, mean to establish the equity and justice of a taxation—" "My resolutions, therefore, mean to establish the equity and justice of a taxation of America by grant and not by imposition." The book closed with a bang, and Margery jumped to her feet.

"There, I know the first sentence, anyway. I'm going out and get some fresh air to help digest it, mother. I'll be back soon."

"What were you studying, dear?" asked her mother, who had heard the book close, and had looked in to see if Margery was through.

"Oh, we had to learn paragraph ninety-one in that detestable Burke. I'll finish when I come in." And Margery was gone, out into the October sunshine, that shone like a benignant god upon the glorious autumn foliage.

Mrs. Eliott smiled. She had studied Burke, too, and could appreciate Margery's feelings.

* * * * *

"Mother, what awful thing do you think has happened now?" gasped Margery, breaking into the room where Mrs. Eliott sat making Christmas gifts, one afternoon in the middle of December.

"What now, dear? Pick up your coat, you're dragging it on the floor," was the unruffled reply, for she was used to these outbursts, and expected that it was either a shortened recess or perhaps the loss of a hockey game.

"They've gone and changed my English division, just as I was getting interested in 'Macbeth,' and put me into Doris' division."

"Why, I thought you and Doris were the best of friends. You haven't been quarreling, I hope," said Mrs. Eliot, a trifle hastily.

"No, mother, something much worse. Her class has just begun Burke's speech! Just think! That means I'll be on Burke again until the last of April. I won't stand it! It's outrageous! Once is too much, and this, *this*—is the limit! I'd rather have heard him deliver it, if he did talk three hours, than study it. If he had known what misery we'd have, he never could have been mean enough to say so much," cried Margery, exasperated beyond further speech.

"I'm sorry. Isn't there some way out of it?" asked her mother, sympathetically.

"Absolutely none! I had it all out in the office this morning. I had to change for the honor division in algebra. I hope they'll be satisfied when they're invited to my funeral, caused by over-work in English!" And with this dire threat the indignant Senior flaunted out of the room and stalked upstairs, with an expression on her face that would have floored the most relentless of instructors, had there been any present.

* * * * *

It was a lovely May afternoon. The girls were walking happily homeward from the baseball game, in which "our team" had defeated the opponents, 9—5, in a "perfectly thrilling" contest.

As they passed the school, the English teacher came down the walk and called to Margery.

"Miss Eliot, one moment, please."

"Go along, girls, I'll catch up," Margery urged; and smilingly she advanced to meet her instructor.

"Margery, I have some bad news for you," began her teacher.

"Oh, dear, did I flunk—fail, I mean—in that test?" gasped Margery, for she had been fancying that she had done rather well.

"No, indeed. Your mark was "A" in that. You seem fated this year, but I can't avoid it. I must ask you to do your Milton outside of class, as you did your 'Macbeth,' for I'm going to put all the college pupils into your division and give them a thorough review of Burke. You see, all the colleges intend giving questions on it in the entrance examinations this year, and I want you to be prepared."

"Oh, I know it by heart. Must I go over it *again?*" The ring in her voice and the appeal in her eyes were very touching, but the answer was a blow.

"I fear you must, dear, for I have no other way of marking your daily recitations. It will be easier for you than for the others, for you've had so much of it," said the teacher, with her kind smile.

Margery swallowed a lump as large as a Plymouth Rock, faltered a "good-night," and walked slowly toward home. The girls had disappeared over the brow of the hill, but she did not attempt to overtake them. Slowly the sun sank behind a cloud, and the low rumble of thunder sounded in the west. She wan-

dered on, and turned in at the gate as the first few drops fell.

"I'm glad you got home before the storm, dear," was her mother's cheery greeting; but, without answer, her daughter walked past and up to her room, leaving her mother to say:

"Well, they must have had a bad defeat today!"

* * * * *

High School Hall, trimmed in green and gold, class colors, was in a bustle and whirl early that June morning. It was Class Day, and the Seniors were sitting "down front," awaiting the awarding of the prize books. This was an old custom in the school—that pupils having satisfactorily completed their four years' course should receive on Class Day a book, as a reward for general merit.

Margery and Doris were sitting together, near the front. Margery nervously played with her watch-chain and upon the middle finger of her right hand were traces of a large ink spot not yet entirely vanished. Be it known, she had creditably passed her examination on the previous day (she did not know it yet), and had cheerfully written paragraph ninety-one, and Burke's six resolutions, and had answered endless questions as to his style, allusions, and other rhetorical devices.

The program proceeded smoothly, and the awarding of books came at last. Toward the end, Miss Eliot's name was called, and as soon as they were all dismissed, Margery rushed home to share the first peep with her mother.

"Oh, mother, I won one of the books," she announced joyfully, tipping over the work-basket in her haste, as she dashed into the sewing-room, where Mrs. Eliot sat, putting in some last stitches for the "night of nights."

"I haven't even peeked yet," she went on, unheedful of the disaster. "Come, look with me. I hope it's a—"

"Wrong side up, child," laughed her mother. She righted the book and looked at the title. Margery looked, too, and then an indescribable expression stole over her happy face, and her voice quavered as she read:

"*Speech on Conciliation*
With American Colonies.
Edmund Burke."

She turned away wearily and looked out of the window.

Her mothter sighed. Then:

"It's a beautiful edition, Margery," she volunteered.

"Humph!" ejaculated Margery, and stalked out of the room.

Marion Evelyn Bushee, '14.

SPRING.

Here's to the joyful springtime,
Sweet perfumes fill the air;
Our hearts are filled with gladness,
Joy is everywhere.

The little pussy-willows
Are first signs of the spring;
The birds are flying northward,
Their melodies to sing.

And soon our friends, the violets,
Will peep their heads to view;
The crocuses and tulips
Our friendship will renew.

The buttercups will follow,
And, oh, the daisies, too,
Their lovely blossoms open,
To see the sky so blue.

Why should we not be happy?
Why not be full of glee?
To see how nature's blessed us,
My friend, both you and me.

Beatrice Young, '17.

A WOODLAND ADVENTURE.

On a beautiful fall day, with the golden, weathered leaves falling zig-zag to the ground, and the hound barking on the trail of some sly fox, I found myself in the thick Lincoln woods, among the full beauties of nature's work.

As I was wandering thoughtlessly through the thickets, in quest of some lone partridge, I suddenly beheld a small woodland pond of smooth, glistening water, mirroring the overhang-

ing trees, and seeming afire from the strong sun and richly colored fall leaves. Such an ideal place for a wood duck to sport, and perhaps breed in the spring, was my first thought; and I started searching for a dead tree, with a hole in it, which might have been some wood duck's home the past spring.

A large, broken-off, dead tree, half hidden by a woodland vine, caught my eye at one end of the pond, and I hastened for an inspection. A large hole, about two-thirds way up the barkless trunk—surely no intelligent wood duck could have overlooked this ideal place for his home. I was curious to see the remains of a wood duck's home, so climbed to a lone branch, beside the hole, and overhanging the pond. I first noticed the feather lining. It certainly was the remains of a nest; and I peered down into the hole. A hiss! Such a scare! I nearly fell from the old, decayed perch, as a small, furious-looking red screech owl stared me in the face and snapped his bill incessantly.

I quickly recovered from my fright, and thought what a nice pet this woodland mouser would make. I calmly disturbed his quiet repose. After a few minutes of fight, and danger of falling into the pond, I had the woodland monser in a Uneeda Biscuit box, securely tied, and I proceeded on my way toward home.

Certainly old mouser slept as peacefully on the journey as he had in his dark house, except when a sudden jar awoke him, and he replied with a snap of his beak.

Arriving home at dusk with my treasure, I made my way into the sitting room and untied the box. Old monser gave a fierce look around, and then flew up to a picture frame. He was soon captured and taken to a large shed, arranged with sleeping box, trees and a feeding shelf.

In a short time he became very tame and contented with his new home. During the day he slept peacefully in his sleeping box, and towards dusk came out, and waited upon his feeding shelf for his supper of a mouse, sparrow or part of a chicken, water and sand.

Monser lived happily for a number of months through the winter, till one stormy night, the latch on his shed not being securely hitched, the door blew open, and, after devouring all his meal, he followed his natural instinct and flew away into the darkness of the night.

N. Winslow Hall, '17.

THE SMUGGLERS.

One dark night in September, a long, low boat, running without lights, appeared about a dozen miles off the Maine coast. She had a long hull, about the shape of a torpedo boat destroyer's, painted a dark gray, which made her practically invisible, a black blot against the darkness of the night. Her motive power was electricity, for, although she was moving swiftly, not a sound could be heard. The cargo was well stored in kegs and bottles, intended to relieve the dryness in Maine. The crew were mostly Americans, not at all the popular type of smugglers. Her captain, an energetic, bright young fellow, was peering into the darkness, while her crew, about a dozen, were lounging on the deck and talking in low tones.

In the wireless cabin the operator was listening for the message which had been expected for some time. At last it came, in code: "All safe; come in." The operator pulled out his wall 'phone and telephoned the bridge, the captain gave the signal, and the little craft leaped into the darkness and sped for the coast.

Soon they reached a little land-locked bay, into which they steered, and quickly came to rest at a flat ledge jutting out into the water, a perfect dock, for the water was extremely deep all around. The crew quickly went to work at unloading. As fast as the cargo was taken out it was carried to a large, dry cave, well concealed, about half-way up the cliff.

Just as the last case had been hidden a man came rushing to the dock with

the information that a strange craft was headed that way that looked like a revenue cutter, and that the smuggling boat had better start.

The crew immediately jumped on board, cast off, and the launch started out of the harbor, while those left behind busied themselves with clearing away the traces of their night's work. The launch sped along, those aboard hoping to escape the lights of the cutter for at least ten minutes. At last the beam of light fell squarely on them, and the cutter started in pursuit, holding them with that remorseless white finger. At first the smuggler expected to shake off the revenue cutter easily, but the pursuing boat developed unexpected speed. Then the little craft turned and raced for a headland, with a narrow, crooked passage through it. With careful handling they might get through, but there was no chance for the cutter, which must go a long way around. The time that this would take would enable the smugglers to escape. The revenue cutter had fired several shots at first, but as they had all fallen short she had ceased. When the electric boat had disappeared in the passage the captain of the cutter said to his first officer:

"We might as well give up the chase. He's slipped us again. I hoped we'd catch him with the goods this time, though, for that would mean a good bit of prize money for all hands. Perhaps we can find the goods, though, in that bay he put out of. We might as well try."

The cutter put back to the harbor and looked for smuggled goods, but, as they couldn't find the cave, they had to go back to their patrol duty empty-handed.

Russell Smith, '15.

Little William had been staying up rather late, and went to bed without saying his prayers. His mother said to him, "Why, Willie, I'm surprised at you! You haven't said your prayers."

"Aw, gee!" he answered. "What's the use of waking the Lord up at this time of night."

THE SONG OF THE THRUSH.

Hark to the song of the thrush,
At the fall of the dusk and dew,
Piercing the twilight hush,
Thrilling it through and through;
While the first stars twinkle and twinkle
And the little leaves crinkle and crinkle
Low as a rill,
Clear as a bell,
Down from the hill,
Up from the dell,
He sings a song for me and for you.

List to the song of the thrush!
From the shadow cool and deep,
From the heart of the underbrush,
Where the little birds twitter and peep;
While the winds grow crisper and crisper,
And the little leaves whisper and whisper,
Fine as a flute,
Blown at the morn,
Soft as a lute,
Or a fairy horn:
A call from the land of sleep.

Viola Garland, '17.

HOW JIM WON HIS BICYCLE.

"Gee, I wish I had a bicycle!" sighed Jim, as he sat on his porch steps watching some boys and girls go by on their bicycles.

"Well, there's no use to wish for it. You know very well we can't afford to buy you one," said his mother, who was sitting near him.

"Sad, but true," replied Jim, and started off on his paper route.

Jim lived in a small town in Indiana, and although his family lived comfortably, they could not afford such a luxury as a bicycle for Jim. And now as he plodded along the railroad track to the last house on his route, Jim thought and thought of some way by which he could earn enough money to buy a bicycle. Around a bend in the track came the local train, puffing and wheezing on its slow way. "Guess something's the matter with the old boat," thought Jim as he watched it draw

near. As the train drew up to where Jim stood it gave a long wheeze and then stopped.

The conductor jumped off and ran up to the cab. "What's the matter there?" he cried. "Hurry up. The limited is due any moment, and we've got to make the next station."

"Can't help it," replied the engineer. "Water's all gone in the tank, and we can't go without water."

As Jim listened he thought of what an awful thing it would be if the limited express from San Francisco, going sixty miles an hour, should crash into the local. He glanced about him, half expecting to find some water on the dry, dusty prairie, that stretched for miles in every direction. Suddenly Jim thought of the fire alarm—the last one—that lay down the track a short distance.

Then he ran toward the conductor. "Do you want some water?" he cried.

"Yes, yes," said the train man; "and we want it quick!"

"There'll be some here in about ten minutes," said Jim; and then ran down the track to the fire alarm. He rang the alarm, and off in the town he could faintly hear the clanging of the bells as the town's only fire wagon came at it's best speed along the dusty road. Quickly the wagon drew near, and the hose was immediately plunged into the dry tank of the engine, while the firemen lustily pumped the water from the wagon.

By this time the passengers had come out from the train, and on learning their danger and the quick mind of the boy had saved them, they passed around the hat. Everybody "chipped in," and Jim, much against his will, was presented with a hatful of money, enough for a fine bicycle, which Jim now rides about on his paper route.

Stanwood Cook, '16.

Kid—"How old is that lamp, ma?"

Ma—"Oh, about three years."

Kid—"Turn it down. It's too young to smoke."

CALYPSO.

Untold ages long ago
Lived the maiden, Calypso.
She was fair of face to see,
But fairer still of form was she:
Clad in softest folds of brown,
And on her head a golden crown.
Her lips were red with rubies' fire,
Formed sweet kisses to inspire;
But her eyes! Most wondrous sight!
Oh! so marvelously bright!
For their color, all around,
Was the dryad well renowned:
They were blnest of the blue,
Of the sweetest, deepest hue.

One morning to a pool she went.
Then her pretty figure bent:
Her dainty foot in deep she dipped,
And far back her head she tipped,
Sending forth a merry laugh.
Pulling close a silvery scarf,
She looked into the depths below
The waters, lapping to and fro,
Sent back a picture, a surprise—
The bright reflection of her eyes!
All the pool was mirrored blue
By that wondrous, wondrous hue.

Then from out the water came
A bad fairy, Tarn by name:
Jealousy on her brow was burned,
The dryad with her foot she spurned.
Then to the beauteous maid she said,
"Alack! I would that thou wert dead!
Thou who thinkest thou art so fine!
From out thy head those eyes of thine
I'll snatch, and hurl up to the sky!
Now pray thy last! Prepare to die!"

And so unto this day 'tis true
That when you see that wondrous blue
Which reigns supreme o'er all the skies,
It but reflects Calypso's eyes.

B. L. Hatch, '14.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed an excited woman, who had mislaid her husband. "I'm looking for a small man with one eye."

"Well, ma'am," suggested the floor walker, politely, "if he's a very small man maybe you had better use both eyes."—Ex.

A DAY WITH THE HYDROPLANE.

Bright and early one September morning, Jack Ray fulfilled his promise to instruct me in the art of flying over the water. He had his machine in a large yacht house built on Judas Point, Rhode Island. His machine was of the Farmont type, propelled by a powerful Antoinette rotary motor.

We had expected to start flying at once, but the wings of the hydro were sopping wet from a former immersion. As it would not be safe to trust ourselves to the wet silk, we wheeled the hydro into the strong sunlight on the beach in order to allow it to dry.

While we waited for the planes to become conditioned, Jack explained the different essentials on his plane. I learned from him that the machine rode on a cushion of air formed by the slight curvature of the planes; that the plane was steered by ailerons on the tips of the wings; that the elevating was accomplished by a small rudder on the rear of the aeroplane; and finally that it owed its forward motion to the huge engine athwart the helm.

About twelve we started to shove or launch the boat. Both aboard, the engine was started, and we sailed, or rather skimmed across the water with ever-increasing speed. Suddenly the earth, or rather ocean, appeared to drop from under our feet and we shot into the air. It seemed as though we sailed through dreamland, except for the loud purring of the motor behind us. Jack pointed her head higher and higher, until the aneroid registered six thousand forty feet. Nothing could be seen beneath us but soft, fluffy banks of clouds, wafted hither and thither. It became intensely cold, and we decided to descend. Then he treated me to the greatest scare of my life; he pointed the head directly down, and we simply dropped through space. For over three thousand feet we hurtled through a dense blanket of clouds with ever increasing acceleration.

Suddenly we emerged from the clouds into the strong sunlight, and beheld Mother Earth approaching us with terrific speed. Jack motioned with his teeth to secure a biting hold on the head stanchion. With a forward motion of his foot he jammed the foot release lever and our "Valley of the Death" glide was scheduled to cease. In the twinkling of an eye we shot from the perpendicular to a horizontal plane with a great forward jerk, making necessary the strongest of holds.

The lift aileron had parted from the wing and hung loosely by a single strand of wire uselessly. The plane rocked over till we were flying on our side. With a prayer for a soft spot in the Atlantic, we prepared for a plunge in the beautifully cold water. With a last graceful drop we plunged into the water. The weight of the engine drove us down further and deeper. The pontoons soon overcame the excessive weight, and we bobbed to the surface upside down.

For two hours we floated in the water, out of sight of land. Early in the afternoon the Block Island Mail Steamer sighted our overturned machine, hove to, and took us in tow for the trip to Block Island.

John Kelly, '14.

FIGURES OF SPEECH.

I love 1 that is full of grace,
And slender 2 in form;
Of her 3 fined and fair of face—
Her love 4 me is warm.

If 5 a wife to cheer my mind,
No class 6 need she learn;
'Tis 7 on earth to me to find,
Her of domestic turn.

Such in-8 be-9, my life will bless,
She'll 10-d to all my needs;
And 0 will mar our happiness,
As each through life proceeds.

Rudolf Swan, '14.

After the game is over,
After the field is clear,
Straighten my nose and shoulder,
And help me find my ear. —Ex.

ROBIN IN THE LAND OF SPRING.

Robin ate his supper silently. He hated to have his day end, the clouds had been so pretty and the sky so blue; he had been very happy. Mother said it was time for little boys to go to sleep just like little birds and then wake up early in the morning. She told him a story about a little girl in a red cape and hood who met a wolf when going to her grandmother's. Then tucking him in bed she said: "Good night, little Robin," and went down stairs, leaving him to sleep.

Robin did not feel very sleepy. It was so very light, the sky was still very pretty, the older children were romping gaily down the street. Now and then he would hear a robin chirp "good night" to the little robins who were going to sleep like him.

Just as he thought he was almost asleep, a tiny sound was heard under his open window.

"Cheer up! cheer up! Get up! Robin, get up! Come with me to the beautiful Land of Spring, where birds are happy and Flower Fairies merry all the time. 'Tis the land of the source of all things good and beautiful."

Robin jumped out of bed. Something lifted him out of the window into the springy air. He fairly flew right to the lovely clouds he had liked so well. By and by he stopped flying, and found himself in the midst of all the verdant splendors of Spring. Before him was the sweet and dainty Queen of the May, on a throne of the prettiest arbutus blossoms. Beside him was his friend and escort "Robin Redbreast." He could not speak, the place was so lovely. He gazed in wonder at a blossoming, fragrant apple tree in which blue birds, swallows, and other Spring harbingers were fluttering to and fro. Then he heard the Queen speak to Robin Redbreast. She was asking about him, asking if he had brought his cousin of earth to see her. Robin thought to himself, "yes I am the earthly cousin," but what was the "Honor Red?" The Queen was telling Robin Redbreast he deserved to wear the red because his song and his heart were so cheery, bringing gladness to everyone. Robin wondered if he, too, deserved such an honor. He asked the Queen, who told him she thought he did, because she had heard Robin Redbreast tell how cheery he had been on rainy days and at bed time.

Thus Robin Redbreast and Robin traveled on through the land of Spring, the land of Dreams. The heart of the little boy leaped high with hopes as he met the Flower Fairies, symbols of true thought. He learned well the lessons that they taught. They were lessons invaluable; the crocuses taught gentleness; the dandelions, unfailing courage and endurance; the jonquils and daffodils, good will to all; the tulips, truth; the hyacinths, generosity. There were many more good flower qualities such as the anemones and violets, modesty; and the crimson columbines, reverence; cowslips, loyalty. And oh! Robin found it hard to learn them all, but he tried very hard, and a strange feeling of happiness thrilled him. He hated to leave his flower friends, but Robin Redbreast told him they must fly back to their mission on earth.

Robin woke up with a start, surprised that morning had come. "Good morning," said his mother, and all the world echoed "Good morning." Robin thought the world very much like the land of Spring. He told his mother all about his journey. She thought he must have had a nice time, and told him she would let him wear his red tie as a sign that he, like Robin Redbreast, was come to cheer the world, and learn by heart the lessons of the Flower Fairies.

DOROTHY ALLEN, '16.

"I took my laundry ticket to a friendly Chinaman, and, after some hesitation, he translated it."

"What did it say?"

"Little man; ears stick out; wart on nose."

CAN YOU GUESS IT?

16, 1, 7, 15, 10 is the surname of a Senior girl.

2, 1, 13—2, 1, 13 is what we say when we see one of our teams play.

3, 18, 1, 9 what happens to our money at recess when others forget to bring any.

14, 4, 9, 6, 11, 5, 12, one of our pleasant lessons which comes once a week, but which we often wish would not come, especially when we need a study period.

7, 17, 8, 19, 14, those things which help to make our boys good carpenters.

My whole is a name consisting of three words, with nine, four and six letters respectively. I am a very noted place, and dear to the hearts of those who know me.

GLADYS CHAMBERLAIN, '14.

AT THE FLOWER VENDER'S STAND.

It was a lovely Spring day. The air was fresh and just warm enough; the sun was doing his best to make us forget the rainy days we had been having. The people hurried through the city streets, and it seemed as if they all wore flowers of some kind. Even the shop windows reflected the gaiety, giving back glimpses of new styles in dress and ornament, bright and soft colors, in return for the hurried glance or anxious studying that they received. Many flower and fruit stands were open on street corners and by alleyways, and the cries of their tenders added to the bustle and clamor of the busy city.

Around one of the stands hovered a little girl whose bright lips, olive skin, soft dark eyes, and thick black hair spoke eloquently of her nationality. Yet in spite of apparent good health, there was a pathetic little twist at the corners of her month and a wistful expression in her eyes, which betrayed signs of coming want when viewed with her neat, but shabby little dress.

She gazed hungrily at the violets and yellow daffodils and white lilies of the valley. The most beautiful, she thought, were the deep, rich-colored roses, almost like American beauties in color and shape, but not in price. Still, ten cents apiece was more than Consuelo could pay. In fact all she possessed were two pennies tied in the corner of her handkerchief. No, she could not buy flowers; still she must get some for the little mother who was sick. But how? She was proud, and if it had been for herself that she wanted them, she would have pressed her lips together and clinched her hands and hurried away;—yet for mother—

She turned toward the sidewalk and searched the passersby for one who appeared kind. Whom should she ask first? One lady looked pleasant, but when Consuelo opened her month she became timid and only gulped, and the lady went on. It must not be this way; one could not get flowers for the tired mother thus. So she held her head high and stepped forward, accosting a prosperous looking man.

"Please sir," and the soft hissing of her "s'es" verified her Italian appearance, "have you a few cents to give me?"

"What's this the child wants? Are you begging at this tender age?" The man's voice was a mixture of surprise, annoyance and sarcasm. But now that her courage was summoned, Consuelo could not be easily daunted. "Jus' a lil', lil' bit. Some flowers for Mother—sick—" her voice died away.

"Oh, a sick mother, hey?" Well, before you go begging again, fish up a newer excuse. Savvy?" And he hurried away.

Consuelo felt hurt, and with cause, for the man's tone was bullying and insolent. Excuse! What better reason than one's own mother being sick? She could not understand all the words, but the voice conveyed the meaning. He thought her lying. She was in a passion. She wanted to scream and beat things until she was tired. She felt desperate—somehow, any way, she must get some flowers. The thought of

taking a few, just one or two little ones, and perhaps she could pay some day, entered her mind. She fought it away. It came again. Her hand moved toward the flowers, but she snatched it back. Finally it overcame her.

Seizing three roses, Consuelo ran down the street. This was the girl who so hated lying! Why she did it, what overcame her, she hardly knew, but it was done. Now to hurry home.

However, she was not to go yet, for a hand fell heavily on her shoulder, and a gruff voice said: "Is this the little girl?" She looked up to see a blue uniform, and upon that uniform a silver badge. But the face above was kind, and she took heart. The Greek flower vender looked rather abashed when he was brought face to face with the little criminal. She was so small, and her roses were so few; but he stiffened up and answered, "Yes, sir."

The policeman noticed the quickened rising and falling of Consuelo's chest, and her frightened eyes.

"Well, suppose you come back, and we'll sit down and talk about it," he suggested. Consuelo, looking at him, understood, and followed without a word.

The policeman, Mr. O'Brien was the name, sat down in the wicker-bottomed chair by the flower stand and drew the little girl in front of him. He had plenty of time and felt interested in her.

"Now tell me about it," he encouraged.

With a gasp she lunged into her story—about the little sick mother pining for home, about the father who earned just enough by breaking stones in the streets to keep them alive (with five cents to put into a little bank every week). And she hated to steal, but she had no money, except two pennies. Her eyes turned wistfully toward the flowers as she ended in a little choking sob.

Mr. O'Brien's heart was as kind as his expression; but he was troubled. He stole a glance at Consuelo's face, and perceived that she was quite overwhelmed by the enormity of her crime. Therefore, he took some money out of his pocket and made transactions with one of the Greeks.

As Consuelo was slipping sadly away, leaving the roses behind her, he called to her and said, holding out some daffodils: "Here, little one, you take these home to mother with the roses, and promise never to do it again."

"Oh! yes, sir! I promise!" For she understood that. She could hardly believe it true, but hurried away full of joy.

And Mr. O'Brien thoughtfully resumed his beat.

HONORABLE MENTION LIST.

1914.

April Fool's Day...Adelaide Stickney
The Sacrifice .....Lorenze Reinbach
The Value of Originality.
Pauline Garmon
April Calendar .....Grace Moir
The Class of 1914 .....Thomas Lyons
The First Mayflower ...Hilda Stewart

1915.

Rabbit Jones Receives a Tryout
With the Braves ..George Greenlees
It Might Have Been ....Grace Morgan
The Racer .....Willard Bailey
Trip to Technology .....Leo Kelley
The Quartet .....Catherine Ogilvie

1916.

Only a Dog .....Josephine Baker
Mohah's Story .....Foster Doane, Jr.
Spring .....Anna Hooker
Stamp Collector ...Lawrence Marshall
How to Clean Books..W. E. Robinson
A Strange Thief ....Leonard Collins

1917.

Legend of the Lily ...Florence Lennon
A Lake at Twilight .....W. Jewett
Fuzilima's Wonderful Sea Chest.
Arthur Starbuck
Enigma .....Lucretia Kellogg
Her First Visit to Boston.
W. Chamberlain



We can see no reason whatsoever why those girls who made the field hockey team should not be awarded their letters. Of course we understand that the general trend of opinion is against the awarding of letters to the under class men, but still there is a great incentive to work if there is some reward connected with success.

TRACK.

The track candidates were called out on April 13. There was no great response at the first call, although the numbers are constantly being swelled by recruits who have been prohibited, for one reason or other, from appearing.

The old standbys are out, and are showing up as well as could be expected at this date. Capt. Goldsmith has been detained from the early spring practice by a severe cold. Kimball will run in the 440 and half, and bids fair to be in even better form than he has ever before shown. Hatfield, the man who saved the day at Cornell, is back in the harness. It is hoped that he will develop some speed in order that he may compete in the middle distance events. He is a man with great ability, if it can but be brought out.

The one big event of the season toward which every energy will be bent is the Mystic Valley Championship Meet, which will be held at Winchester on May 27. We are in hopes that a delegation which may be large enough to be seen will accompany the team to this meet. Enthusiasm goes a long way toward success!

The greatest discovery in years was made by Coach McCarty when he found Billy Wilson. Wilson jumped five feet the first day out. This performance was made without previous training, and in street clothes. We will surely develop a fine performer in Wilson, if given time.

BASEBALL.

Manager Donnelly gave his first call for baseball candidates on April 3rd. Only a little over a score of men responded to this call, but nevertheless we appear to have some very fair material.

The squad has been weeded down to about sixteen men. Walter Nix is giving a good account of himself in left field. He is capable of covering a hundred yards in eleven seconds, which proves a great asset in his line. Consens is back at first, with his usual form, while Peabody is making good at short. Billy Ryan, the find of the football season, is playing a splendid game at third.

"Skitcher" Donnelly seems to be the best bet in the box, while he is ably seconded by Harwood, a freshman.

Reycroft is behind the bat again after a year's absence. His arm is his greatest asset, although he is no slouch in any department. It takes a fast man to beat out his throw to second.

The "town" team gave the school team

a practice game on Saturday, the seventeenth. They gave the younger boys an "awful" beating. It was just such a trimming as the boys needed. They took on a new lease of life, and when they met Milton on Monday, the twentieth, they were in fine condition, and came through with an eight to two victory.

The team has the sincere backing of the entire school, and, we hope, may go through the season with flying colors.

FIELD HOCKEY.

Miss True, the girls' coach, has issued a call for a few weeks of spring training. The girls assembled for their first practice on the twenty-third of this month, and went through the prescribed manoeuvres without a hitch. When the girls learn to fight as well as they play in practice we will have an invincible aggregation.

Let us hope that this spring practice will uncover some new material which will add vim to the team. It needs one or two mixers to lend courage to the team, and also to intimidate our opponents.

TENNIS.

Why don't some of you tennis fiends form a team? There are any number of both male and female teams hanging around waiting to beat you up! "Come one! Come all!"

Willie was struggling through the story in his reading lesson. "No it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel," he read. "By the rig I judge her to be a-a-a—" The word was new to him.

"Barque," said the teacher. Willie could'nt believe his ears.

"Barque," replied the teacher sharply.

Willie turned an apprehensive glance around the class, then shouted: "Bow-wow-wow!"

The Englishman who always tried to talk French, was saying good-bye to the Frenchman, who always tried to talk English. The former said: "Reservoir," to which the other responded "Tanks."



ORCHESTRA NOTES.

On the evening of March twenty-eighth all members of the A. H. S. Orchestra attended the Symphony Concert in Boston, the tickets being purchased with money previously earned by the orchestra. The program, consisting of symphones by Schumann and D'Indy, also characteristic Spanish music, was very enjoyable, and was doubly interesting, for the members had been previously provided with typewritten suggestions for special attention to points of musical value.

Ruth Eggleston, '17, of the Crosby School, has been welcomed as a new violin member.

The members of the orchestra enjoyed a pleasant Schumann evening at the home of Ralph Smergren on April second. The program was:

I. Piano Solo—The Bug-bear, Schumann .....Miss Porter
II. Life of Schumann,
Louis Patriquin
III. 'Cello Solo — Trammeri — Schumann .....Vida McCarthy
IV. Appreciation of Schumann, Illustrated by Pianoforte Selections,
Marion Allen, Evelyn Chamberlain
V. Violin Solo—Slumber Song—Schumann ....William Wilson

The customary musical games followed the program, and the evening passed quickly, concluding with delicious refreshments, charmingly served by Mrs. Smergren, the hostess.

Edith MacBride, Secretary.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES.

On April 24th, the Dramatic Club presented its first play, "Blundering Billy," a comedy in three acts, which proved a great success, for the hall was practically filled. The cast was as follows:

Mr. Ezra Tuttle, a rich mine owner,
Jeremiah Crowley
Billy Butler, who is always in trouble,
Reginald Squire
Sing Toy, a servant.....Charles Reed
Lieut. Griswold, a lieutenant at Presidio Reservation ..Lawrence Adams
Hank Dibble, an old salt...Leo Kelley
Noyo San, a Japanese girl,
Edith McClare
Clarissa Burnham, a visitor at the Strathmore .....Mildred Bolster
Dorothy Tuttle, Ezra's daughter,
B. Louise Hatch

The parts were well chosen, and unusual talent was shown. The executive staff certainly deserve much praise, for it was through their efforts that the stage was made so attractive. Willard Bailey was property man, Elliot Perkins electrician, Fred Campbell stage manager and George Duncan and Nelson Jost ushers.

Candy was sold between the acts, and dancing was enjoyed afterwards, excellent music being furnished by the Cecilian Orchestra.

Dorothy Bateman, Secretary.

Little chickens on the lea;
Honk! Honk!
Friscassee!

MATHEMATICS CLUB.

The first attempt to form a Mathematics Club in the High School was made this year on February 16, and in response twenty students expressed the desire for maintaining such a club. The officers elected were: President, J. Crowley; Secretary, Hilda Stewart; Directors, E. Mead, G. Duncan, K. Young.

The first meeting was held on March 23, for which an interesting program had been prepared. Marion Bushee gave a sketch of the history of Geometry dating from 3000 B. C. to the time of Euclid. L. Snow, D. Ross and J. Crowley demonstrated several problems for the club, showing how to be quick in the four fundamental operations of arithmetic; they also explained the principle of magic squares, and various original problems.

I. Hilda Stewart.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

We note in the last issue of the "Clarion" that the Boys' Glee Club asserted that they were the originators of the A. H. S. Pupils' Caroling. We wish to take this opportunity to correct this statement, and to say that we first sang on Christmas evening of 1912.

The Girls' Glee Club sang at the Arlington Theatre on Friday evening, April 17, 1914, at an entertainment given for the Wellesley Benefit Fund. Some of the college songs were sung, among them the "Step Song," "To Alma Mater," "Where, Oh Where," and "Beneath the Oaks." The Wellesley cheer was also given as was appropriate for the evening.

The club is preparing for a concert which is to be given in the latter part of May. It is going to be a joint concert by the musical clubs of the school.

The club has gained a few new members, and would still be able to use another soprano.

Pauline Clare.

ENGLISH CLUB.

The March meeting of the English Club was devoted to the well-known poet, James Whitcomb Riley. It was held in the Assembly Hall, Wednesday, March 11, 1914, at 3 o'clock, and was in charge of Miss Wilson, '14.

Miss Ruth Scully, '16, accompanied by Miss MacBride, '16, recited "That Old Sweetheart of Mine."

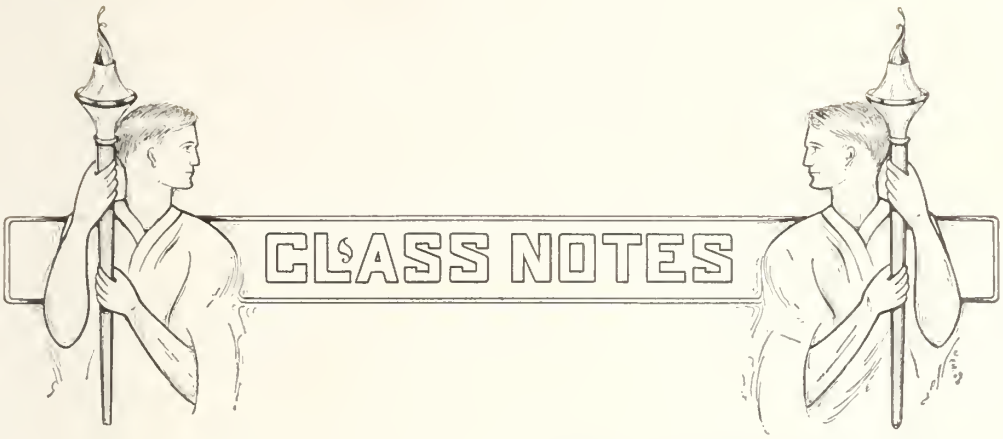
Mrs. J. B. Thrall of Leicester, Mass., who has read before many clubs, gave a beautiful interpretation of the author's works and a sketch of [illegible] life. We are indebted to Miss Porter for securing the services of this fine reader, who made the afternoon a most enjoyable one.

The High School Orchestra rendered several beautiful and appropriate selections.

J. Crowley, Secretary.

DEBATING CLASS.

Since the last issue of the "Clarion" we have again had occasion to feel proud of A. H. S. debaters. On March 13 a team composed of Leo Kelley, '15, Robert Black, '15, and Reginald Squire, '14, met and defeated the Lexington High team at Town Hall, Lexington. Question: "Resolved, That the law exempting the United States coastwise trade vessels from the payment of Panama tolls should be repealed. The negative was supported by Arlington. As another group of our debaters successfully handled the affirmative of this same question in the Newton-Arlington debate, on a previous occasion, it was not merely a case of being on the winning side, but the result of a thorough knowledge of the subject on the part of our debating club. The musical entertainment provided by the Lexington High helped to make the evening an unusually pleasant one. The Cambridge-Arlington debate on the abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine is scheduled for May 1. It is hoped that the school will support this debate with as good attendance as the Lexington and Newton debates.



1914.

On March 27, the members of the Senior Class attended a Forty Years Hence party in Cotting Hall. They wore costumes representing what they expected to be forty years hence. There were many very funny and unique costumes. A very original entertainment was given in the form of an indoor athletic meet. Upon entering, each person was assigned to one of the four colleges, Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth and Princeton, and then the contest began. The standing broad grin, the suitcase obstacle race, the crowing race, the high jump and the discus throw (paper bags blown up). Dartmouth won by a large score. They also succeeded in making the most noise, having a very fine cheer leader, Dr. Rimbach. "Jerry" Crowley gave a speech, the gypsy Bushee told fortunes, Miss Ross told stories, chief of police Hatch gave a suffrage speech, and refreshments and dancing followed. The evening was a great success.

Miss M-gu-r to shivering students—"Boys, if you find it too cold here, take your books to the office. You'll find it warmer there." (Why did everyone laugh?)

Miss R-ch-ond—"Squ-re, can you say those tables?"

Squ-re starts to rise with a worried look.

Teacher (with a glance at the clock)—"But there won't be time to say them now."

Squ-re, quickly answering first question, "Yes!"

Heard in Latin, supposed to be translations:—

"She threw down her face."

"We lay our bodies here and there on the dry shores—"

"—and the sweet remnants of my people—."

"I restored his lost feet."

"I snatched my body from slumber."

Miss M—r informs us that all parts of the day, except night, are masculine. This is a great departure from usual usage, night wahs.

Chemistry.

Mr. G.—"Sq— what is deposited on the bottom of the tea kettle after the water boils away?"

Sq.—"Tea!!!"

Teacher—"Why were the orientals considered effeminate by the Romans?"

Pupil—"Because they perfumed their hair—and er—oh, took baths!"

Enlightening, indeed. Here, perhaps, is the explanation of the appearance of some of the masculine sex at certain times. They don't wish to be considered effeminate!

1915.

On February thirteenth the annual Junior Reception was given the Seniors, in the form of a burlesque circus. The program was as follows: Address of welcome by president; mammoth procession; presentation of class mascot; dance revival; world-famous motorcyclists in death-defying race; our priceless collection of animals in parade; a dozen dairy demoiselles demonstrate Dutch dances; basketball game for championship; selections by kitchen orchestra.

The unfortunate Kewpie succeeded in getting there in time for the presentation, and, although minus one arm, seemed as happy and smiling as ever. The dance revival was very prettily rendered, the representatives of the four periods being in costume; and the milk-maids, in their dainty costumes, gained much applause. The motorcycle race aroused not a little excitement, and the four trained animals were certainly very laughable. Not enough praise can be given the clowns, who were Willard Bailey, Alfred Bower, Wiliam Kirlin and Harold Peterson, for they were the life of the whole affair. Their clever act, the "Pie," and their ridiculous inventions were extremely amusing.

Refreshments and dancing were enjoyed afterwards, the music being furnished by the High School Orchestra.

Chemistry III.—Notice!

Any bachelors desiring to reform, apply to Mr. H.— of Room 4, and learn how "matches" are made.

Algebra III., A.

From the somewhat disgruntled minds of those deep-thinking Juniors emerge shots or rather flashing reports of fantastic looking "grafts" (graphs) being brought into use. We certainly hope that "they will bear fruit, thereof."

PARODY ON "THE LOST DOLL."

We once had a dear little Kewpie,
The darlingest one in the world;
His cheeks were so fat and dimpled,
And his top-knot so daintily curled.
But we lost our cute little Kewpie,
When we left him alone one night;
We hunted for more than an hour,
But our mascot was hidden from sight.

We found our poor little Kewpie,
For the robbers returned him one day;
Folks say he is terribly changed tho',
For his dirt is all washed away.
And his arm broken off by some villain,
And his top-knot, quite minus the curl,
Yet the Junior's Kewpie is still,
The loveliest one in the world.

D. B., '15.

French III.

A marked improvement has been noticed in the French classes, since their most remarkable and beneficial summer spent in Europe.

Chemistry III.—Advertisements.

"Match making," large business!

Wanted—Boys and girls. Great opportunity for advancement. Act now!

Latin III., A.

(Class discussing philosophy of the Romans.)

Miss R.—"What philosophy do the Americans follow?"

Class—"Epicurean—Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

K.—"In other words—'We should worry!'"

Chemistry III.

Mr. G. had chosen sides for a contest.

Miss D. (after Mr. G. had asked her a difficult question)—"I don't think it's my turn."

Chemistry III.

We are glad to learn that:—

Sugar is a vegetable.

Radium can be bought at the grocery.

Matches contain copper.

1916.

I. Miss H—t recently told her honor division in history that the Romans wore knuckles on their fingers!

II. Mr. G—n, after telling about some almost fabulous electrical invention heard a meek voice from the rear call out: "It's Friday." A short time afterwards he had occasion to call on this same pupil (note the word) about some easy point in the lesson and received the common answer, "I don't know."

"How long did you study?"

"Three-quarters of an hour."

"It's Friday, all right!" was the teacher's quick answer.

III. We are informed that after the noon meal it was the custom for every one to go to Si-esta. Poor Esther!

IV. Mr. G—n after explaining about the condensers reminded the class never to pick them up.

"No," quickly piped the familiar voice from the rear, "you might have to pick yourself up if you did."

V. After a Roman wedding it was customary, so we have been told, for the bridegroom to carry his bride across the door-knob!

VI. Anyone wishing curtains pulled down, call on G—l—th, Exhibition Room, No. 6.

VII. Caesar, having no sails of his own, hooked on to those of the Venitu—according to M—l in Roman History.

1917.

In English A:

Miss R.—"Coleridge and Wordsworth were very thympasetic."

Mr. Cl-ff-rd (after battle of Corona had been mentioned in Greek History Class)—"Oh, I thought that was the person who examined the dead."

Teacher—"What happened to Caesar early in his career that you wouldn't want to have happen to you?"

Mr. Cl—ry—"He divorced his wife."

Found in an English theme—"They then set sail for their destiny."

Teacher—"What are stanzas of two lines called?"

Mr. C-ll-ns—"Doublets."

English A, Class in Balance and Antithesis—"If Washington was the father of his country, Lincoln was the mother."

Miss B. (English A)—"What is the difference between putting the modifier after or before 'dinner'?"

Bright Pupil—"The difference between being empty and being full."

Miss B. (Greek History)—"What did Sparta do to wake up at this time?"

Another Bright Pupil—"Opened her eyes."

Latin sentence—"The Roman married a woman from the Helvetians."

Miss Wood—"That is the ablative of separation."

Pupil—"But doesn't it just say that they were married?"

By the Seniors' attitude, we Freshmen think they have lost their supply as no one is teaching our Latin division lately. Why isn't Chmbln good enough?

Miss H.—"Where did the Greek women wear their hair?"

Master S-i-h—"On their heads."

S-i-h must have spent too much time on his home lesson.

We are all glad to see John Harrington back again, who has been absent on account of sickness ever since the night of the Arlington-Melrose hockey game in March.

When asked if he was a good singer, X-x replied: "Sure. I sing in the High School Orchestra." He must have a good idea of his vocal powers.

Teacher—"Do you know why you shouldn't have said "a quartette of four?"

X-x—"Because they weren't singing."

St-v-ns—"The judge summoned the horse as a witness to prove the case."

What language did the horse speak, St-v-ns?

A form of jiu-jitsu wrestling is becoming quite popular with the Freshman boys. Wouldn't it be a good idea to introduce Mexican jitsu wrestling in the place of the "Jew" jitsu form?

ALUMNI NOTES

Because they are with us, we sometimes forget that the post graduates have a place in the Alumni column, but for the benefit of the public, who are undoubtedly wondering why certain ones of last year's class have not been mentioned in this section, we insert the following data:—

Lewis Cousens, '13, is back at school this year, taking a post-graduate course.

Mildred Crocker, A. H. S., is taking further instruction in the commercial department here.

Doris Devereaux, another member of last year's class, is with us this year, preparatory to going to Smith.

George Duncan, who graduated last June, has been back at A. H. S. this year, studying science branches.

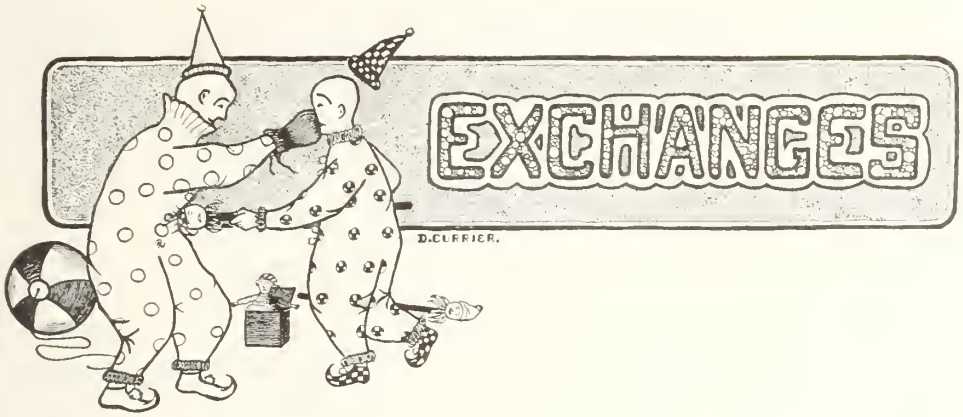
Mildred Greene, '13, is taking a post-graduate course here, and will enter Smith College, which she has chosen for her Alma Mater in the fall.

Donald Scully, A. H. S. '13, is back in school this year, studying to enter college in September.

Louise Bateman, '13, is now studying art, for which she showed remarkable ability when in high school, and she has taken it up with intense interest.

Lucille Morse, A. H. S. '13, entered Mt. Holyoke last fall, but owing to ill health was obliged to leave, and is now at home resting.

As it is through this column that we keep in touch with former students at Arlington High, we request the kind co-operation of any who can furnish us at any time with information about any of the graduates of our school.



We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: "Recorder," Winchester; "Red and Black," Claremont, N. H.; "Mirror," Waltham; "John Marshall Record," Richmond, Va.; "Pomposettieut," Stow; "Cherry and White" (Febrnary and March), Arvada, Cal.; "Enterprise," Keene, N. H. (January and February); "Review," Newton (January and Febrnary); "Oriole," Baltimore, Md.; "Archon," South Byfield (January and February); "Par-Sem," North Parsonsfield (Fall and Winter numbers); "King School Review," Stamford, Conn.; "Clarion," West Roxbury (January, February and March); "X-Rays, Columbus, Ohio; "Megaphone," Franklin (Febrnary and March); "Sagamore," Brookline; "Papyrus," Stamford, Conn.; "Recorder," Brooklyn, N. Y.; "Debater," Wakefield.

"Recorder" (Winchester High School)—Your paper is interesting and well arranged, although a few cuts would improve its appearance.

"Red and Black" (Stevens High School)—Could you not enlarge your Exchange Column by more comments on papers sent you?

"The Mirror" (Waltham High School)—Your literary department is very good. "The Society of Spngs" is an especially clever article.

We are very glad to welcome a new exchange, "The John Marshall Record" (John Marshall School), which is not only good-looking and well arranged, but interesting throughout as well.

"Review" (Newton High School)—Your Exchange Column would be much improved if you would make it of assistance to the schools which send you papers, by commenting upon their publications, instead of devoting that whole column to jokes.

"The Oriole" (Baltimore City College) is, for the most part, very interesting. Yet it would be improved by more stories.

"The Archon" (Dummer Academy) contains several good stories, which make up its best department.

"Par-Sem" (Parsonsfield Seminary)—The only things that you lack in making a first-class paper are some long, really good stories.

"The Clarion" (West Roxbury High School)—Your editorials are certainly worth reading. They are not only interesting, but instructive as well.

"Megaphone" (Dean Academy)—The fact that every department of your paper seems to be well and carefully worked up, goes to make it one of the finest of our exchanges.

"The King School Review" (King School) would be improved by more complete Alumni and Exchange Columns.

"X-Rays" (East High School)—"An Old Norse Tale" is a very interesting story. It is splendidly written, too. The frontispiece in your February number is remarkably good.

"Sagamore" (Brookline High School)

—We like your idea of advertising in your school paper the circus to be given by the high school pupils. Other schools might follow your example in this kind of advertising.

"Recorder" (Boys' High School)—Your department headed "Gossip" is most original and amusing. You have a splendid Exchange Column, too.

"Pomposetticut (Hale High School)—For a first issue, your paper is very good, and we wish you success in your new undertaking. Why not group all your stories together in one department, instead of scattering them through your paper?

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US.

"The Clarion" has cuts that are worthy of mention.—("The Papyrus."

"The Clarion," Arlington High School—Your literary department is exceedingly good, with an abundance of good stories. Your classroom notes are also good.—("The Sagamore."

"The Clarion," Arlington, Mass.—We have looked forward to receiving your paper, and now that the first copy has reached us we are not disappointed in our expectations of excellence.—("The Clarion," West Roxbury.

Poetry, which is lacking in most of our exchanges, adds much to the attractiveness of "The Clarion."—("The Enterprise."

"The Clarion," Arlington—You whole paper is very interesting, with plenty of class notes and several interesting stories.—("Pomposetticut."

"The Clarion," Arlington, Mass.—We are always glad to receive a well-edited publication. Your poetry and class notes form an interesting feature. Let us hope to see you again.—("The Mirror."

"Clarion"—Your paper is splendid, and you have some splendid cuts.—("Red and Black."

"Clarion," Arlington, Mass.—Your editorials are worthy of great praise. They are rather unusual, and deserve, certainly, to be read by everyone. "The Hidden Christmas Tree" is a pretty little story.—(Recorder," Winchester.

EXCHANGE JOKES.

Editor-in-Chief (to aspiring writer)—You should write so that the most ignorant can perceive your meaning."

Aspirant—"Well, what part of my paragraph don't you understand?"

Barber, shave;
Man, sneeze;
Man dead—
Next, please!

Gent—"Is there any soup on the bill of fare?"

Waiter—"There was, sir, but I wiped it off."

Paradise:
A shaded room,
An open fire,
A cozy nook,
And your heart's desire.

Purgatory:
The self-same room,
With lights a few,
The self-same nook,
With ma there, too.

Inferno:
The blessed chance,
The room, the fire,
The nook, the shade,
And enter, sire.

—Ex.

Mother—"Johnny, go see if the clock is still running."

Johnny (returning)—"No, ma; it's standing still, wagging its tail."—Ex.

She—"Why, it's only six o'clock. I told you to come after supper."

He (modestly)—"That's what I came after."

Esther was sent to a neighbor's on an errand near dinner time.

"And, remember," her mother warned her, "if they ask you to stay to dinner, say, 'Thank you, I have dined.'"

The neighboring family was just sitting down to the table.

"Can't you stay and have a bite with us?" asked the hostess.

"Thank you," replied Esther, "but I've bitten."

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ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

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THE CLARION

Published Five Times during the School Year

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EDITORIALS

The measure of success of a paper is its improvement year by year. The results of each year's issues should surpass those of the preceding years—otherwise, the paper is a failure.

In starting the work, in issuing the first number, the new Clarion board is always confronted with many difficulties. In the first place, the election of the officers does not come until the last of September or the first of October. Often the appointments are bolts out of a clear sky, and nothing whatever is known of the work expected. Consequently there is much unnecessary worry and scurry over the first issue, and, after all, half the things in the paper seem to have gone all wrong.

Therefore, we have suggested to the directors that the appointments be made in the preceding June if possible. This would enable the new staff to talk things over with the old staff, and to prepare themselves. It would give them a chance to be thinking ahead, and perhaps doing some work, such as procuring advertisements. This arrangement would help considerably.

Practically the only ones who know

the real work, the real difficulties, are the editor-in-chief, the business manager, and the teachers in the English department.

Now this should not be true. The difficulties should be more evenly divided. The class editors should be competent. Class notes should be entirely in their hands. But class notes are not easy to handle. In many school papers the class notes are the weakest spot, because the funny things that the pupils say are the same funny things that the pupils have said ever since high schools began. Therefore, it is up to the individual, the class editor, to reword them, to veil them, and to make them funny in some original way. It takes competence to accomplish this. Then, too, there are the little things which happen, not funny, but of interest to the class and to the school when written up in an interesting manner. This should form a part of the class editor's work.

The alumni editor should be in touch with the doings of as many of the alumni as possible. None of the doings of his predecessors should escape him, for the alumni notes have a two-fold value; they keep the students in touch with the former graduates, and they keep the "old grads" interested. For who does not like to see his name in print?

The athletic page is a very popular one to the majority. The editor who has this in charge should be a boy who takes active part in athletics, that he may write up the sports intelligently and with the vigor which only the participant can show.

To the exchange editor falls the lot of reading the magazines of other schools, always with a critical point of view in mind, always comparing his own paper and other papers. It's easier to cast the mote out of the other's eye than to cast the beam from one's own. So through this comparison flaws may be detected, corrections made.

It is most important to have a diligent business manager, for usually he starts in with the last year's unpaid bills to foot, and all his own troubles of the coming year to meet. He must get "ads" and "ads," for the financial success depends largely on them. The more time and the more work, the more "ads." Unfortunately "ad-hunting" is not a pleasant job. The selling of the paper is in a large measure up to the school.

To the editor-in-chief falls the blame, and the praise, the worry and the work. Everything that anyone else forgets, does wrong, or omits, the editor-in-chief must supply or correct. He must write editorials that will be interesting and at the same time, original in subject matter and style. The paper must have wit, humor, and life, as well as something solid, something serious. It is up to him to find it. One time he must puzzle over the supply of good material and wonder which story is the best, and the next time despairingly he wonders which is the lesser of the evils passed in to be "palmed off" as literature on the unsuspecting public. Often he is at his wit's end because half the material is behind hand. And so each year the same difficulties appear.

Even if you don't ever expect to be on the Clarion Board (and you never can tell) isn't it a good idea to understand how it is run? Won't you have more interest in it, if you know its trials and tribulations? It is your school paper. You should be a part of that paper. Its success depends upon the support of the school as well as the board.

And so the Clarion wishes to extend best wishes for good luck to the Clarion Board of 1915. May the paper improve and be a success!

Our new cover design represents the Arlington High School pin, which was adopted in 1913. On an arrow-head background is shown a kneeling Indian, a reproduction of Mr. Cyrus Dallin's

bronze statue of the Indian Hunter drinking at the pool in Robbins Memorial Park.

A. E. S.

The Seniors in withdrawing to the columns of the Alumni ranks bid farewell and a prosperous year to the lower classes.

SCHOOL NOTES

The social given by the Seniors to the Juniors was held on Friday night, April 27. The hall was very artistically decorated in gold and green, the class colors, a canopy of interwoven green and yellow crepe paper covering the ceiling, with twisted streamers fastened to the side walls.

A vaudeville show was given, the first number being a moving picture show enacted. The spot-light from the back of the hall, the thin screen in front, and the absence of any speaking gave the right effect. The play was a cute one, and very well acted. Between the two reels Mildred Partridge sang.

"I'm looking for a Nice Young Fellow."

Elton Mansell and Hilda Stewart gave a splendid rendering of two duets.

Eight girls in sheets acted out the Battle of Blenheim, which Lois Nightingale read.

William O. Partridge, Jr., did one of his stunts which are always so popular.

Adelaide Stickney and Louise Hatch did a Spanish dance. Their costumes were very effective.

Annie Ross gave two very enjoyable readings.

Refreshments, ice cream and cake were served, after which there was dancing. A hurdy-gurdy furnished very novel and pleasing music.

The exhibition of work done in the schools of Arlington was held in the High School building on the afternoons and evenings of May 29 and 30, and June 1. It was a remarkable showing, as the townspeople agreed. We certainly felt proud of the High School display. Fred Campbell's clock, shown in the Manual Training Department, was greatly admired.

Miss Heard's music exhibit took place Wednesday afternoon, June 3. The entire program was much appreciated, and we were pleased to see that the Sophomore-Freshman Chorus delighted the audience, particularly with its rendering of "My Old Kentucky Home."

Graduation Exercises

Wednesday Evening, June 24, 1914, New Town Hall, Arlington

CLASS MOTTO: *"True Worth is in Being, Not Seeming."*

MARCH, *"Cadix"* ..... *Valverde*

A. H. S. ORCHESTRA

PRAYER

REV. FREDERIC GILL

CHORUS, *"And the Glory of the Lord"*.....*From "The Messiah"*

SENIOR AND JUNIOR CLASSES

SALUTATORY

HAROLD FRANCIS KIMBALL

CLASS ESSAY, *"Women Worth While"*

KATHERINE EBERHARDT

SPRING CHORUS .....*From "Samson and Deliah"*

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

MISS MCINTOSH, Director

CLASS ORATION, *"Men Worth While"*

JEREMIAH ANTHONY CROWLEY, JR.

"To Thee, O Country".....*Eichberg*

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

MR. GORDON, Director

"Troldhaugen" ..... *Grieg*

A. H. S. ORCHESTRA

MISS PORTER, Director

ADDRESS, *"Your Reach and Grasp"*

PROF. DALLAS LORE SHARP, Boston University

"Claude Duval"—Choral Ballad .....*J. L. Molloy*

SENIOR AND JUNIOR CLASSES

VALEDICTORY

MARION EVELYN BUSHEE

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

ALTON F. TUPPER

CHAIRMAN OF SCHOOL COMMITTEE

MUSICAL DIRECTOR, MISS BLANCHE E. HEARD

ACCOMPANIST, DOROTHY BATEMAN, A. H. S. '15

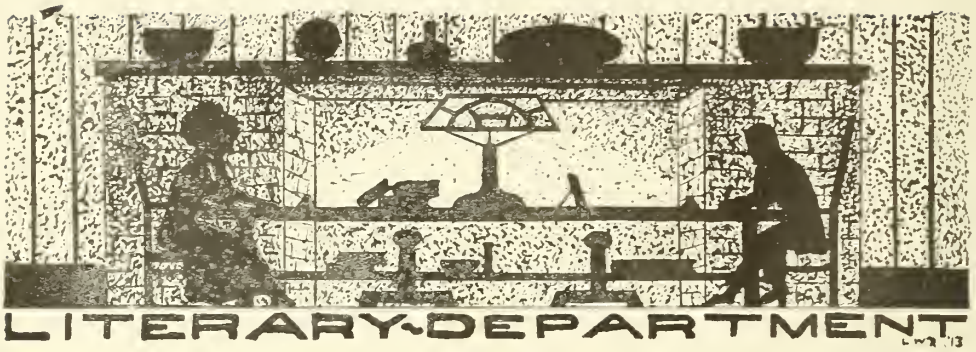
The Piano was kindly lent by the Chickering Company.

Graduates

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IDA MAY BOWMAN
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WILLIAM GERALD BURKE
MARION EVELYN BUSHEE
FREDERICK ALEXANDER CAMPBELL
GLADYS CHAMBERLAIN
KATHERINE WINIFRED CONNOR
MARION CLAIRE CRONIN
EDA LAURIER CROASDALE
JEREMIAH ANTHONY CROWLEY, JR.
THORNTON LA SALLE CUTLER
MARGARET MARY DALEY
CHRISTINE DARLING
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PAULINE GARMAN
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MARY ALICE KEEFE
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GRACE KELLEY
JOHN LOUIS KELLEY
GLADYS ELNORA KIMBALL
HAROLD FRANCIS KIMBALL
HELEN MARGARET LAKE
EDWARD JOSEPH LEARY
MARY KATHERINE LIVINGSTONE
LOUISE FRANCIS LYONS
THOMAS HENRY LYONS
FRANCIS MICHAEL MAHONEY
ELTON JESSUP MANSELL
EDITH McCLARE
ADELLA WILKINS McMILLAN
ANNA CUSHING McKAY
EDWARD ADAMS MEAD
GRACE EVELYN MOIR
DOROTHY THERESA MUNCH
MINERVA MARY MUNDLE
LOIS BOYLSTON NIGHTINGALE
FRANK OLSON
MILDRED CAROLINE PARTRIDGE
LILLIAN PERKINS
RALPH ANTHONY PHILPOTT
MARGARET LOUISE PURCELL
FRANCIS LORENZE RIMBACH
HAMLYN NELSON ROBBINS
MARY ELISABETH ROBERTSON
LAURA ELIZABETH ROBINSON
ANNIE ROSS
JOHN MATHEW RYAN
AMY ESTHER SCHWAMB
WILLIAM JAMES SINCLAIR
LEON ISAAC SNOW
REGINALD TROWBRIDGE SQUIRE
ISABELLE HILDA STEWART
ADELAIDE STICKNEY
ELISABETH STEWART TAYLOR
ENID DOROTHY TAYLOR
FLORENCE ETHEL TEEL
ALFRED EUGENE VIANO
ALMA LILLIAN WHELPLEY
FLORENCE BARTON WHITTEMORE
MAY WILSON
GRACE FLORENCE WOODEND
ALBERT WHITTIER WUNDERLICH
BERTHA MARGARET YERRINTON
MARGARET JOHSTON YERRINTON
KENNETH THWING YOUNG

Post Graduates

LEWIS HOBART COUSENS, JR.
MILDRED CROCKER
DORIS DEVEREAUX
GEORGE JAMES DUNCAN
MILDRED DURRELL GREENE
DONALD BEMIS SCULLY



THE GRADUATION PARTS

SALUTATORY.

The Class of 1914 extends to you, one and all, most cordial welcome.

We have long looked forward to this important event in our lives, when we who have been pupils in these Arlington schools for nearly a dozen years should leave our school associations to go each his individual way. We have pictured the occasion in all the beauty of the environment—this artistic hall, the noble building itself, with its surroundings of beauty and culture, and in the background the dear old school which we love and revere. We have pictured you also, our audience: parents and relatives, nearest and dearest; school officials, our superintendent and principal, to whom our love and loyalty are forever due; teachers, our leaders and friends; and the citizens of this beautiful old town, who gather from year to year on such occasions as these to show their unfailing interest in the welfare of the children and the schools of the town.

One touch of anxiety we have felt: however was a class so many-sided, so versatile, to meet the expectations of this audience, and make even a beginning of revealing its marked individuality in the time allotted it?

Our program, with a speaker chosen from each of our courses, helped us solve the problem, and these representatives will speak for the class tonight along the lines of the class ideal, "True worth is in being, not seeming." The graduation number of the "Clarion," under the efficient leadership of the editor-in-chief, will present still further characteristics; and so, as the program advances, with the music, the essays, and the address, we trust that you may catch something of what is best in the spirit that animates our class, and may grant us, individually and collectively, your best wishes as we sever old associations and enter on a new phase of life.

HAROLD KIMBALL.

WORTH WHILE WOMEN.

Although the women set forth in this essay as doing things worth while are of the present age, we all know that great women are by no means a product of the twentieth century. In ancient Hebrew literature we find one of the most beautiful pictures possible of the worthy woman:

Her price is far above rubies.
The heart of her husband trusteth in her.

She doeth him good and not evil
All the days of her life.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor:
Yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy:

She openeth her month with wisdom:
And the law of kindness is on her tongue:

Her children rise up and call her blessed:
Her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying:
Many daughters have done worthily,
But thou excellest them all.

Give her of the fruit of her hands:
And let her works praise her in the gates.

Here the worth while woman is pictured as the wife and mother, and in the future, as in the present and the past, the most worth while place for the worth while woman is in the home.

But some women there are in every age whose individual talents are such that they are much in the public eye. The number of eminent women in the world's history is very small compared with the number of eminent men. A statistician in this field reports that from the dawn of history to the present day less than one thousand women have accomplished anything that history has recorded as worth while. Twelve per cent. of these are living at the present time so it has required over twenty-five hundred years to produce the remaining eighty-seven per cent. The group of contemporary eminent women represents nineteen nationalities. England leads with twenty-two, Germany and America each claims eighteen; France has twelve, and Italy seven, while other nations claim only from one to six. These women represent twelve fields of activity, literature and music leading. Jane Addams, whom we shall consider later, is found alone in the great field of social reform, and Mme. Curie is the only woman scientist of the generation. Is woman innately inferior to man, or has the attitude of civilization been such as to close most of the avenues of eminence to her? The future only can settle this question; perhaps the near future, since the advantages which women enjoy are steadily increasing. No doubt many truly great women are in our midst, but, like the prophets of old, are without honor in their own generation as well as their own country. Certainly the greatness and ability shown by these women who have attained eminence suggests that there is no purely feminine limitation which says to the woman, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

Of the women now eminent, none is better known to the mothers of the world than Dottoressa Maria Montessori, who is revolutionizing kindergarten work. Professor Holmes of Harvard characterizes her work as remarkable, novel and important; remarkable because it represents the constructive effort of a woman, and he adds, "We have no other example of an educational system,—original at least in its systematic wholeness and in its practical application worked out and inaugurated by the feminine mind and hand." The doctrines of Maria Montessori were made known to the world about six years ago through the wonderful results obtained in her school in Rome. Children brought up by the Montessori method are taught not through the sense of sight, but through that of feeling. They are taught "to see with their fingers." In the public schools of Switzerland the Montessori method has been adopted, and in all civilized countries it is being given trial. This system has also found a place in the home, where parents secure the equipment, and learn from the books of its originator the secrets of childhood, its need for activity, of its characteristic modes of expression and of its possibilities. It is too soon to judge of the permanent worth of this method, but it is possible that later generations may look back

to Montessori as the liberator of little children, and rank her with Froebel and Pestalozzi.

In quite a different way, Miss Ida Tarbell has proved herself worth while. She is the most famous woman journalist of our time, renowned for research work, and possessing wide grasp of political and financial affairs. She is very reticent about disclosing facts which might lead one to write articles about her life, so it is only by her works that she is really known. Her "History of the Standard Oil Company," the exposure of the gigantic oil trust, is her greatest work. "It is up to the present time the most remarkable book of its kind ever written."

One of the leading figures in the world of science is Mme. Curie, to whom is due the discovery of radium, which is due the discovery of radium. The task of separating the mineral from pitchblende, in which it is found in minute quantities, was one that required almost incredible patience and labor, of study and experimentation, on the part of Mme. Curie and her husband. The accomplishing of this was due largely to the persistency of Mme. Curie, who urged her husband on when he was disposed to give up. Since his death she has carried on her research work alone, and now she is a full professor in the University of Paris, the first woman to win such an honor. But she has work other than scientific research, distinctly feminine work, the bringing up of her two daughters. This woman, one of the most learned physicists in the world, we find making all of her children's clothing, and working in the kitchen, cooking wholesome and palatable dainties for her little family. She is their companion, as much as her time will allow, believing that woman's highest calling is that of mother.

The most universally known and respected woman in this country, "whose work laid the foundation for and stimulated all the social service in this country," is Jane Addams, founder of Hull House. It was at first a single house, but now several buildings are grouped under that name. To this place, which is presided over by Jane Addams, go hundreds of unfortunates, the man without a job, the woman who has no means of support, the sorrowful and needy people of the whole city of Chicago. Here they find in the person of this remarkable woman companionship, inspiration, and above everything, love. She has delved deep into the underworld of Chicago. She has led thousands of unfortunate girls toward worth while womanhood. She has shown people of other cities the horrors of extreme poverty, of which they had no adequate idea, with the result that now in all of our large cities are found settlement houses patterned after Hull House. Her name will go down to posterity not as social reformer, but as friend of mankind; or, as she has been called, "the magician of companionship."

I can, in the time allotted to me, give but a few brief glimpses of great women and their work; but, as Miss Tarbell says, "Only a few women in every country have always found, and probably always will find, work and usefulness and happiness in the exceptional tasks." And the rest of us—may we find work and usefulness in the ordinary things of life—in the business of being worth while women.

KATHERINE EBERHARDT.

MEN WORTH WHILE.

Who are the men of today who are the world's true leaders? They are the men who are doing things worth while, who are furthering the interests of mankind by the advancement of civilization, who are working not for purely selfish ends, fortune and fame, although these naturally follow, but who are striving consciously to achieve results which shall place civilization on a higher plane.

Along ethical and philanthropic lines the names of such leaders are legion. In religion, men are trying their best to

keep the wayward world in the straight and narrow pathway of right living. In education, never was more projected and accomplished for securing perfection in mental efficiency. In statescraft, men are endeavoring, as never before, to make, execute, and translate laws so that justice shall be done to all; and in all nations are men whom future generations shall call blessed, who are striving with heart and soul for the complete elimination of war and the establishment of universal peace.

In all branches of science are men who are striving for the world's advance. Engineers are building vast public works, works which not only are lasting monuments to the skill of man, but which facilitate travel and commerce, and make the path of civilization easier to travel. Explorers, by their conquest of unknown regions, have added to our knowledge of the world. Surgeons and doctors are finding new ways to fight disease and death. Inventors are devising methods to lighten labor and add to the comfort of future generations. The conquest of the air is the leading scientific achievement of the age.

The Panama Canal is our latest, if not our greatest, national achievement. It is a triumph of our army engineering skill, with the dominant power behind it all in the personality of Colonel Goethals. He succeeded where others had failed, not because he is a better engineer, but because he is a better leader of men. When the mighty work was in progress his word was law to over 40,000 men, yet he was always a benevolent despot, ruling with a gentle hand, and it was a rare case indeed that passed from his judgment to the last court of appeals, the President. It was necessary for him to be a wise diplomat, for it was no easy task to settle the grievances of 40,000 people, speaking forty different languages, and representing every type and condition of men. Working under the adverse conditions of a torrid clime, many perplexing situations arose, and every Sunday Colonel Goethals sat in his office, and with his impartial decisions and ready smile disposed of complaint after complaint. He was well fitted by his army training to handle the affairs of this vast throng, for an army man's chief business is the handling of men; and although he regrets not having led soldiers in active service, he is loved by the soldiers he leads in civil service, for he has good will for all. His individuality, in fact, permeated the entire zone; his influence was all pervasive. Someone humorously said: "His name will go down to posterity with but one thing against it, the difficulty in pronouncing it!"

When we speak of the canal and Goethals, we associate with them the name of Colonel Gorgas, for it was he who made the Canal Zone fit for habitation. A few years ago death reigned supreme in this swampy and malaria infested district, and the miraculous transformation is due to the courage and tireless energy of Colonel Gorgas who braved the terrors of that tropical climate so that it might be possible for the great work of the canal to be accomplished.

Luther Burbank leads the scientific world in the unique department to which he has devoted his life. He has added to the wealth of nations, enriched the dietary of the race by his creation of new fruits and vegetables, and beautified the world by his work with plants and flowers. An admirer said of him: "His resolution was of iron; his will, of steel; his heart, of gold. He fought in the splendid armor of a clean life." It is well for the world that Burbank had such splendid characteristics, for he had many calls on that resolution of iron and that will of steel. He has struggled as perhaps few men who have won out have struggled. Handicapped at the start by an insufficient education, he succeeded in increasing his knowledge, especially on scientific subjects, by wide reading. He fought against physical sufferings and poverty; at one time he was on the point of death from lack of nourishment. The

hardest thing to fight, however, was the ignorance of a world that would not comprehend, that could not grasp the great significance of his wonderful discoveries. He fought and won. Never for a moment did he swerve from the path of his original intentions, but he subjected himself to sacrifice and self-denial that he might benefit the world.

Dr. Alexis Carrel, born in France and a resident of this country for less than a decade, was unknown to the average layman until he received the Nobel prize of last year; yet now his name is on every lip, for he has given to the world those discoveries which have revolutionized surgery. He has risen to this pinnacle of fame not by flashes of brilliant genius, not by accidental strokes of luck, but by hard and constant work. Most of his endeavors seemed to end nowhere, to be lost, yet results came; and like all great discoveries his work passed from the impossible to the obvious. His discoveries open up vistas of great significance, and their promise is limitless. By his work in the transplanting and repairing of blood vessels, the replantation of limbs and the prolongation of the life of the heart after death, he has found the means of reducing the death rate and of lessening of human suffering. The character of the man is indicated by the fact that the day after receiving the Nobel prize he refused to celebrate because he had promised to operate on a patient.

Thomas A. Edison, the greatest of the great, is typical of what we like to consider the ideal American. He is a simple, democratic old man, shy and shrinking from public view. He dreams great dreams, and then, with his tireless energy, his capacious brain and will power, he realizes their fulfilment. It has been said of him that he has done more for civilization than any other man in the world. By his perfection of previous inventions, and by his amazing accomplishments with the storage battery, the cement house, the phonograph, electricity and the telephone, he has advanced civilization by leaps and bounds. It would be a dull world were it not for his inventions, for he has brought many things within the reach of the poor which would otherwise be for the rich alone. All his inventions have a commercial value, and all are perfect before being given to the world. For example, it is said that he made over 50,000 distinct experiments on the storage battery before declaring it ready for use. Although growing old, he is an active man, with a mind seething with ideas, and he is happiest when wrestling with some new problem. He has been called a dynamic force charged with over a million volts.

What inspiration we should find in contemplating the accomplishments of such men! We, too, can make our lives worth while if we live and work in the spirit of Longfellow's words:

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!"

JEREMIAH A. CROWLEY.

VALEDICTORY.

The wheels of time have rolled round the cycle of our four short, happy years of high school life, and have brought us, almost without our realization, to these closing moments of our graduating exercises—to the thrill and the pain of our valedictory. For a class valedictory as an essay, one forgets; it is the *feeling* of the last few moments of farewell that remains in the heart, to touch the retrospect with tenderness throughout the years.

For to some a class valedictory is a strain of music, sweet, but always in a minor key; and the harmony is soft and low and vibrant with chords that induce commingled feelings of gladness and regret. As the cadences rise and fall, they recall to us the struggles, the disappointments, the friendships, the hopes, the joys of our school life together. It is a haunting melody, laden with reminiscences, and as the last note dies away we sadden with the consciousness that this strain will never sound for us again.

To others, a class valedictory is just a handful of flowers, such as poor Ophelia bore, not garlanded and ribbon-bowed, but loosely gathered and dropping unheeded when each has breathed out its message. "There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance"; pray you, remember the unceasing kindness of our devoted instructors. And there is pansies, that's for thoughts bethink you of the sweets of victory, of the lessons gained from defeat. And here you'll find a bit of rue; then drop a tear for deeds unworthy, for "sins of omission of commission." Last, the violets, "sweeter than the lids of June's eyes," reminding us with their fragrant breath of the faithfulness and loyalty due the dear old school.

To all of us, the valedictory is like a motto which I have read inscribed on a sundial near Venice, "Horas non numero nisi serenas," "I count only the hours that are serene." So the shadows fade and the clouds drift away as we say good-by. Whatever seemed hard —for school, like life, cannot be all sunshine—slips now from our imaginations, unheeded and forgotten. We take no note of time but by its benefits, and the joyous aspect of our school career blots out forever our remembrance of the periods of "dull care" and youthful responsibility.

So with hearts that are tender with golden memories, we part tonight, grateful indeed for these years of endeavor and inspiration. The motto which we have chosen as a guiding sentiment in our lives henceforward is but an expression of what has been instilled into our minds and hearts in our school life, "True worth is in being, not seeming." May the Class of 1914 ever hold to this ideal—to be possessed of character rather than of reputation alone, to become, indeed, whether world famous or not, worth while men and worth while women.

Marion Evelyn Bushee, '14.

That 1914 is a class of varied interests and undoubted talents has never been disputed. We should like in this graduation number to include papers on hand based on these many interests and special achievements which have brought honor to A. H. S., as well as to our class. We have especially in mind articles by such specialists as Goldsmith, our champion cross-country runner; Mead, who competed successfully in the pioneer debate with Winchester, and later with Cambridge; and Wunderlich, cross-country runner and debater, who came in second at Cornell in the run for the National High School Championship, and who debated in three of our four debates, twice handling the rebuttal, and winning against Winchester, Newton, and Cambridge. Space, however, forbids, so we offer only a few papers more appropriate to the season, two by our class naturalists, one paper based on research work which must have given bird-loving Amy delight to prepare; the other, a leaf from Pauline's personal experience. We insert also a short poem by Laura, our most literary member, who leads the class in scholarship.—Ed.

A WONDROUS SPORT.

"O the gleesome saunter over fields and hill-sides!
The leaves and flowers of the commonest weeds—the moist, fresh stillness of the woods,
The exquisite smell of the earth at day-break."

"In paths untrodden.
In the growth by margins of pond-waters."

Early in the spring, long before the grass begins to grow or the buds to burst, is when I start my gathering-trips to the near-by ponds and brooks. For life in the water begins very early, almost immediately after the ice has gone.

At first the brook-bed shows only a brown mass of dead plants, but here is a secret of the collector; get those plants, put them in a tub at home, and watch what happens; if you have succeeded in getting the roots, there will soon be a healthy growth of green sprouts appearing, and then the leaves grow until you can identify your catch. But plants are not the only treasures in that ugly brown mass, for if you are fortunate you will soon find snails hatching from the clear, jelly-like masses on leaves and sticks. These snails are not the tender aquarium kinds, but are a hardy, small, and rapid-working kind. Those most frequently found are "Physaheterostropha Say" "radix"; two species of inoperculate, or active snails, constantly breeding in the aquarium, thus furnishing food for the fish.

As the spring advances, the nature of your aquatic hunting-grounds will change; the brown masses on the bottoms will give way to tender green sprouts, until at last the floor of the pond or brook is nearly hidden by the waving forests of aquatic-plants. Then, too, you can actually pick snails from the rocks and plants.

When taking plants in large quantities it is a good plan, where the water is shallow enough, to plunge the hand in and grasp the clump of plants with a firm grip, ripping it slowly from the soil. Owing to this practice, I found one time that I had caugh an adult Green Frog (rana clamata); it was not until I was selecting and classifying my catch that I noticed him swimming desperately around. Often the plants are too far from the shore to be reached in this way, but in such cases a forked stick will help to loosen the roots, and guide them to the shore. No two ponds are alike, so each one will have to think out his own methods. One of my best hunting grounds is a small pond, the sides of which go straight down for about three feet. At the bottom there is, year after year, a prolific growth of "Philotria canadensis," a pale green plant, which the fish like to eat. It is often called water thyme. The only way I can get this is to sprawl on the ground and reach my arm in up to the shoulder, and practically coax the plant up, for my fingers can just reach it.

During April the aquatic-hunter keeps on the lookout for frogs' eggs. When the piping of the frogs in the meadows begins, then is the time to watch for the jelly-masses on the surface of the ponds. If you are so fortunate as to find some of these, take them home, and put them, as you did the plants, into a bucket or tub, to watch them develop. First comes the tiny pollywog, with winged gills, then the loss of the gills, and his growth. Some species will develop in one season, while others spend two seasons as pollywogs before they become dignified frogs.

Another interesting addition to your water pets is salamanders. Their eggs are to be found under logs and stones at the margins of ponds and brooks. Often the adult salamander will be found here, too. But these are not really water pets, at least not all of them. The red salamander, "Spelerpes Rubra," is of aquatic habits, but there are many species that drown very easily.

Many are the joys of collecting for your aquarium. The rambles to the ponds and brooks are in themselves pleasures, and then the fun when you have made a catch. The knowledge that you are constantly learning wood-lore is certainly fine, and gives one a permanent pleasure in all that he sees.

For equipment, I would say, wear old, old clothes, take a can or pail to put your catches in, and a net for catching fish.

But a word about the fish caught in ponds. Beware of those with spiked fins or spines; they will ruin any other fish, and are constantly fighting. There are very few fish that can be put with goldfish; it is better to keep them separate, or disaster will be the result.

In conclusion, let me say, just try a

collecting trip on one of those inspiring spring days, and I'm sure that you'll partake of this sport as often as you can after that.

PAULINE GARMAN.

A JUNE FANTASY.

'Twas on a balmy evening,
In the witching month of June,
When I wandered in my garden,
Beneath a silvery moon.
I heard their lilting laughter,
The patter of their feet,
The tinkle of unseen violins
Sounding the music sweet.
And then from flower-heads drooping,
I saw them come a-trooping,
A little band of fairies, all so gay.

First came a fairy prince in a robe of rainbow sheen,
Who pranked it with a blithesome elf, whose little cap was green.
And then a tiny gentleman astride a velvet bee,
And a prancing, dancing little clown, with ribbons at his knee.
A hundred thousand sprites were there, all frolicsome and gay;
I watched them in the moonlight, fearful lest they flee away.
They danced a stately minuet to music low and sweet,
With the moonbeams all a-gleaming as they touched their jewelled feet.
And then they were a-bowing to each other in quadrille.
The tinkle of their laughter was like the brooklet's trill.
The fireflies for lanterns were hung from bluebell's cup,
A lily leaf their table when the sat them down to sup.

I watched them, oh! I watched them
Till the crescent moon hung low,
Till their revelry was ended,
Till the music sounded slow.
Then I saw them go a-trooping,
Entered each a flower-head drooping,
A little band of fairies, all so gay.

LAURA ROBINSON.

BIRDS IN LITERATURE.

"The little bird is nature's exponent of the joy of living," and so it has been the joy of the poets and dramatists all through the ages to sing the praises of the birds.

The weather is capricious, but the birds, the harbingers of spring, come in an orderly procession. The ancient Hebrews must have noticed this, for it is written in Jeremiah viii., 7: "The stork in heaven knoweth his appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming."

One of the first spring birds is the robin, who comes in spite of the weather. A writer in the "Masque of Poets" says appropriately of him:

"In the sunshine and the rain
I hear the robin in the lane
Singing 'Cheerily,
Cheer up, cheer up;
Cheerily, cheerily, cheer up.'"

Nixon Waterman writes:

"Through gray winter's gloom and grieving
In my heart hope will be weaving
Dreams of spring,
When, the year's first joyous comer,
You will bring me back my summer
On your wing."

Closely following the robin comes the bluebird, "with heaven on head and earth on breast." To quote from Longfellow:

"The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee."

The song-sparrow's music is never-failing. He is one of the few birds who are able to sing half-a-dozen different songs. Helen Hunt says, "The birds must know; who wisely sings will sing as they"; and in fact Verdi used the notes of the song-sparrow in his operas, "Traviata" and "Rigoletto." A recent writer says of this bird:

"But not scant fare, nor winter's latest sting,
Can silence this brown minstrel's dauntless strain.

Supreme in faith, as in his voice of gold,
The truest-hearted lover of the spring.'

The phoebes are devoted mates, and build of moss one of the most beautiful and finished nests, but they are not very gifted songsters, as Lowell observes in his poem, "The Phoebe":

"But 'Phoebe! Phoebe!' sadly sweet,
Is all it says, and then is still."

The red-winged blackbird's song is suggestive of the cool, moist haunts where he nests. Emerson says of him:

"The blackbirds make the maples ring,
With social jubilee,
The red-wing flutes his 'O-ka-lee!' "

The hermit thrush, sometimes called the American nightingale, is our master singer.

"His song's complete.
With such a wealth of melody sweet
As never the organ pipe could blow
And never musician think or know."

says F. Schuyler Mathews, the noted ornithologist.

The wood thrush is one of the sweetest of singers, and his song has been likened by Lowell to the light tinkling of a bell.

"By Beaver Brook a thrush is ringing
Till all the alder-coverts dark
Seem sunshine-dappled with his singing."

One of our most beautiful birds, the oriole, constantly sings his liquid notes, which inspire Lowell in several poems. He writes:

"Hush! 'tis he.
My oriole, my glance of summer fire,
Is come at last."

He builds an intricate nest of fibre and string, which swings like a hammock from some high elm. Lowell combines an appreciation of his work, song and beauty when he says:

"The oriole, cheering his labor with a note
Rich as the orange of his throat."

The bobolink is often celebrated in song and story. Mathews calls his song "musical fire-works." Bryant says of him and his mate:

"Modest, and shy as a nun is she,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
'Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link,
Sprink, spank, spink.' "

The veery or tawny thrush sings a vesper hymn in the deep woods. He stirred the heart of Dr. Van Dyke to write:

"But far away, and far away, the tawny thrush is singing.
New England's woods at close of day, with that clear chant are ringing;
And when my light of life is low, and heart and flesh are weary,
I fain would hear before I go the wood-notes of the veery."

The house wren is a very fluent little singer, and his song sounds like the rippling of a brook in the early spring morning.

"A flute were more fit than a pen
To tell of the voice of the little brown wren,"

says Clinton Scollard.

As far back as the time of Queen Elizabeth the cuckoo was an acknowledged musician, for Shakespeare writes:

"The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,"

And its minor third interval frequently occurred in the old church plain-songs or responses. John Logan wrote a beautiful poem, "To the Cuckoo," beginning:

"Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing."

The cuckoo's call has been likened to a "wandering voice."

The pewee is a shade-loving bird. We often hear this solitary mite singing his "sweetly solemn thought." He has been celebrated in Trowbridge's poem:

"A little bird in suit
Of sombre olive, soft and brown,
Perched in the maple branches mute.
With greenish gold its vest was fringed,
Its tiny cap was ebon tinged,
With ivory pale its wings were barred,

And its dark eyes were tender starred.
'Dear bird,' I said, 'what is thy name?'
And thrice the mournful answer came,
So faint and far and yet so near —
'Pewee! pe-wee! peer!'"

The least sandpiper is very friendly. His back is the color of the sand, and his breast is white like the foam that rarely touches him, he is so nimble. The sandpipers are sometimes called "peeps" from their call-note "peep." Celia Thaxter writes in her little poem:

"I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Staunch friends are we, well-tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I."

The chickadee is the most cheerful of birds, and introduces himself by clearly singing the "chickadee-dee-dee" that Thoreau likens to "silver tinkling." Emerson says:

"Piped a tiny voice near by,
Gay and polite—a cheerful cry—
Chick-chickadee! Saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat."

The bald eagle, our national bird, although cruel at times, has one good trait, as he chooses his mate for all time. He makes his nest in some tall pine or bold ledge, which forever remains his home, "the dearest spot on earth." Tennyson's famous stanza is appropriate to him:

"He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls:
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls."

Two European birds, the nightingale and the skylark, have been widely celebrated in literature. In this country we have a meadow lark, which belongs in reality to the family of blackbirds and orioles. Our lark sings "Spring o' the year" from some low stump or rock, for he seldom flies as his European namesake does, whose flight Milton describes thus in "L'Allegro":

"To hear the lark begin his flight
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise."

Shelley writes:

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The deep blue thou wingest,
And singing still doth soar,
And soaring, ever singest."

More poets have sung the praises of the nightingale than of any other bird, among them Petrarch, Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Shelley, Byron and Matthew Arnold.

Arnold describes the song thus:

"Hark! ah, the nightingale—
The tawny-throated!
Hark from that moonlit cedar, what a burst!
What triumph! hark!—what pain!"

Milton writes:

"Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-song."

Shelley says of the nightingale:

"Light-winged dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot,
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease."

Bryant also joins the poets' appreciation of the nightingale:

"Bird of the joyous season!
That, from thy flowery seat,
Dost teach the forest singers
Thy music to repeat.
Chief lyrist of the woodland,
And poet of the spring!
That well art skilled in sorrow,
And well of love can sing."

After hearing all these wonderful bird songs we must agree with Burroughs, who says: "To make the bird songs music in your life—this is indeed something to be desired."

Amy E. Schwamb.



TRACK.

The track team won with a romp the only meet which they were working for —the Mystic Valley championships.

The final score of 49—35—4 shows the superiority of the Arlington contingent over those of Stoneham and Winchester.

The hundred yard dash went to Stoneham, as did the shotput and quarter-mile run. The broad jump, high jump, two hundred yard dash, half-mile and mile runs, all came to Arlington.

The school received a cup for the victory, which was duly installed in the cabinet. Each first, second and third place winner received a ribbon.

The track team ended its season by winning a dual track meet with Somerville. The Arlington boys took five out of eight first places, the final score being 42-29, which proved that a small school may at times produce a track team which can do business.

The cross-country candidates have been called out for a little spring practice before school closes. The prospects for a fine team in the fall are bright, although Goldsmith, Winderlich and Adams are to be lost.

The cross-country team is, or should be, the pride of the school. It is the only team ever turned out by Arlington which won a national championship. This is an honor which very seldom comes to a school, the biggest championship usually being local.

BASEBALL.

The baseball nine has been very unfortunate this year. They have had two excellent pitchers, but the backing of the rest of the team has been poor, owing to a lack of proper coaching. Although the team has had two excellent coaches, their time has been very limited, and they have not been able to attend each practice, as would a professional coach.

If each member of the school would give the Athletic Association the financial support that each school-spirited pupil should give, the ball team would then have a professional coach, who would be able to attend both practice and games, and who, with the excellent raw material of which this year's team is composed, would be able to turn out a wonderfully successful nine.

TENNIS

The tennis courts are in the most excellent condition this spring ever seen. They have been retopped in several instances, and are quite respectable, considering the use they get.

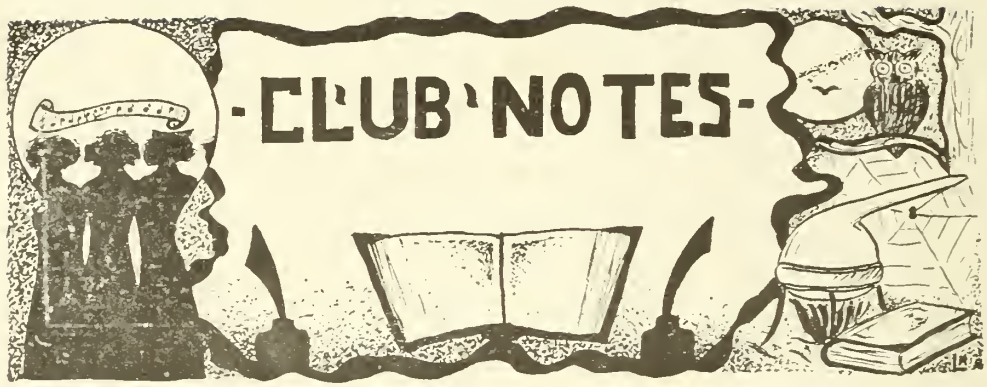
Why don't the A. H. S. pupils form a tennis team? If we are as successful in this branch as we have proved in other branches of sport, it would surely be worth while.

STATEMENT OF TREASURER OF THE A. H. S. ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

March 24, '14, balance on hand..	$5.30	
April 21, '14, dues to date.....	4.65	
April 22, '14, gas bill, ath. field..		$4.13
April 27, '14, track, cr. on ankle support	.20	
May 1, '14, football, postage, etc.		1.20
May 4, '14, baseball, Concord H. S.		5.50
June 3, '14, net cash, "Boys' Glee Club"	11.40	
June 5, '14, dues to date	6.30	
June 5, '14, balance on hand....		17.02
	$27.85	$27.85

GEORGE I. CROSS, Treas.

F. C. MITCHELL, Auditor.



ENGLISH CLUB.

The Sophomores and Freshmen presented a very unique and interesting meeting in the form of a romance of rythm, in the Assembly Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, April 28th, at 3 o'clock. The meeting was in charge of Miss E. S. Taylor, '14, and Miss A. Stickney, '14.

The characters, places, and attending circumstances connected with the romance were very cleverly represented by songs and poems. The first chapter introduced the characters, the second showed the courtship, the third portrayed the tragic state of affairs when the groom-to-be went to war; but he returned, and in the fourth chapter comes the happy finale, the wedding. The realistic wedding, with the blushing bride and flustered groom, was very good, and much praise is due those who had charge, as well as to those taking part in the meeting.

In response to the invitation of the English Club, a joint meeting of the various clubs was held in the Assembly Hall on Tuesday afternoon, May 26th.

The Mathematics Club gave a demonstration of the magic of numbers.

The Dramatic Club furnished much amusement with a well-presented skit, entitled, "Yarley of Yale."

The Science Club demonstrated the mysteries of wireless telegraphy.

The German Club gave several German songs and a German folk dance.

The English Club presented Mrs. Jarley's Famous Wax Works.

Music was furnished by the Boys' Glee Club, the Orchestra and the Girls' Glee Club.

The Debating Club, resting on its previous honors and hampered by lack of time, did not contribute.

Much credit is due to Miss Croasdale, '14, and Mr. Rimbach, '14, who worked hard, and succeeded in making the afternoon a most enjoyable one.

During the year we have held many interesting meetings, and now, as the school year draws to a close, I would like to call attention to the fact that, although much credit is due the leaders of the meetings and to those taking part, the English teachers should not be forgotten, for it is they who are working with the others at every meeting, adding more weight to the burden of school work already upon them; and so to Miss Richmond, Miss Porter and Mrs. Wood much praise and thanks are given.

JEREMIAH A. CROWLEY, Sec.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES.

In the joint meeting of the clubs, the Dramatic Club gave the playlet, "Yarley of Yale," with the cast as follows:

Mr. Cecil Bruce, a matinee actor,
Reginald Squire
McGarret, his landlord . . . Charles Reed
James, a valet . . . . . Lawrence Adams
Yarley, a mysterious visitor,
Louise Hatch

The parts were well taken, and we feel that we were well represented.

DOROTHY BATEMAN, '15.

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

The Girls' Glee Club during the past year has had a membership of forty. Our efficient leader, Miss McIntosh, has been highly appreciated by all, and has brought out our best efforts at each weekly rehearsal.

Most of the rehearsals were given over entirely to the practicing of songs which were given at the joint concert of the three musical clubs of A. H. S.

We are at present rehearsing on "Dawn Now on the Hilltops," from "Samson and Delilah," which we expect to give at the graduation exercises of the Class of 1914.

Next year will be the fifth year of the club. The club regrets the loss of its Seniors, but will always remember its fellow singers.

PAULINE CLARE, Sec.

A. H. S. ORCHESTRA NOTES.

At the request of Miss Porter, the orchestra furnished music at an entertainment given for the Wellesley Benefit Fund, April 17, 1914.

The orchestra has been fortunate in securing Lawrence Marshall as drummer, and Winthrop Jewett as another cornetist.

EDITH MACBRIDE, Sec.

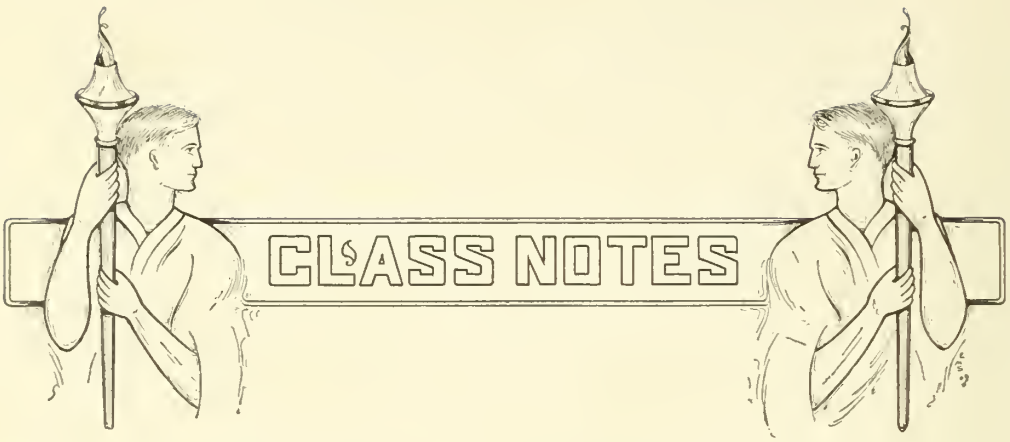
DEBATING CLUB.

The final debate of the year into which A. H. S. entered was held on May 1, in the High School Hall, Cambridge. Once again A. H. S. debaters received the unanimous decision of the judges in their favor.

Question: "Resolved, That the best interests of the United States demand the abandonment of the Monroe doctrine." Cambridge High and Latin supported the affirmative. Arlington was ably represented on the negative by David Crockett, '15, Edward Mead, '14, and Albert Wunderlich, '14. Presiding officer, Judge Arthur P. Stone. Judges, Charles L. Hanson, Mechanic Arts High School; Principal Ernest L. Collins, Quincy High School; Principal Lorne Hulsman, Melrose High School.

The school has shown its interest in debating by supporting the teams with a good attendance at all debates. It is hoped that this interest will increase, not only in *supporting* the teams, but also in *making* them. We have a clean page for this year. May 1915 also show an unbroken record.

I. HILDA STEWART, Sec.



1914.

AS WE RECALL THEM.

Mary Bowler, Edith McClare—Experts at tight-rope walking.

Ida Bowman—"Vision with brown hair."

Melvin Breed—The demi-god.

William Burke—He of the strong voice.

Marian Bushee—"She smiles, and smiles, and will not sigh."

Fred Campbell—Grandpa's clock, $100 please!

Gladys Chamberlain—Blondie.

Katherine Connors—Fluffy Ruffles.

Eva Croasdale—A stranger from another planet—Beverly, Mass.

Marion Cronin—"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Jeremiah Crowley—The deep-dyed willain.

Thornton Cutler—"He was a man of unbounded stomach."

Margaret Daley—"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Edward Leary—"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

Katherine Livingstone—Peaches and cream.

Louise Lyons, Thomas Lyons—The tamest lions in existence.

Francis Mahoney—Brain and brawn.

Elton Mansell—"The melting voice through mazes running."

Anna McKay—"Specs and the girl."

Adella McMillan—"A poet I would be."

Edward Mead—"His bright smile haunts me still."

Grace Moir—"With looks for home-hearths meet."

Dorothy Munch—Say, is she related to Paderewski?

Minerva Mundle—Our goddess of wisdom.

Lois Nightingale—"'Less Philomel will deign a song."

Frank Olson—"Skines," the electrician.

Mildred Partridge—"This is the life."

Lillian Perkins—"Pretty Polly."

Katherine Eberhardt—"Why did Horatio desert the bridge?"

May Furdon—Almost one of the faculty.

William Furdon—Hospital supporter.

Ruth Fowle—What's in a name?

Pauline Garman—Reincarnation of the famous Mrs. Jarley.

Gaylord Goldsmith—Speed-boy!

George Horner—The monk-man.

Daniel Hurley—Is dissecting cruelty to animals?

Roger Hadley—On again, off again—that's Skipper.

Mary Keefe—"Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous creature."

Louise Hatch—Some chicken!

Ruth Kelley—"Maiden with the meek brown eyes."

William Keefe—Our worth while man!

Grace Kelley—"Our Gracie's awa', awa'!"

John Kelly—Past and present, "Dido," the aviator.

Gladys Kimball—Suffragette.

Harold Kimball—President.

Helen Lake—Oh you turn-up!

Raymond Durling—Change one letter and you've got him.

Thomas Donnelly—Dimples!

Christine Darling—"If you love me, Christine, darling, let your answer be a kiss!"

Kenneth Young—Tom Thumb.

Margaret Yerrinton — Mrs. Tom Thumb.

Bertha Yerrinton—The older twin.

Albert Wunderlich—Spin the orator, "and e'en though vanquished he would argue still."

Grace Woodend—A model of industry!

May Wilson—Little, but oh my!

Florence Whittemore—Possessed of "the excellent thing in woman."

Alma Whelpley—"With eyes like the gazelle!"

Alfred Viano—Honk! Honk!

Florence Teel—"Patience on a monument."

Laura Robinson—"Poetess laureatess."

Enid Taylor—A friend of one year.

Elizabeth Taylor—"Miss Serenity."

William Sinclair—Is it the pompadour that gives him that surprised look?

Amy Schwamb—The flower girl.

John Ryan—"Slow, but sure."

Annie Ross—Gifted to move to laughter or to tears.

Hamlin Robbins—"There's many a slip—"

Lorenze Rimbach—"Dr. Quack."

Margaret Purcell—With the raven locks.

Ralph Philpott—He wears the rose of youth upon him.

Marion Robinson — "Thou little youthful maiden!"

Mary Robertson—Strong on the debate.

Reginald Squire—"Curly locks!"

Leon Snow—Prof. O How Wise!

Adelaide Stickney—"Oh, how I hate the men!"

I. Hilda Stewart—Was Lady Macbeth really responsible for the death of Duncan?

History IV.

Miss Taylor tells us that the food at the Roman banquets consisted mainly of wine.

Heard in German IV.

We are becoming more and more sophisticated!

Miss M—— tells us Venetians come from Vienna.

MORE WISDOM.

Miss M.—"Well, if you have studied your lessons all along, you shouldn't worry over the exams; but if you have not studied, 'you should worry'!"

(Such slang, and from a teacher.)

Pupil, giving principal parts of studeo.

Miss P.—"I didn't understand the prefix. What comes after the 'stew,' 'n,' or 'l,' or both?"

Two students coming down the hall.

First—"I haven't had to learn the constitution for a month!"

Stern voice from the rear—"Those two pupils whispering pass to Room 9."

The moral is obvious.

Teacher—"What did the men take off their shields when they went into battle?"

Brilliant Pupil—"The shine!"

Mr. Cross (asking Sinclair)—"What is the use of the militia in this State?"

Sin.—"I don't know."

Mr. Cross—"The same as the *Swiss navy*!"

He reciteth best who studieth best,
All lessons great or small;
And all the teachers who give them to us
Expect we'll learn them all.

We hear that Mitchell's Ford was a disputed point in the second battle of Bull Run. Both armies claimed the right of possession. We wonder how it came into the present hands.

1915, 1916 AND 1917.

This is essentially the Senior number. Therefore we lower classes magnanimously hold back the superabundance of wit which we might put in if we wanted to.

We thank you for your approbation.

SENIORS' FAREWELL.

Farewell to the Hall, where we've listened to lectures,
And lifted our voices
In angelic song;
And rejoiced in our vict'ries,
And admired our trophies,
And applauded our victors with cheers loud and long.

Farewell to the Lab., where we've stirred up our poisons,
And burned our poor fingers,
And singed off our hair,
And offended our noses
With odors atrocious,
And mixed and exploded with never a care.

Farewell to the Class-Rooms, where we've often recited,
And struggled with Latin,
And wept over Math.:
Tried in French and in English
Ourselves to distinguish,
And worried our teachers and roused them to wrath.

Farewell! Good old School! You have witnessed our sorrows,
Our tears and our triumphs,
Our joys and distress.
You have offered us shelter,
In summer and winter,
So we'll leave with a long cheer for dear A. H. S.

LAURA ROBINSON, '14.

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The Building has recently been enlarged and remodelled

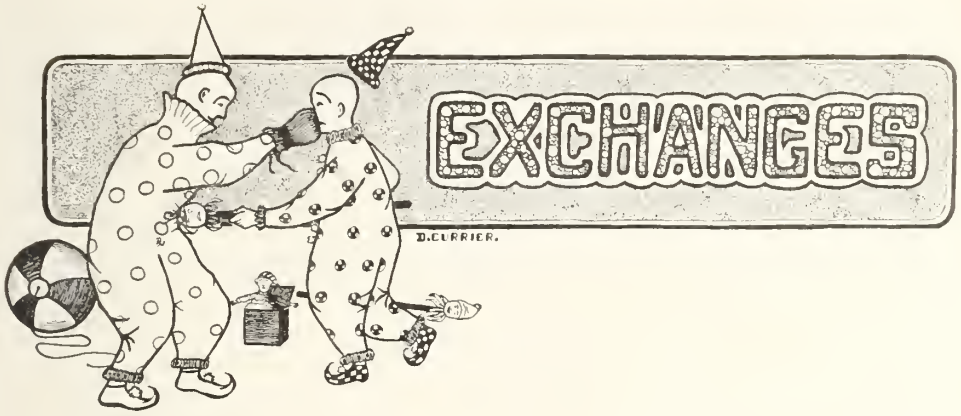
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We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: "John Marshall Record," "The Megaphone," "Recorder," "The Archon" (May and June), "The X-Rays" (March and April), "The Bon-Bon," "The Distaff," "The Register" (March and April), "Cherry and White," "The Enterprise" (April and May), "The Clarion," "The King School Review" (April and May), "Review," "School Life" (four numbers).

"Review" (Newton High School)—Congratulations on your poetry department!

"The Clarion" (West Roxbury High School)—Your editorials are among the best we have seen. They are both interesting and instructive.

"The Enterprise" (Keene High School—We are glad to see that you have profited by our suggestion. Your paper is certainly improved by its enlarged exchange column.

"The Register" (Burlington High School)—Why don't you put your exchange department all in one place? It is confusing to find part of it in the front and part in the back of your magazine.

"X-Rays" (East High School, Columbus, O.)—You are very fortunate in having such clever artists in your school. Their sketches add greatly to your paper.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US.

"'The Clarion,' Arlington, Mass., has a lot of contributors, but the contributions are not long enough." "X-Rays," Columbus, Ohio.

"'The Clarion (Arlington, Mass.—Like the sea-breezes in your native State, your stories are fresh and bright."—"The Cherry and White," Arvada, Col.

"'The Clarion,' March, Arlington High School—Your editorial is excellent, and to the point. 'Henry's Mishap' is clever and amusing. The moral in 'In the Queen's Garden' could not be overlooked by even the most casual reader."—"King School Review," Stamford, Conn.

"'The Clarion'—We will try to profit by your criticism, and this month comment on all the exchanges received. 'A Musical Story' is very good." "Enterprise," Keene, N. H.

EXCHANGE JOKES.

Pastor—"I hear we got a diamond pin in the collection plate this morning, sah."

Treasurer—"You are mistaken, sah; it was a dime an' pin."

—*Ex.*

We're looking back to see if they
Are looking back to see if we
Are looking back to see if they
Are looking back at us. —*Ex.*

"My wife went to the West Indies."
"Jamaica?"
"No, she left of her own accord.
—*Ex.*

"Did you kill the moths with the moth-balls I recommended?" asked the druggist.

"No, I didn't," said the customer, truculently. "I sat up all night and didn't hit a single moth." —*Ex.*

Hostess—"It's beginning to rain; you'll get wet. I think you'd better stay to dinner."

Departing Guest—"Oh, no; it's not raining as bad as all that." —*Ex.*

Passenger—"Conductor, can't you go any faster than this?"

Conductor—"Yes, but I have to stay with my car."

"How clear the horizon is!"

"Yes, I just swept it with my glance."

I bet that you
Thought that this
Was a poem, but
We just wanted
To fool you.

Said a bald-headed man to a waitress bold:
"See here, young woman, my cocoa's cold!"
She scornfully answered, "I can't help that;
If the blame thing's chilly, put on your hat."

Lady—"Have you 'Freckles'?"

Clerk—"No, ma'am; I had 'em last summer."

"Lady—"Oh, I don't mean that. Haven't you read 'Freckles'?"

Clerk—"No; mine were brown."

Teacher—"Decline 'ein glass bier.'"

Johnny—"I never have yet."

Jack—"Claire dropped me a line yesterday."

Stack—Look out, old fellow. She's trying to hook you."

Chap about to wed was nervous.
To the young best man he cried:
"Tell me, is it kisstomary
For the groom to cuss the bride?"

Teacher (to troublesome student)—"I wish you would pay attention. Keep your eyes on me, and you won't see so much."

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PATRONIZE THE CLARION ADVERTISERS

Tribute to Miss Alice M. Burtt, given by Mr. F. C. Mitchell, Principal, at the Memorial Service, September 13.

Miss Burtt had a rare sense of responsibility. She welcomed opportunities to do a leader's share in everything she undertook. As a pupil she was studious, thorough and conscientious, satisfied only when she had done her best. She possessed unusual natural ability, and exercised this efficiency to the fullest extent, with the result that she won the honor of being valedictorian of her class, the class of 1912.

She was popular with pupils and teachers alike, in school and out of school. Over all with whom she came in contact she exerted a beneficent influence. It could not have been otherwise, since we are most controlled by those modest, earnest, affluent personalities with whom we come in intimate contact. They not only point, but lead the way to the best effort and the enduring result. Her classmates knew what it was to associate with one whose loyalty, gentleness, refinement and devotion were of the highest order.

As a teacher her courtesy was genuine, her enthusiasm made hard tasks easy, and she sank self in devotion to the cause. Her success furnished evidence of the extent to which she was absorbed in her work, and showed how completely she forgot to congratulate herself on successes won. She found her joys in service instead of rewards. The unselfishness of Miss Burtt was of the fundamental quality which forms the basis of every noble life.

She had that natural simplicity which made her admired by all who knew her. Her sympathy was inspiring to her pupils, and her zeal was contagious. Her virtue was purity itself. The school has lost a comrade, a guide and a leader. As a clerk in the offices she listened to every call and performed every duty; as a teacher she directed and inspired; as a friend she stimulated and ennobled.

In the words of Channing, "She was content to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely—in a word, to let the best, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common." This was the rule of her life.

In the thought of Kipling it may be said: It was the Master's praise she prized, and His blame she feared. She did not work for money, and she had no thought of fame: she toiled for the joy of service.

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

Vol. XVIII. ARLINGTON, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1914 No. 1

THE CLARION
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EDITORIALS

Three cheers for A. H. S. and her colors, red and gray! Three cheers for her students, and three cheers for her teachers! May this year be the best one in her history! This is the greeting which the "Clarion Staff" extends to the teachers and fellow students of A. H. S. This greeting pertains to all the teachers, both new and old, to our principal and our superintendent, and to all the students, but particularly to those of the entering class.

It is very unfortunate that during this year the students of the Freshman Class must attend school in the afternoon, apart from the rest of the high school, since the school building is inadequate to seat the whole four classes at one time. This trouble will be corrected when the new high school, for which the plans have already been made, is constructed. It is very probable that this separation must give to the members of the entering class a feeling of strangeness, a feeling that they are not a part of the "regular" high school.

Since this condition may exist, it might be well to point out to the class the institutions which A. H. S. offers for creating a feeling of fellowship among the students of the entire school, and for promoting scholarship. There are athletic teams and various clubs in

which membership requires only an earnest effort on the part of the candidate.

The teams engaged in athletics need hardly to be mentioned. There are football, hockey, field hockey, baseball, track and cross-country teams, which for many years have been the pride of the school.

There are also in the high school numerous clubs, representing almost every department of school study. When all these are organized this year, there will probably be among the number, English, Debating, Dramatic, German, French, Boys' and Girls' Glee, Orchestra, and Science Clubs. There is every indication that all of these clubs will continue to carry on the good work which they have done in past years.

It only remains for the Freshmen to make use of their opportunities, as the upper classmen are doing, to choose some activity in which they are interested, and surely there will be something for everybody. The students in the upper classes should set their usual good example, and they will be doubly repaid for their efforts. The organizations will become much stronger by reinforcements from the Freshman Class, and the result will undoubtedly be a genuine school spirit.

In the death of Miss Alice Burtt, A. H. S. 1912, and assistant teacher in the Commercial Department, our school has met with a great loss. To express our appreciation of her character adequately would be impossible. We are fortunate in securing a copy of Mr. Mitchell's tribute to Miss Burtt, given at the memorial service. It appears elsewhere in these pages. That the principal's estimate is in accordance with her ideals is evidenced by the Pupil's Creed which Miss Burtt wrote for the Creed Calendar of 1911. We shall like to reread it at this time, and cannot fail to realize that here was one who lived up to her own ideal of school life:

"Whoever would be the best kind of high school pupil, let him have a definite ideal in his school life, for, except he have this ideal, and keep it constantly before him, his school days will be comparatively futile. And let the idea be this: to be honest, willing to fail rather than gain credit where credit is not due; to be faithful, doing the work for the benefit derived from it, and doing well what is attempted; to be loyal, supporting the teachers and organizations of the school in every way possible; to be persevering, steadily progressing, without letting discouragement creep in; and in all triumphs to be humble, ever ready to extend a helping hand to the schoolmate who is less fortunate."

HONORABLE MENTION LIST

1915.

"Sailing" ..... H. G. Bergquist
"Was It Worth the Price". Ruth Crosby
"Just An Episode"..... Gretchen King
"A Wierd Tale"..... Ruth Mitchell
"True Training" ..... Edith Olson
"The Deaf Man"..Frank A. Samuelson

1916.

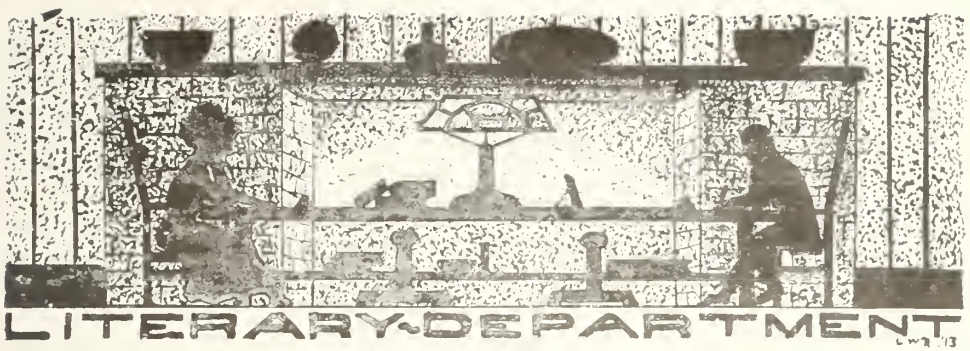
"Camp Fire Girls"..Dorothy Lovewell
"Rebellious Ruth"..... Vida McCarthy
"Vassili Zalesski's Thanksgiving,"
Lawrence L. Peirce
"The Seat of Our Outdoor Sports,"
A. H. Stevens
"Appearances Are Often Deceptive,"
Ralph A. Sunergren

1917.

"The Turret Forts"..... Edward Birch
"Tilda's Birthday Present,"
M. (Corine) Danforth
"Perseverance Leadeth to Success,"
N. Gamester
"View From Mt. Royal"..Bruce Haire
"A Narrow Escape"..... Helen Leen
"A Real Hallowe'en Spook,"
David Snow

1918.

"The Lonely Child,"
Marguerite Kenney
"Autumn Woods" ..... Hazel White
"The Haunted House,"
Dorothy Roberts



THE SONG OF A STAINER VIOLIN.

High upon the Tyrol mountains,
Far above the huts of men,
Where the trees stand tall and kingly,
Guarding well each glade and glen,

There I grew the soul and being
Of an age-worn, weathered tree,
Rooted in a rocky crag-cliff,
High and wild and bold and free.

Often when the whispering breezes
Told us tales of man below,—
Of his work and care and sorrow,
All I longed for was to go—

Down to help him and to comfort,
Singing, soothing cares away,
Till his soul was filled with music,
And he found the Better Way.

One bright morning in the springtime,
Axes rang, and voices clear
Sounded thro' the glades and uplands—
I should go without a fear!

Seemed to glow with satisfaction
As he bent down over me,
Tapped me with his little hammer
Till I rang exultingly.

And I knew it was the master
Who should rule my inmost soul,
Who should bring with strains of music
All men's hearts to his control.

Time sped on: 'twas in the autumn
That he picked me up one day,
And he murmured very softly,
"You're a fiddle—*now* we'll play."

Play! ah how we sang together,
Songs of sweetest harmony,
Calls of birds and softer answers,
Gentle, soothing melody.

Then, with mighty crash, we sounded
Passions, lived from grief to pain:
Wild and shrill the call to battle,
Dying down to peace again.

Often, often, laughing, thrilling,
Bubbling o'er with joyousness,
Love and youth together blended,
Crowning life with high success.

Happy were those days together,
Blithe we were and well content,
But his call came very early
And he rose obedient.

I shall never go there to him,
Here I lie, alone and sad,
Tossed about with worthless trinkets,
No one knowing what I've had.

No one even understanding
That I come of master mind,
That within my heart I carry
Waiting memories, undefined.

Yet the coming years may bring me
Someone with that Stainer Hand,
With a genius just as mighty,
Someone who will understand.

G. H. Morgan, '15.

JUST FOUR YEARS.

An attractive child is my Freshman, with a rippling laugh, a merry giggle, and, all in all, a care-free air. Life for her is one merry pastime. There is never a thought of the battles to come, of the struggles, the labor and pain. Why should she think of that world of trouble, when from morning till night she's happy as a queen. School contains for her but few hardships. Studies there are, but those can be bluffed with hardly any preparation. There are teachers, of course, but then, they are grown, and don't realize what children all know. She likes them, yes, for she likes most people, and it's quite easy to make them like her. It's a happy world for my little freshman, without a care, a thought or a pain.

* * * * * *

A day with my sophomore will show her character far better than I can explain. In the morning, with a rush, a bustle and scramble, she arrives, just on time, in school, a hasty greeting and a welcoming whisper, till the day's work has at last begun. From recitation to recitation we may watch her progress. In one she is brilliant, in another she fails, and still others she manages creditably. It is not bad work, yet it is not good, and the watchful faculty do not pass by. Later we find her by the side of a teacher, that teacher she most admires. From the ever changing expression on the young girl's face, the blush and the tear or two, we cannot doubt that serious talk is passing from one to the other. Finally comes that argument which never fails, "College will be here soon, and then, a woman, you'll go forth equipped through your efforts now"; and the answer, "I see, I never thought, and, oh, I really will try." But upon the face of the woman there was an understanding smile. She had once been a girl, and knew full well how little an impression she'd made.

* * * * * *

My junior is now a young lady almost grown, so different from either before. She does up her hair, and her skirts she wears long, but she still has that rollicking manner. A half-and-half, she really is, of woman and child, and she describes herself in these few words as well as I could ever do:

"I never realized till now," she says, "how serious life is for me. Before, I've always gone my own way, shedding all care and leaving trouble behind; but now things loom terribly big. There are lessons and lessons, and if they're not passed I can't go to college, and my life work is spoiled. Then there's athletics, for surely one ought to work for one's school; and there's clubs and parties. Oh, if I only had time, I could do everything then, and I could do my best!" It is a pity she's begun so late.

* * * * * *

There was a vast assembly in the large town hall, for it was the night of graduation. Addresses have been made, the valedictory delivered, and now diplomas are given, one by one, till at last comes my senior. She stands, all clothed in white: a prettier picture has never been made than that sweet young figure, diploma in hand. Her eyes, those lovely soft brown eyes, meet mine with a steady gaze, while her mouth, though rosy and dimpled, is fast becoming firm. The decided little chin merely strengthens the fact as a whole, the face of my senior, a woman.

There are just four years, happy, changing, fast-going years, of that high school course. A child as she enters, a girl she remains, and a woman she departs. May life for her, through college and after, be joyful and prosperous throughout. May the seed which she sows and the fruit which she reaps be worthy of true womanhood.

JOSEPHINE D. BAKER, '16.

THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

That world was bathed in radiance divine
To which were come the weak and worn of earth.
Above them sound the voices of the free,
Like rustling autumn leaves which soothe the ear

And bring sweet balm to wounded, saddened souls.
Among them move the messengers of God,
To judge anew the race misjudged before.
For eyes of God, not of the world, now rule,
And look deep down the depths of hearts of men,
Appointing unto each his place deserved.
Too late arise the cries resoundingly,
"Had I but tried tenfold in ages past!"
But blessed is he who toiled for other men,—
For lo! he here shall walk among the first!

MARION F. ANDERSON, '15.

THE FOURTH PUMPKIN.

Virginia's home was in the "Sunny Southland," on a big plantation, which stretched over many acres of rich, well-tilled soil. Here and there it was dotted with the tiny cabins of the negroes, and in the center, on a rise of the land, was the mansion house itself. To the north, south, east and west were fields of waving tobacco; but the most important spot on the whole plantation just now, as Virginia thought, was the little valley where daddy's corn-field lay. One day in the past, Uncle Pete—the old colored servant who had been Virginia's especial friend ever since she could remember—had told her all about Hallowe'en; "ob de g'osts, an' de witches, an' all de spooky t'ings what done 'pear 'bout midnight." He had finished the weird tale with mentioning how the boys and girls in the North hollowed out, cut a face in the side and placed a lighted candle within a big pumpkin, and called it a "jack-o'lantern." Then Daddy had promised to give to Virginia the three largest pumpkins for her very own, that Uncle Pete might cut for her, on Hallowe'en, into three jack-o'lanterns.

Every pumpkin on the vine among the corn stalks had been picked and used, except three which were left to grow; and not a day passed but which saw Virginia down in the corn-field, pulling away protecting leaves, loosening the soil about them lovingly, and coaxing every ray of sunshine to ripen and perfect her pets.

It was but a week before Hallowe'en when unexpected guests arrived at the mansion. Everyone knew Aunt Anna's fondness for pumpkin pies, and no one was surprised, after a few days had passed, to hear her say to her sister:

"Well, I'm just waiting for a great big piece of pumpkin pie, Lucia. I've been thinking about it for so long,—one of yours, you know, made from some of your delicious pumpkins."

Mother called Virginia into her room that evening, and told her that she must give up one of her precious jack-o'lanterns. "You know it's for Aunt Anna, dear," she said, "and how you would dislike to disappoint her. She is so kind to you: and besides, there will be two left, and you really could not manage three at once."

After many tearful words and much urging, Virginia finally consented to sacrifice the first pumpkin as a pie for Aunt Anna; but the last two were to be hers surely, and no more should be given up for pies. Virginia now made two trips to the vines each day, and renewed her care with doubled energy. The pumpkins seemed to respond, for they grew steadily, and were becoming huge mounds of golden yellow.

One morning Virginia hurried out bright and early. The trees had turned into wonderful flaming colors of red and green and brown, and all the way down the lane leaves were fluttering to the ground, first touched with the slight frost. A little squirrel darted ahead of her, finding the chestnuts which had rolled from the opened burrs, and cramming his cheeks full with the nuts he had gained. A pair of red-headed woodpeckers were busily tapping the branches, and flew from tree to tree, as busy and happy as the beautiful morning could make them. Virginia, too, was as joyous as they; and she skipped along merrily, singing a song, and peering through the now

much thinner branches for a peep of the corn-field. Arriving there at last, she spied the first pumpkin resting in the little bed she had made for it. But the second. Surely she must be mistaken! It couldn't have disappeared! She ran to the spot, and, refusing to believe her eyes, she anxiously ran her fingers all over the ground. No, the pumpkin was gone—all but one big piece of the shell, and a quantity of tiny crumbs! What could have happened to it—her second precious pumpkin? She sank to the ground and covered her face with her hands, giving way to a passion of sorrow. That she should be so disappointed a second time was almost too much. She wished desperately that she had never heard of Hallowe'en at all, and that she hadn't tried to have a jack-o'lantern.

Suddenly she opened her eyes and saw the little squirrel. He was seated right on the very top of the one lonely pumpkin. Virginia burst out laughing in spite of herself, and ran to frighten him off. Nothing should hurt this one, she declared to herself—she should have one, anyway.

Hallowe'en night arrived, and Uncle Pete promised to wait for her on the steps of the servants' quarters, in readiness to carve the jack-o'lantern just as soon as ever she could bring it back from the corn-field. He offered to go with her to help, but she pleaded to go and get it alone. She sped along the path in the crisp, cold October air, and buttoned her coat more tightly to keep out the chill. She refused to allow herself to think that any ill could come to this last pumpkin, and she felt sure that it was there, for she had visited it that very day. Yes, there it was, safe and sound, among the dry leaves. It parted from the stem quite easily as she pulled it, and fitted into her arm as though it belonged there.

She lifted it, and started on the homeward walk, imagining fondly the face Uncle Pete would carve. But she had not gone far when it began to grow heavier in her arms, and about halfway to the mansion she was obliged to stop and rest on the stone wall. Just as she was about to pick up her burden and start again, she perceived an aged negress trudging wearily toward her down the road. The woman's clothes were torn and ragged, and she clutched a threadbare shawl about her shoulders in a vain effort to gain some little warmth from it.

As she came nearer to the little girl, Virginia noticed that she eyed the pumpkin eagerly, almost greedily, and at last, when she was very close, she stopped and hesitatingly addressed Virginia.

"Oh, l'il missy—dat pun'kin dar, yonse gwine to tote it home? Ah has jus' five pennies, an' dar ain't no massa fo' miles 'roun what will 'low me jus' one, fo' five pennies. Ma pore l'il chile in de cabin is sick an' dyin' an' he done want just' one pun'kin fo' a jack-lantern. Ah promised to fitch him one, but ah can't. It jus' ain't no use; ah is feared to tin' him deahed 'cause he don't see no pun'kin when ah comes back. Please, l'il missy, can't ah hab dat pun'kin fo' five pennies?"

The old negress spoke beseechingly enough, but the words fell unheeded on the now hardened heart of Virginia. She would not give up her last pumpkin, much as she might be asked. Without a word, she shook her head, and seizing the pumpkin, almost ran up the road. It was dusk, and night was gathering fast. The trees threw long, twisted shadows over the ground, an owl sent out his plaintive note into the stillness, and visions of the ghosts and witches that Uncle Pete had told about rose into her mind. Suddenly she seemed to see the little dying boy. His arms would be stretched out for the jack-o'-lantern his mother would be sure to bring, and oh, how disappointed he would be not to have his last wish granted! Virginia tried to choke back the lump in her throat that this touching picture brought, but was unsuccessful. What a pity it was that no one would give the aged woman a pumpkin. Virginia's mind was made up. Her disappointment would certainly not be

greater than that of the little colored boy, and besides he was dying.

Turning around, she hurried back over the dark road. Her feet almost flew over the ground for she was half afraid that she might change her resolve after all. But the negress was too weary to travel very fast, and Virginia soon caught up with her. Fairly pushing the pumpkin into the other's arms, the little girl waited for no grateful thanks, but turned and retraced her steps as swiftly as she had come. A great sob rose into her throat, and the tears rolled unheeded down her cheeks. The last pumpkin was gone!

It was a heart-broken little girl that threw herself into Uncle Pete's arms about fifteen minutes later, and sobbed out her story into his sympathetic ears; and the old servant was no less dismayed and touched with her generosity. He soothed her as best he could, and then resolved to see what he could do toward remedying the catastrophe. Leaving Virginia tearful on the steps, he walked slowly down to the cornfield. His steps lagged as he crossed the stone-wall, and he shook his fist angrily at the road down which the negress had so recently gone.

"Yo' ole woman! Ain't you' got mo' sense den to tak' 'way a pore li'l chil's las' pun'kin?" he muttered.

Suddenly a tiny beam of gold caught his eye from a stray moonbeam which rested on the ground near the farther end of the vine. Old Pete walked over to it, and with a hasty exclamation, bent down thrusting aside the leaves with trembling, unbelieving fingers, the round golden sides of a tiny undiscovered pumpkin smiled up at him in the moonlight. A grateful smile broke over the face of the old faithful fellow, as he said, straightening himself—

"Li'l missy done be pleased now, ah reckon!"

M. E. Allen, '16.

HALLOWE'EN NIGHT.

Hurrah! for the night of Hallowe'en,
When everyone's out, but nobody's seen;
When ghosts come stealing around your door,
And you're really afraid of them, what is more,
When beans are blown fiercely against the pane,
(You might think we were having a terrible rain),
In windows are grinning bright faces in rows,
Which are nothing but pumpkins with two eyes and a nose;
The maiden walks back down the steep staircase,
Seeking in vain for her true lover's face.
Of the many good times that I have seen,
There's never more fun than on Hallowe'en.

Anna Hooker, '16.

AUTUMN.

Even if the leaves are falling,
  Even if the snow's most here,
Autumn is a jolly season,
  A merry, bright one of the year.

A prince's costly robes and treasures,
  A beautiful castle on the Rhone,
None of these are half so valued,
  As these breaths of pure ozone.

Like showers of rice and light confetti,
  That follow the fleeing bridal pair,
Are these myriad plumes of milkweed,
  Floating through sky and air.

The pumpkins ripe and deeply yellow,
  Remind us of all Hallowe'en,
That time of the witches and fairies,
  That are mischievously waiting to be seen.

Autumn is the messenger of winter,
  And winter is a time of cheer,
For autumn is a jolly season,
  A merry bright one of the year.

Marion L. Horton, '17.

KATE'S HALLOWE'EN HOUSE PARTY.

As this was to be her first house party, Kate was rather excited, which was not very unusual. Her guests were to come on the three o'clock train, and it had been decided that Kate would meet them with the touring car. But having gone to the town on some important errands in her runabout, she forgot that there were to be six well-grown people waiting for her and arrived at the station a half-hour late with the little car. Of course there was some figuring to do as to how they would all fit in. But one of the girls sat on the seat beside Kate, with another on her lap, one sat on the floor, feet on the running-board, and the boys managed somehow to scramble on.

It was a strange looking party that Mrs. Hayes saw coming up the driveway, but all seemed to be none the worse for their perilous drive homeward, for Kate came very near taking them over stone walls in her haste.

The evening brought much fun, as it was the time when their future was to be foretold, an event of great interest to Kate. The rooms were lit only by jack-o'lanterns, with their bright faces peering into everything going on. The costumes of the young folks made it seem uncanny, as not one knew who the other was.

Finally the hostess announced that a fortune-teller had come to the house, and was to read their future by their crossing her palm with silver. One by one the young folks went to her, and came back so surprised-looking and rather fidgety.

One of the boys, having missed Kate, became suspicious, and even more so after *his* fortune was told. Accordingly, he quickly donned a hideous costume of a ghost, and sneaked around the piazza to the window where the palmist was. He could hear the low chants of the witch, for she was dressed as such, and chuckled gleefully to himself. Then he tapped gently on the window three times. The people within looked up quickly, the witch with a strange expression.

"Open the window!" he called out. The window was opened nervously by the hobbling old witch, and the ghost glided in.

"Now read my palm," he commanded.

"Your fortune was never meant to be told," was the quavering answer.

But just at this point more ghosts came in, and the witch flashed on the lights and tore off her mask.

"How could you be so mean?" she said. "You've spoiled it all."

"Spoiled what?" said the ghost. "It's just begun."

But Kate was fully frightened now, as not one of these strange creatures had moved, and she ran from the room. The ghosts followed, and, taking off their masks, revealed themselves.

"Why, we thought you were a real fortune-teller," said one of the girls to Kate.

"And because you let us think so, that's why I let you think we were real ghosts," said the ghost.

But Kate was reassured now, and the rest of the evening proved just as much fun.

When, two or three days afterward, the guests were departing, they all agreed it had been an eventful house-party.

GERTRUDE A. VIANO, '17.

It is a popular name of a school which joins in the sports with our school. It contains ten letters.

My 1, 4, 3, 7 is a word meaning half.

My 5, 10, 6, 4, 5, 1, 4 is a word meaning turn around.

My 9, 4, 6, 10, 8 is a word meaning straight or smooth.

My 3, 7, 9, 8 is where our grain is made.

My 3, 2, 5, 10 is what we say when we haven't enough.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, '17.

A BUSY HOUSEKEEPER.

Mr. Percy Morgan went home from his office with a very bad cold.

His wife, a long, lean, scholarly looking dame, met him at the entrance, and greeted him with:

"Percy, you may have the house *all* to yourself this afternoon, as I have been called to attend a suffragists' meeting. If you follow the directions I have written on the blackboard, you can manage the children and their dinner nicely. Goodby."

This meek little man never argued. He removed his wraps and settled in his favorite chair, prepared for a jolly good time.

Queer noises issued from the outer room.

"What's the matter?" he cried impatiently, jumping up.

The baby, whom he called "Angel Child," had swallowed her beads!

"What can I do?" cogitated the bewildered man. "Castor oil!" With this thought in mind, he hunted for the desired remedy in the medicine chest. In his haste, however, he brought forth the olive oil, of which he gave the child a generous dose. The result was a screaming, oily baby, rolling in agony and anger on the couch.

A loud clucking of hens, mingled with a high-pitched childish voice, screaming "Run, pirates! Ding, ding! All ready —fire!" Percy rushed in hot pursuit of the young culprit.

"Imp of mischief!" he called. "Come here!" When the hens were securely fastened and the youngster righteously punished, Percy returned to the "Angel Child"; but screams, shrieks and wails of distress called him to the piazza.

"What in thunder have you done now?" he roared.

"I an' 'Pider felled down 'tairs, we did!" wailed the dirty little youngster from the bottom of the stairs, where he had landed with a small, frightened guinea pig. Both were half concealed by a large wooden box that had fallen down upon them. When the wounds were bound up and the weeping child placed at the table, Percy started to prepare dinner.

He put the soup and griddle cakes on to cook. He was interrupted by the oldest child, who had returned from school, and was amusing himself by cutting tickets (as he expressed it) out of the oilcloth. By the time he resumed his cooking the soup had boiled over, and the griddle cakes resembled shingles.

At this juncture all three children set up a chorus of wants. Percy was wild with so much confusion. He dived into the ice chest, and emerged with a nicely prepared dish of lobster salad. Then he gave them coffee jelly, with rich cream, and chocolate cake.

Two hours later the doctor was called in to attend to the suffering children, and also Mr. Percy Morgan, who had a serious relapse.

At this point the maiden aunt arrived to spend a fortnight. She, a very capable, but fussy old maid, was endeavoring to help the doctor, when Mrs. Morgan returned home. On seeing the results of Percy's afternoon housekeeping, she said very haughtily:

"I might have foreseen this! I resolve never again to leave an incompetent specimen of humanity in my house while I am absent."

JOSEPHINE SALLAWAY, '18.

BEING THANKFUL.

It was a beautiful evening. Overhead the stars twinkled and blinked, and the beautiful November moon shone clear and bright, casting a weird, soft glow over the frost-nipped woodlands.

The beauty of the scene touched an inner chord of my soul. It made me feel so thankful just to be alive, just to be able to breathe, hear and see the many wonderful things God has given us.

I was also thankful for having such loving, devoted parents, and for another thing entirely different, something so fragile and so precious we are all afraid of breaking it, afraid of letting it slip through our grasp, we prize it so highly. It was peace.

I am thankful we are not at war. War, to the minds of the younger generation, is prancing horses, gallant music, grandly dressed persons, flying flags, and the military tread of feet. But to us older ones, whose minds have accumulated a trifle more gray matter, war is a different thing. To us it is starvation, suffering and death, evil actions, grim sights, and the feeling of hate in our hearts, hate with the desire to kill. That is war.

Our beloved country is neutral. Let us be thankful for that, and also proud that we have for our President such a God-fearing, peace-loving man as Woodrow Wilson. If any of you have not read his peace declaration, do so. It is the most beautiful one I have ever read, so earnest, so full of genuine feeling for the warring countries, and so sad.

I hope that by this Thanksgiving Day we shall all of us feel we have something extra to thank Him for, and I think there are no other verses that voice our desire better than the four verses of Baker. They are as follows:

"O God of love, oh King of Peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease:
The wrath of sinful man restrain.
Give peace, oh God, give peace again!"

FLORENCE E. LENNON, '17.

THE GUN RUNNER.

Berlin, Oct. 19, 1914.

Dear Bob:

I suppose by the time you receive this you will have seen the action you so much desired, and of which I have had so much. I am in Berlin, with about five thousand other Englishmen, all prisoners of war like myself, and expect to remain here for some time, as the German system of guarding is just about perfect.

After leaving you, two weeks ago, I was transferred from the "Terrible" to one of the gun-running fleet. Four other midshipmen received their transfers at the same time, among them Jim Trelawney. Jim and I were placed on the "Bergen," sailing from Bergen, Norway to Belgium, with high explosives, rifles and machine guns, which that nation needs so much.

Three hours after our arrival in Bergen we were steaming out of the harbor, en route to Belgium.

The "Bergen" was certainly a beautiful ship! She was only about one hundred feet long and twenty of beam, with a speed of about twenty-eight knots. She was built much like a destroyer, long, low and unarmored. Her lines were somewhat similar to your Uncle Henry's steam yacht in the Thames.

We steamed along for three days at the terrific pace of twenty-seven knots, not sighting any of the much-feared German battleships. My work kept me on the bridge pretty constantly, so I had a good view of the events which I am about to relate.

On the third night we struck a squall, somewhere off Denmark, and the "Bergen" pitched and rolled far more than the old "Terrible" ever did. About nine o'clock, as I was going below, I saw a light far off to port. Of course, I started for the bridge to report it, and when half-way up the ladder, the whole ship was suddenly illuminated with a brilliant white glare.

Then I knew that we were spotted, and whatever ship it was had us at their mercy, for under the glare of the searchlight they could blow us out of water in no time.

When I reached the bridge the captain was shouting lurid words into the tube to the engine-room. I heard the gong clang twice down below, and then the "Bergen" seemed to jump ahead at a good thirty knots, which in that sea would soon rack her to pieces.

The searchlight still followed us, and after a minute we heard the expected report and splash of a shell somewhere off in the darkness to starboard. The German fired twice more, and then, with her searchlight playing on us, took up the chase.

For four hours the "Bergen" tore through that heavy sea, with her deck awash most of the time. But shortly after midnight she dipped her bows a

little too deep, elevated her stern too much, and the propellors raced. That settled us, for the port shaft very inconsiderately snapped, and there we lay drifting side on to the big waves, with that Dutchman three miles away.

The captain, after determining whether the shaft could be fixed, vanished with the two officers into the hold where the explosives were packed. After twenty minutes or so they came up to the bridge, trailing two wires behind them, which they connected to a battery and coil from the wireless house.

Twenty minutes later our pursuer passed about two hundred yards to leeward, with two searchlights on us. The captain said nothing, but picked up the coil. Then he ordered me to go down to the stern, with a life-belt on.

I left him sitting there, his eyes on the passing ship, and ran to the stern. The Dutchman was turning to circle us again, and the waves were slowly sweeping us toward her. Finally, when she was about one hundred yards away, I heard a yell from the bridge, and some sixth sense of danger made me dive over the rail without stopping to investigate.

As I struck the water there was a terrific crash, and the next thing I knew I was on my back on the after deck of the warship.

When I recovered sufficiently to walk I was sent to Berlin, where I am at present. I was told that almost nothing was left of the "Bergen," which I do not doubt, as we carried several tons of Ballistite, that new and powerful explosive.

While aboard the warship I struck up quite a friendship with a German midshipman, who was in charge of the boat that picked me up. He told me that when taken from the water I was unconscious, probably stunned by the explosion. Even now, two weeks after, my ears ring and I become dizzy, several times each day.

Jim Trelawney was on duty in the engine room, and probably had no chance for his life.

I am sending this letter through one of the guards, a queer chap who used to run a little shop in London, but got out last August. He is one of the over-aged, but enthusiastic Germans, too old for active service, but good enough for guarding lines of communications and prisons.

Do not fail to communicate with my family, as this letter will be my last. Tell them I saw my brother Jack three weeks ago, with his regiment.

Hoping you have the opportunity of turning the "Terrible's" thirteens on the Dutchmen in the near future.

Yours,

DICK.

P. S.—Regards to Joe Dawes, on the "Invincible," if you should see him.

W. L. BAILEY, '15.

BILLY'S ESCAPADE.

Had anyone told the dignified Ezekiel Barker, farmer, that he would be seen "doing a Marathon" over his prized corn field on the afternoon of a certain day in July, he would be astonished, to say the least. But that is just what happened, and this is how it came about.

The long droughts of the early summer had so decreased the value of Farmer Barker's farm that the only dependable crop left was that of corn. On this he had placed all his hopes, to carry him through the season. For when the corn was ripe, the value of the field would be more than sufficient to pay off his debts.

Therefore, imagine, if you can, the expression on Farmer Barker's face as, on passing the corn field on the afternoon mentioned, he saw the tasselled tops of the near ripe corn waving frantically to and fro. His first thought was of an earthquake, but as he caught a glimpse of a huge red-brown shape moving through the stalks, he knew at once what had happened. A picture of events flashed through his mind; a half-fastened cowpen, the call of the open, a dash for liberty ending in the corn field, and here was Billy, his full-blooded bull, firmly rooted in his field.

He knew that it would be impossible

to coax him from the field, and also that it was absolutely necessary to get him out. A hurried run to the farmhouse, and he was back, bearing aloft a tall pole, with which he meant to dislodge the bull. Advancing cautiously into the field, toward the bull, with the pole for protection against an onward rush, he neared him slowly, intending to drive him into an empty pasture near by. Farmer Barker prodded him, this taking no effect, then more viciously, this time tearing the skin of the bull with a nail in the end of the pole. Almost instantly a change came over Billy. From a peaceful domestic animal, he was suddenly converted into a roaring, stamping, wild creature, with fire in his eyes. The farmer was so startled by this transformation that he let the pole slip from his fingers. Then the trouble started.

With the bull following, Farmer Barker made a dash for the fence on the opposite side of the field. But before he could climb up on it the bull was right behind him, so he turned and kept running around the field. So the mad chase kept on, a terrified, gasping old man, closely followed by an infuriated bull. Before long they had zig-zagged, cross-cutted and stamped over half the valuable field.

In the meantime, a large automobile, bearing some of the members of the Kalos Film Company, was passing through the village near by. They were looking out, as they rode, for material for rural moving picture comedies. Their route lay past Farmer Barker's corn field, and when they saw the bull pursuing the old man, they saw the possibilities of the scene at once. While some of the men went to try to rescue Ezekiel, the moving picture operator set up his camera and proceeded to take the picture, moving his machine at intervals to obtain a better view.

After an exciting time, in which four of the would-be rescuers and the farmer were routed by the bull, they all escaped through a hole in the fence, made by an onlooker, who knocked some pickets from it. The chase ended, Billy was now content to wade through the corn unmolested.

Farmer Barker stood weakly against the fence, gasping for breath, with great beads of perspiration on his forehead. He reached for his handkerchief to mop his brow, and made a discovery. There, hanging about a foot from his hind pocket was a *red* handkerchief. Farmer Barker smiled grimly.

The manager of the film company came to him and told him of the picture taken and what was to be done with it if he consented. It seemed that this scene of the bull chase would fit in nicely with a series of rural scenes which the company were making. The bull was also purchased by the manager, who thought that Billy, after a little training, could take the place of the company's bull, which shortly before had died. The sum named by the purchaser for the use of the film and Billy was such as to make Farmer Barker's hopes rise again, for it covered the loss of the damaged field and a deal more beside.

With a rope lariat (for all were still afraid to approach him), Billy was captured, and later disposed of in a securely locked pen in the barn. After arrangements for the removal of Billy were made, the company departed, leaving a dazed farmer standing as if carved in stone.

As he stood looking at the money, and realizing that he could cover his expenses by a wide margin, he suddenly chuckled, as a thought came to his mind. This was the thought: Who ever would think to go to coax a bull with a red flag hanging from his hind pocket? And as if in answer to this thought, a roar, sounding not unlike a human laugh, was heard from the barn, which lodged Billy.

MARGARET J. MELLY, '15.

THE OPENING DAY OF THE CAPE COD CANAL.

On Wednesday, July 29, 1914, hundreds of people, including myself, helped to make history at the opening of the Cape Cod Canal.

The canal was first considered by Miles Standish, while exploring the coast of Massachusetts. He thought by means of this canal the trade between the Pilgrims and the Dutch, in what is now New York, could be increased. His idea proved a failure. The same project was taken up by many others, but they also failed to carry it out. Finally, in 1907, a company was formed, financed by August Belmont, to undertake the task of building the canal. In 1909 Mr. Belmont, with other prominent men, went to Bournedale, where he dug the first shovelful of earth from the canal, declaring that he would never abandon the task until the *last* shovelful of earth was taken from it.

This canal, which is eight miles long and twenty-five feet deep, was a scene of great beauty on the opening day. The Buzzards Bay entrance was barred by a small rope, which, amid the cheering, and the blowing of whistles and horns, was broken as the bow of the steamer "Rose Standish" passed through, cutting the "symbolical barrier." The procession of pennant-strung boats through the canal was led by Mr. Belmont's yacht "Scout." They halted at Sandwich, while the Belmonts and Governor Walsh went ashore to participate in the celebration of the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the town. When the yachts returned to Buzzards Bay, Hon. Seth Low, Mr. Belmont, Governor Walsh and many other eminent men made speeches.

At sunset the "Rose Standish" steamed up the bay to New Bedford, leaving many New York tourists. Shortly after the departure of the "Rose Standish," Mr. Belmont's special train pulled out, and with a parting salute from the whistles on the boats and the guns at Fort Rodman, the glorious day came to a close.

Charlotte Butler, '18.

THE HUNTING EXPEDITION.

"Let's go hunting and catch wild animals."

This was from a small lad, whose chubby hands were holding his brother's air-rifle, which was almost as big as himself.

"Let me shoot the wild animals," came a chorus of voices.

"No, let me," said Rob, who was a little taller than the rest, "I'm most a man. I'll be seven tomorrow.

The other boys regarded him with wonderment in their eyes, and little Will gravely handed Rob the rifle, for age was regarded as an important factor by them.

"Now form a line," ordered he with the rifle, "and follow me."

After walking a short distance he turned abruptly and said, "What are we going to shoot?"

All were thinking, when a voice piped out "Cats."

"No, they're too small," the rest exclaimed.

"We might shoot that cow over there," exclaimed Rob, pointing to a Jersey who was placidly eating grass.

"Come on, 'bout face," and the small urchin quickly made his way over to where the unsuspecting cow stood.

"I'll stand over here and see if you shoot straight," said Will, as he took his place a little to one side of the cow.

Rob took his aim and fired.

All looked to see the cow fall, but to their amazement they heard a series of screams growing louder and louder, and there before them was Will executing a war dance on one leg, while he held on to the other with both hands.

Rob rushed up to him and excitedly asked what the matter was.

"I'm shot, oh I'm shot, I guess I'm dying," panted Will all out of breath by his strenuous exertions.

Then it dawned on Rob that he had shot Will instead of the cow.

"Come on, fellows, and help carry Will home; I shot him," briefly stated Rob to the rest.

After he was home and his fears subsided, Will told the rest of the family the incident of the day.

"I—I guess I won't take the gun again, and then Rob can't shoot me," concluded Will. Viola Allen, '17.

THE PUMPKIN'S PUNISHMENT.

Do you remember long years ago
When pumpkins were red and on trees used to grow?
But that was before the good harvest fairy
Came out of her hut in the woodsy valley,
And punished the pumpkin for being so vain
And for looking at plants lower down with disdain.

It was on a bright October day,
The scarlet pumpkins were scarlet and gay,
And as they kept watch of the plants down below
Said, to the potatoes, a-sneering "Ho, ho!
I'd be ashamed to live down there
On the cold, ugly earth, so dreary and bare.
"Don't you wish that you also were shiny and red,
And lived on a tree instead of a bed?"
Just then, of a sudden, the fairy appeared,
And, as the shame-faced pumpkins, she neared,
They blushed even redder with conscious disgrace,
And every last one tried to hide his long face,
For already the fairy's purpose they'd guessed.
In shades of red and brown she was dressed,
A leafy crown was on her fair head.
She gazed at the pumpkins serenely, and said,
"Those who boast of the beauty they're given
Will never climb any farther towards heaven,
Instead they shall be rooted into the ground,
And in wondrous beauty no longer abound."
With this the pumpkins began to fade
And changed from red to a pale yellow shade,
Their thick stems broke, they fell from the tree,
Their leaves grew large, so they could not see.
So now each pumpkin lies and grieves,
Hidden by immense, outspreading leaves.

Dorothy Bateman, '15.



The A. H. S. A. A. held its first meeting October 2; it was largely attended. A nominating committee was chosen, and the nominees were voted on October 16. The result of the election is as follows: President, Harold Kimball, '14; Vice-President, Donald Ross, '15; Secretary, Pauline Crosby, '16; Treasurer, Mr. Cross. The Directors are: '15, Walter Plaisted; '16, James Donnelly; '17, Walter Nix; Alumni Directors, Hamlyn Robbins, Mansell and Kimball, all '11.

FOOTBALL.

Hand in hand with the opening of school in the fall comes football. This year twenty-four candidates responded to Capt. Caterino's call, and all were present at the first practice, which was held under the supervision of Harry Dadmun, the Tuft's star lineman, who will do the coaching this year. The team, although the lightest in the history of the school, is nevertheless fast and full of fight, and will surely do the school and themselves credit. What they need is the worthy support of the school. Come out and root for them, WIN or LOSE, and good results can be assured.

The season opened October 3 with the formidable Mechanics Art High as our opponents. Although outweighed by their heavy rivals, Arlington put up a stubborn fight, and succeeded in holding them to a 13-0 score. Captain Caterino and Webster Plaisted played first-class football for "Us Boys." Our second opponents were Dedham High, on October 10, and we succeeded in defeating them by a 7—0 score. Ryan made our only touchdown by a clever end run, and Ross kicked the goal. On the following Monday, before a large crowd, Quincy's heavy team proved too much for our boys, and we suffered a 9—0 defeat. However, the boys showed improvement. On the 14th Hyde Park was victorious over our boys on a fluke, the score being 6—0. Black, '15, is the manager.

CROSS-COUNTRY.

Abreast with football comes our victorious sport, cross-country, the sport which has literally showered our school with honors. A call for candidates brought out a large number of promising lads. However, Coach "Doc" McCarthy has a serious problem confronting him, as only two of last year's victorious team are left—Captain Harold Kimball and "Happy" Hatfield. The vacancies left by such men as Goldsmith, Wunderlich and Adams will be hard to fill, but we are in hopes to replace them with the material on hand. The most promising of the new "hill and dale" men are: K. Peabody, L. Collins, W. Robinson (Moy), Young, O'Connor, Hatch and Jardine.

Manager Robinson has arranged the following schedule: October 12, class

meet; October 24, open; October 31, Cornell run (at Ithaca, N. Y.); November 7, Worcester (there); November 13, Mystic Valley (Arlington).

FIELD HOCKEY.

This sport, on its second season, seems to have made a decided hit with the girls, for fully thirty-five candidates answered the first call. Miss True, formerly of Dr. Sargent's School, who introduced this game here last year, has again offered her services, which are welcomed by the girls. Practice is being held at the playground daily, and the team is fast rounding into shape. Miss Helen Hadley, '16, the sensation of last year's team, has been elected captain, while Miss Anna Hooker, '16, has the honor of arranging the games. There are eleven girls in the regular line-up, and their positions are as follows:

Goal, left fullback, left outer, left half, left inner, center half, right inner, right half, right fullback, right outer, center.

The most promising candidates are: Misses Bateman, Bolster, Scully, Davis, Bell, Gleason, Willis, G. Vail, B. Vail, and Coolidge.

TENNIS.

A girls' tennis tournament was held during the week of October 5. Many interesting games were played before large crowds. Miss Josephine Baker, '15, succeeded in defeating Miss MacBride, '16, for the first prize, and consequently carried off the cup.

ALUMNI NOTES

On June 24 the first meeting of the Alumni Association was held at a banquet in the High School Hall. Howard Viets, as chairman of the affair, was toastmaster. Speeches were made by Mr. William E. Wood, a member of the oldest class represented, and by Katherine Eberhardt, from the youngest class, 1914. After these speeches there was a discussion of the constitution, and the following officers were elected:

President, Howard Viets; first vice-president, William E. Wood; second vice-president, Katherine Eberhardt; third vice-president, Horatio Samson; treasurer, Leo Dalton; recording secretary, Phyllis Crosby; corresponding secretary, Walton Sears.

1910.

Walter Kelley, Tufts '14, is in the service of the government as electrical engineer in Buenos Aires.

1911.

Harriet Holt has been elected treasurer of the senior class at Wellesley.

1912.

Rachel Tuttle has been made president of the junior class at Radcliffe.

A memorial to Alice Burt will be found in another part of the paper.

Harry Dadmun has left Tufts, and is now studying at Harvard.

Durant Currier is located on a farm at Enfield, Minnesota.

1913.

Lucile Morse has entered Jackson this year.

George Duncan is at Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Donald Scully and Lewis Cousens have entered Dartmouth.

Doris Devereaux and Mildred Greene are at Smith.

Louise Bateman and Charles Allen have returned for post-graduate work.

1914.

The following members of 1914 have returned for a post-graduate course: Hilda Stewart, Kenneth Young, Lorenz Rimback, Hamlin Robbins, Leon Snow, Elton Mansell, Harold Kimball.

Reginald Squire has entered Harvard this year.

Marion Bushee and Laura Robinson have gone to Radcliffe.

Melvin Breed is at Dartmouth College.

Eda Croasdale and Alma Whelply are studying at Salem Normal School, and Ruth Fowle is at Bridgewater Normal.

William Burke is studying at Boston College.

Jeremiah Crowley entered Cornell this fall.

Louise Hatch has gone to Smith College.

Thomas J. Donnelly, Edward Meade and Frank Olsen are at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Amy Schwamb and Adelaide Stickney entered Wellesley College.

Albert Wunderlich is at the University of Maine.

Katharine Eberhardt is at Jackson College.

John Kelley is studying at Tufts College.

Grace Moir is taking a course at Simmons.

Thornton Cutler has entered Norwich University.

Katharine Livingstone is studying at Mt. Ida, preparatory for Smith.

A. G. R., '15.



ENGLISH CLUB NOTES.

The English Club held its first regular meeting in the Assembly Hall, October 21, 1914. Miss Stewart, '14, opened the meeting with a cordial welcome to all, particularly the new members. She also set forth in clear terms the advantages to be gained by joining the club.

The business taken up was as follows: Proposed change in constitution —to hold meetings once in six weeks instead of four—this to be voted on next meeting; second, the appointment of a secretary.

Kelley, '15, took charge of the program for the afternoon, the subject being "Vacation Current Events."

Horner, '16, opened it with a flute solo, which was enjoyed by all.

Miss Kennedy, '16, read selections from a paper by Mrs. Frankle, who spoke before an audience meeting at the Whittier homestead, so the selections were very interesting.

Pirce, '16, gave an interesting review of the life of Balboa, whose four hundredth anniversary was celebrated this past summer.

Miss Gleason, '16, read selections from "Balboa, Cortes and Pizano," showing the discoveries and character of Balboa.

Miss Bell, '15, gave a brief account of the John Tucke obelisk erected at Portsmouth one hundred and forty years after his death.

Miss Sawyer, '16, gave an account of the Captain John Smith monument also erected at Portsmouth by the Society of Colonial Wars.

Miss Stewart, '14, favored the club by singing "The Day Is Done," the words written by Longfellow.

Through the kindness of Mr. Scully, "Evangeline" slides were shown, while Miss McBride, '16, quoted from the poem.

Miss Fleming, '15, told the principal events in the life of Pope Pius X.

Kelley, '15, recited "Liege," a poem published in the "London Chronicle."

The audience then joined in singing the "Star Spangled Banner," which was written one hundred years ago by Francis Scott Key.

The meeting was then adjourned.

MARGARET A. BELL, Sec.

DEBATING CLUB.

Yes, there *is* a debating club this year, already in working order. If our hopes materialize, it will be a club not only in name, but in results. The attendance at the first meeting, October 8, showed the club almost a feminine society. The representative of the brave sex was so much appreciated that he was unanimously elected president. Leo Kelley makes a splendid leader, but the club has sufficient appreciation for a few more young men.

Come, boys! Let's get down to work. No phase of your high school life will

give such material results as debating. Then, too, think of what you owe the school. Arlington has a splendid record in debating. Keep it up.

At the club's opening gathering it was decided that the best results would be obtained by regular meetings. Debating is not an art to be acquired in an instant. It needs practice. It was voted that a meeting be held on Monday of every week, in which each member would be required to take part. The second meeting was held October 19, and we noticed with pleasure the increased attendance. A great interest was displayed in the various arguments presented, and altogether the club presented a promising appearance. We are working upon one question which we hope to present as a public debate.

You may have ability along this line. You never know till you try. Join the debating club, and be in readiness for the first interscholastic debate.

Two other officers were appointed at the second meeting: Robert Black, '15, secretary; David Crockett, '15, treasurer.

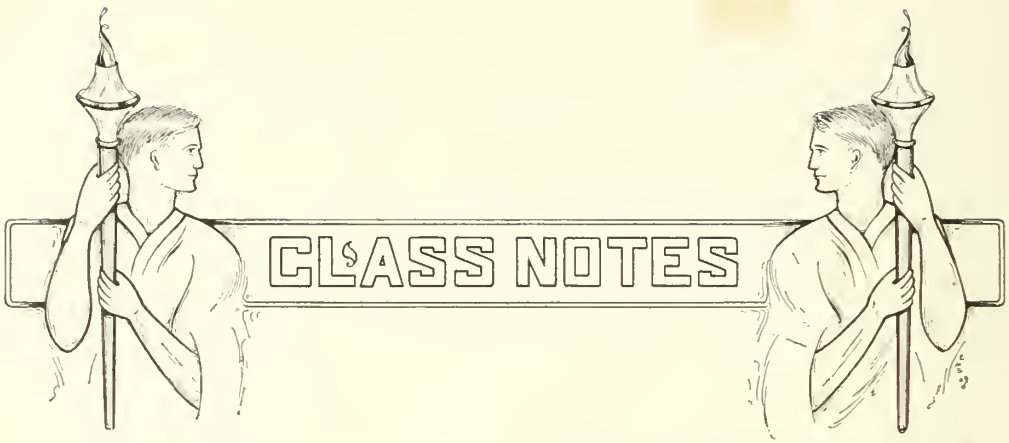
Hilda Stewart, Sec. pro tem.

GERMAN CLUB.

The "Mehr Kunde Verein," the German Club at the high school, will be resumed this year, as before. The club is open to all students who have registered in the German courses. The aim of the club is to allow as little English as possible during the assemblies. Professor Perrin of Boston University has promised to be present at one of the early meetings to speak to the members in German.

FRENCH CLUB.

Nous avons l'intention d'etablir un Cercle Francais pour tous ceux qui veulent bien parler francais ou au moins qui promettrant de tacher de s' exprimer en francais aux reunions du Cercle.



1915.

Latin IV.

Have you heard sad, minor strains issuing from Room 10 of late? No, it's not our funeral song—we're only chanting the Aencid.

Wanted: A liar; also a liarist!

(Don't be alarmed;it's only for accompanying purposes in the above exercise.)

Pupil (translating)—"Venus spoke to Jupiter, saying, 'O you!'"

(Such lack of courtesy and respect towards a superior! Is this worse than remaining seated when spoken to by a teacher?)

Miss B—t—n (translating)—"Looking down upon broad people—" (Was she referring to herself?)

German II.

Miss M—g—r (translating)—"The moon fell through the window on to the floor."

"She dropped her hand overboard."

(These marvellous feats were performed in "Immensee.")

1916.

At a class meeting in the latter part of September a committee for the nominating of club officers for the ensuing year was appointed. After a slight delay the ballots were completed. The results of the voting were as follows: President, Chester Berquist; vice-president, Marguerite Samson; secretary, Katherine Sawyer; treasurer, Hoyt Marsden.

We all extend our congratulations to the above officers, and feel assured that they are the ones needed for their respective positions.

German II.

Miss M. (illustrating the use of "verheiraten," to give in marriage)—"The father gave his daughter in marriage to the man." Quite odd!

We learned in Chemistry III., from K—th R—d, that the first step in the general method for preparing low boiling acids was to distil sulphuric acid. Whereupon Mr. G—ou later remarked: "'O, ye sinners, will ye never learn?'"

English III., B.

"M—g—ie" M—g—e (abruptly)—"'O, ye gods, render me worthy of this noble wife!'"

(This he gave as his *favorite* quotation from "Julius Caesar.")

German II. A.

Miss M.—Explain the use of dann, Miss W.

Miss W.—"Wann is is used—"

Miss M.—"No, dann."

Miss W.—O, dann! (disgustedly.)

German II. A.

Miss M.—"Give me the difference between kennen and konnen."

Bright Pupil—"Kennen is used when you know a person; konnen, when you know a thing."

Miss M. (stoutly)—"That's right. You can't "kann" a person."

Just what did Miss Magner answer when asked by one of her pupils, "Wie alt bist *du?*"

1917.

Our class won the interclass cross-country meet last Monday by a small margin of two points over the juniors.

English.

Miss S. (giving reasons for disliking a book) —"It was too dry."

Evidently Miss S. disapproves of prohibition.

In Biology—"Why do cedar trees frequently grow along fences?"

Bright Biologist—"To prevent people from going over the fences."

In English—"Why do you not like the 'House of Seven Gables' ?"

G.—"Because it's all about people walking from one room to another."

At that rate there is certainly life and activity in the story.

In French—"What kind of an accent is over the "o" in votre?"

Pupil (with a studious expression) —"Oh, a 'v' upside down."

A sudden change has taken place in fifth period beginners, German. Reed hasn't cracked a smile since Miss R—t had him come back one afternoon. I wonder what she said to him.

Some witty person in English II. D remarked: "A rabbit has an anecdote."

For explanation apply to A. K—l—g.

1918.

I wonder what would happen if: H. R. Fell out of his chair; R. S. stopped looking at the ceiling; H. R. learned his English lesson; E. G. smiled and whispered.

Will somebody in 1918 please say something funny once in a while; it would help us considerably in alg. class.

Teacher—"What is the answer now?"

Pupil—"Zero."

Teacher—"No; that's wrong."

Voice from the Rear—"Nothing."

EXCHANGES.

We failed to receive the commencement numbers of several papers which had been sent us previously. We hope we may receive them later.

"The Comet," Milwaukee, is an interesting and novel paper, with some excellent cuts and a long comic department.

We are looking forward to receiving exchanges, the ones we were so fortunate as to have last year, and some new ones besides.

D. B., '15.

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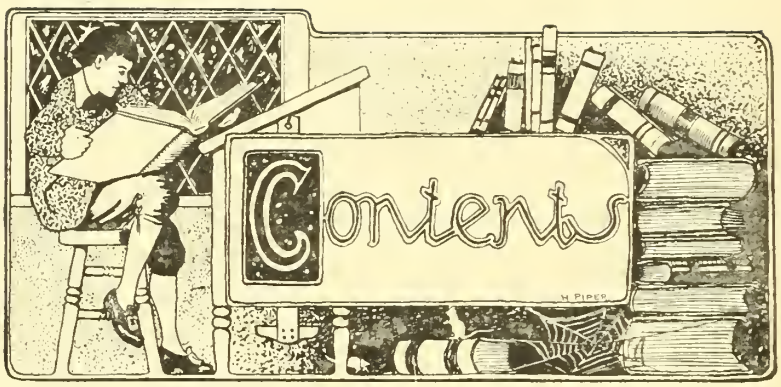
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EDITORIAL

The "Clarion" staff rejoices at this time in extending to all of its readers an earnest and well-meant "Merry Christmas."

The stories in the Literary Department are especially appropriate at this season of the year, because they have the true Christmas spirit. The miscellaneous stories are well worth reading, for they have excellent literary merit.

In the previous issue of the "Clarion" there was a grand catalogue of A. H. S. alumni, who have gone to college or to some other higher institution of learning. The record is an enviable one, and one of which the teachers and school alike may well be proud. In this number of the paper appear those of our alumni who have been graduated from the commercial courses. Many of these are in business, and doing themselves credit, as well as the school which trained them.

It may not be amiss in this Christmas issue to comment on a few of the various activities in the high school appropriate to the time of the year.

One of these is the Christmas meeting of the English Club, an organization, by the way, which has had in its ranks the flower of the alumni. It is expected that this meeting will be held in the evening, and that the alumni members will be invited to attend. From all in-

dications, the meeting will undoubtedly be a memorable one in the history of the club.

A very pleasant practice is that of the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs going from house to house on Christmas eve, singing the old familiar carols. This custom was inaugurated but a short time ago, but the carolling was so enjoyed by both townspeople and singers that it will be repeated this year with renewed interest.

When making your New Year resolutions, remember your duty to your school paper, and resolve to support it as loyally as in the past.

SCHOOL NOTES

On October 13th we welcomed home our victorious cross-country team. Lessons were out of the question for the moment, so the three upper classes were assembled in the hall. Captain Kimball gave a brief account of the race, and there were speeches by Mr. Scully, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Cross and Mr. Gordon. The members of the team were enthusiastically cheered, and the exercises ended with the singing of the school song. That night the pupils assembled "to paint the town red." A parade was formed, and they marched about the town, accompanied by a corps of the Crescent Zonaves.

We are very glad that the Monday morning lectures, which were so much enjoyed last year, have been resumed on November 23. Mr. Scully opened the series with an interesting talk on "Belgium." In conjunction with this, stereopticon views of the country were given. Mr. Scully ended with a plea that each of the high school pupils contribute a small sum as a Thanksgiving offering for the suffering children of Belgium.

On Monday, November 30th, Mr. Tryon gave an illustrated lecture on "One Hundred Years of Peace." It is interesting to know that it is now one hundred years since the United States and Great Britain have been at war with each other. The lecture was much appreciated.

GERTRUDE FLEMING.

LIST OF EVENTS FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

Reserve the Following Dates.

Jan. 6—Hockey, Arlington-Newton, 2.30, Arena.

Jan. 16—Hockey, Arlington-Medford, 2.30, Arena.

Jan. 29 — Hockey, Arlington-Somerville, 2.30, Arena.

Jan. 22—Debate, Arlington-Cambridge, 8.00 P. M., Hall.

Jan. 29—Senior reception to Juniors, 8.00 P. M., Hall.

Feb. 5—Hockey, Arlington-Cambridge Latin, 2.30 P. M., Arena.

Feb. 5—Dramatic Club Play, 8.15 P. M., Hall.

Feb. 12 — Hockey, Arlington-Rindge, 2.30, Arena.

Feb. 19—Hockey, Arlington vs. Melrose, 8.15 P. M., Arena.

Debating Club—Monday of each week at 4.30 P. M.

English Club—First Wednesday in month at 4.30 P. M. (Subject to change.)

Boys' Glee Club—Every Tuesday.
Girls' Glee Club—Every Monday.
Orchestra—Every Thursday.

CHARLES REED.



CY'S CHRISTMAS.

Well, Cyrus, it's gettin' 'long towards Christmas. T'day's th' eighteenth, ain't it? I s'pose mos' of th' folks 'round here'll be havin' family parties. I wonder who'll have the party f'r our relatives this year. Of course, we'll be invited, but I s'pose you wouldn't go. We never go to parties like other folks does. Cyrus, we haven't been sence the year we was married."

"Hey? Christmas? Did y'say Christmas? Cousarn Christmas! What is it, anyhow? Nothing but a whole lot o' squabbling relatives gettin' together an' seein' who can give the bes' presents. Family parties be hanged!" And old Farmer Dutton, muttering angrily, went out of the kitchen. Mrs. Dutton sighed.

"Oh, dear," she said, "if Cyrus wouldn't be so vi'lent! Mebbe if we'd a had children he'd a been different, though. There, I had that little s'prise party all planned out f'r him f'r Christmas. An' Aunt Milly wuz comin' from Boston, an' Hettie an' her baby, an' Julie an' Marthy, an' Uncle John. I s'pose I oughtn't t' hev invited 'em. I'll have to write now an' tell 'em not to come. Oh dear! Oh dear!" She was sadly wiping her eyes on her apron when suddenly she straightened up, and a more determined look came into her face.

"No," said she, "I'm gonna have 'em all. Mebbe it'll do Cy good." For once in her life meek Mrs. Dutton was going to do something that, in all probability, would displease her husband.

* * * * *

When the afternoon before Christmas came, Mrs. Dutton was all of a flutter. Try as she would, she could not help, every now and then, from humming little snatches of song. Fortunately, Cyrus did not notice it. He was too much occupied with his glum thoughts about the weather. A heavy snowstorm had kept him confined in the house all day.

For several days Mrs. Dutton had been baking an unseemly lot of mince pies, squash pies, pumpkin pies, plum puddings, etc., and hustling them away out of sight. Time and time again she just escaped being caught. If Cyrus noticed this, or the unusual amount of cleaning that was being done in the upstairs chambers, he said nothing.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Dutton came into the living room, where Cyrus was sitting, and inquired anxiously if he wasn't going to "dress up a little mite." "Some of the neighbors might drop in," she explained.

But "Let 'em," was all the response she received.

Half an hour later a merry jingle of sleighbells was heard outside, followed a few minutes later by a loud knocking. Mrs. Dutton hurried to the door, and in rushed six snow-covered, but happy people, shouting: "Merry Christmas!" "Howdy, Uncle Cy!" "How's Aunt Sally?" and many such greetings.

"Uncle" Cy just sat and stared, open-mouthed. Finally he gasped:

"What's all this about?"

"Why, it's a surprise party!"

"Didn't you guess?"

"You don't mean to say you didn't find out!"

Hetty's little five-year-old Nan jumped into the arms of the still more surprised old man, and while she was covering him all over with kisses, exclaimed:

"I like you, Uncle Cy! Why don't you ever come to see us?"

While Cyrus was searching around for a reply, Nan jumped up and began trying to pull him out of his chair.

"Come over her and see my mamma," she said, "nd this is Aunt Milly, 'nd this is Cousin Julie, 'nd this is Cousin Martha, 'nd this is Uncle John. Now we all know each other. Come, let's have some fun. Uncle Cy, you—"

"Nan!" exclaimed the horrified Hetty, "you mustn't. Come, we must go upstairs. You haven't even got your coat off yet!" So Nan was carried off upstairs.

At the supper table she insisted on sitting next to Uncle Cy. During the meal she talked to him incessantly, while he listened in amazement. In his secret heart, though, he was delighted. Children were usually afraid of him.

After supper came the hanging of the stockings. Mrs. Dutton brought out eight big ones, and they were pinned in a row along the fireplace. Then Nan was hustled off to bed, but not before she had kissed everyone good night—Uncle Cy included.

Twenty minutes later a childish voice called down the stairway.

"Uncle Cy! Uncle Cy! Come tell me a good night story." To the surprise of everyone, Uncle Cy obediently rose and went upstairs without a murmur.

"Can *he* tell stories?" was in the minds of everyone.

At 6 o'clock Christmas morning, while Uncle Cy was sleeping peacefully, his door was suddenly burst open, and in rushed Nan.

"Merry Christmas, Uncle Cy! Merry Christmas, Aunt Sarah! Here are your stockings. Quick! Let's see what's in 'em. See what I got in mine! Here's an orange, 'nd a tiny, weeny little teddy bear. Isn't he just sweet?"

Uncle Cy slowly pulled himself out of bed, while Nan emptied his stocking and showed him the contents. They proved to be much the same as Nan's, except that instead of a teddy bear there was a pair of kid gloves.

"Those are t' wear t' meetin'," Aunt Sarah explained.

Uncle Cy handled them gingerly.

"I swan, Sary!" he said. "I never seen the likes of 'em. D'y' s'pose they'll fit?"

"Try 'em on an' see."

By Aunt Sarah's help he managed to get them on. They were a perfect fit. He turned them over and over, examining them carefully.

"Ain't y' gonna take 'em off, Cyrus?" Aunt Sarah inquired.

"Wal, mebbe. Kin' o' difficult, though."

During the morning Nan followed Uncle Cy everywhere. When at last he sat down before the fire to smoke, she insisted that he play horse with her. Down on his knees went Uncle Cy, while Nan climbed on his back. A slow creeping was not enough for her, *her* horse must gallop. So gallop he did, as fast as his rheumatic old limbs would let him.

When the turkey was served, at dinner, by chance Nan was given the wishbone, and nothing would do but that Uncle Cy should snap it with her. He got the largest piece. Somebody asked, in fun, what he had wished.

"Wished!" he exclaimed.

"Why, yes, of course. You got the largest piece."

"Wal, I swan! If I'd only known it!"

After dinner Uncle Cy took Nan out to see the stock. She easily made friends with all the horses; even the one that kicked and snapped accepted the apple that she offered him as gently as the others. Even the chickens did not run from her.

The tree was a surprise to all. Everybody wondered how Aunt Sarah managed to smuggle it into the house without Uncle Cy's seeing it. It was trimmed magnificently, too, with tinsel, glass balls, popcorn, etc. Where did

Aunt Sarah get them all, in a country town, was what everybody wondered. But she only smiled mysteriously. Uncle Cy gave out the gifts. The look of surprise that he had on his face at the pile of bundles bearing his name was laughable, but still more so his expression when he saw their contents. There were fur-lined gloves, a fur cap, a new whip, a pair of slippers, and not to mention a note which said: "It's out in the back shed."

Then everybody followed him out to the shed. When he opened the door, a handsome big sheep dog jumped up, and, wagging his tail, looked up inquiringly. Uncle Cy was beside himself with joy. A dog to help him herd the cows, and to accompany him on his trips to town, had been something he had always wished for. Aunt Sarah was the donor of the gift, and how she managed to get a dog into the house and keep him still was another mystery.

As for the other gifts which the other people received, everyone declared that he or she had "got just what they wanted." Nan was running around showing everyone her "great big bootful doll," that "really opened and shut its eyes." It was late that night when everyone retired, weary, but happy.

In the two days that followed, Uncle Cy was Nan's willing slave, but he seemed extremely sorry when she and the other guests departed. When the last one had gone, Aunt Sarah and he sat down before the fire to think it all over. Aunt Sarah waited expectantly for his first words. Had her surprise party for him been a success or not? Presently he spoke.

"Wal, Sary," he said, "Christmas ain't sech a bad day arter all. Why not hev the folks here every year? An', Sary, on the managin' of it all y' done yerself proud."

THE BUGLE CALL.

Faint, yet clear, from out the distance,
Swelling, falling, ever nearer,
Comes the music of a bugle,
    Borne as herald,
    Borne to warn.

Borne on wings of softest zephyrs,
Stirring, thrilling every heart
Into warlike thoughts and actions,
    Comes that music,
    Near and nearer:

Till at last from o'er the hilltop
Winds a serpentine-like train,
Tramping, tramping, ever onward,
    On to battle,
    On to death.

Faces youthful, earnest, waiting,
Faces old, and grim, and sad,
Each advancing sure and steady,
    At the call
    Their nation gives.

Hundreds, thousands, dusty, weary,
Follow horn and muffled drum,
Leaving sorrow in the homestead:
    "On for Country,
    Truth, and Right!"

Far off strains from down the roadway,
Now receding in the distance,
Onward, onward, ever onward,
    All their thought,
    "My native land!"

GRETCHEN KING, 1915.

STILLE NACHT.

"Stille nacht, heilige nacht!
Alles schlaft, einsam wacht.
Nur das traute hoch heilige Paar
Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar
Schlaf' in himmlischer Ruh'
Schlaf' in himmlischer Ruh'

The sweet strains of the Christmas song penetrated through the frosty air and into the City Hospital, where Karl Schaffer, a little German boy about fourteen years old, lay flat on his back, unable to move because of an injury to his spine. On hearing the first note, he listened, listened until he distingnished the familiar words of the song that he had heard so often on Christmas eve in the Fatherland. The tears came to his eyes as he thought of the happy times they had all had together at home before the separation, five years before. As he listened, he could distingnish

above all others a clear tenor voice, which seemed in some way strangely familiar to him. It reminded him of his big brother, Friedrich, who had always been so dear to him in the days at home.

The music stopped, and as Karl lay there dreaming, he heard steps approaching, then voices, hushed and eager. His door opened, and the nurse entered, followed by four or five young men and women, who were part of the group which had sung outside of the hospital, and had brought fruit and Christmas sweets to each of the patients. Karl looked up expectantly as they came under the light, and as the last one crossed the threshold he uttered a cry, and silently stretched out his arms. It was Friedrich, who, with equal surprise, ran to his long lost little brother, and, hardly believing his eyes, put his arms about him, murmuring: "Mein kleiner Karl, mein kleiner Karl." There was no sleep for Karl that night, but the nurse ordered perfect quiet, so Friedrich had to leave him, promising to return early the next morning.

When Karl opened his eyes the next morning, after a slight doze, he found that it was broad daylight, and the first thing he saw was his brother's face, as he stood by the bedside, waiting for him to wake. His eyes then wandered to the other end of the room, where stood the gaily decorated little Christmas tree, the gift of the nurse. With a pleased smile he noticed the little packages on the table by his bed, and silently reached for them. They were merely a few little things Friedrich had brought him, among which was a jackknife, a thing he had longed for ever since he could remember, but had never owned. They pleased him more than the richest presents could have done, and with a happy sigh he reached for his brother's hand.

All day Friedrich had stayed by the bedside, telling of all that had happened since their separation. Their family having been broken up five years before by the death of their father, they had come to America together, thinking they might find some way of earning their living. In the confusion in New York, while looking for work, Friedrich missed his little brother, then only a lad of nine. He hunted for him to the best of his ability, but, as he knew very little English, this had been no easy matter, and at last he was forced to give up hope and find some occupation to keep himself from starving. First of all, he procured an English grammar, and, being a bright boy, he soon learned enough to enable him to talk brokenly, but so he could be understood. Having always been fond of sciences, he at last obtained a position in a chemical laboratory, where he had proved himself invaluable, and had obtained a good salary.

Karl, on the other hand, had struggled along as a bootblack and newsboy, enduring all sorts of hardships, until he had been injured, two months before, by falling from a ladder.

As Karl talked he grew weaker and weaker, and Friedrich, who had been told by the hospital physician that his brother could not live, began to fear that the end was not far off. As night came on, and the nurse came in to light up, Karl said he wanted no light but the candles on the Christmas tree.

Friedrich sat silently by the bed for some time, until at last Karl stretched out his hand to attract his attention. "Sing to me, brother," he said. "Sing, 'Stille Nacht.' " So, sitting there in the dim light, Friedrich began to sing:

"Stille nacht, heilige nacht,
Alles schlaft—

He heard a sound from the bed, and, turning, he saw Karl trying to shape the words, "Lebe wohl!" while as a wandering moonbeam stole in the window, and rested gently on his face, he drew his last breath, and lay there with such a happy, peaceful expression, that his brother could not wish him back, however long and painful the parting might be.

Ruth Crosby, '15.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

'Twas Christmas eve, and the jolly moon
Gazed merrily below
At the twinkling lights of a little town,
Blanketed under the snow.
From the church belfry rang the chimes,
Loud and sweet and clear,
Bringing to Christian men a word
Of happiness and cheer.

To the young, the pealing bells foretell
The joys of the coming day,—
For their portion of bitter sorrow,
As yet, is far away,—
They know not what life holds in store,
Nor what their lot may be;
They only think of the morrow
And the wonderful Christmas tree.

The busy man, hearing the golden bells,
Brushes away a tear,
Remembering the mother who bore him,
And those to whom he was dear.
He recalls the time, so long ago,
Before that mother died,
When he lisped his evening prayer,
While kneeling at her side.

The bells bring word to the aged
That before so very long
They, too, will join the holy band,
In perpetual praise and song;
And they seem to hear the voices
Of friends who have gone before,
Saying, "Fear not, nor tremble,
For we wait on the heavenly shore."

And every one in the little town,
As he listens to the bells,
Is filled with the Christmas spirit,
And his heart with glory swells.
Peace on the earth! Good will to men!
Thus may they ever ring,
Proclaiming loud to all the earth
The birth of Christ, the King.

NORAH JOHNSON, 1916.

ELOISE'S MISTAKE.

Three mischievous schoolgirls had just come out of school, and were ready for some good fun.

"Let's walk along until we see an empty car, and then get on and ride the remainder of the way home, and have our fun on the car," suggested Eloise.

Dorothea and Margret, thinking this a fine idea, started on their way homeward, but did not have to walk far before an empty car came along, and they hopped on, rushed up to the further end of the car and sat down.

"Oh, I do hope," said Dorothea, "there won't be a single passenger from here to the Heights. I just want to talk and laugh and act exactly as I please, without the presence of a critical fourth."

"So do I," said Margret, the youngest of the three.

"It's such fun to have the car all to yourself," she added.

"I'm afraid we will have to let our fun go until another day," exclaimed Dorothea, "for just see that fussy, plain, homely old woman getting on the car. Oh, misery! She will spoil everything."

"And look at that handbag, a century old at the very least," Eloise cried. "Did you ever see such a relic of Noah's ark? And how ridiculously she is dressed! I'm not sure but we can have our fun after all"; and she picked up one of her school books and began to read in a low tone: "She was the scrawniest, weirdest looking object, with a wart on the bridge of her nose, and a crinkle-crankle bonnet of an uncertain age, like its owner. All she needed was a broomstick and a black cat to make a good witch."

"Why, here's Park Avenue," said Dorothea. "Oh, Eloise, come over to the house for a few minutes. I want you to show me how to do that algebra."

"But mother expects company, and—"

"Oh, bother! I tell you it won't take five minutes for you to show me." And they tripped away in high spirits.

"Come over to the house soon," said Eloise to Dorothea, after she had helped her with her algebra. "I want you to meet mother's aunt, that saved her life by taking her out of a burning house, when the bravest men drew back."

"Has she come, mother?" cried Eloise, flushed and breathless from rapid walking.

"Yes, dear," said her mother, smiling, "but you won't see her till dinner."

At dinner Eloise was introduced to her aunt, whom she had never met before. No wonder she turned pale, and sick at heart, as her mother introduced her. No one but her understood that low, gentle:

"Never mind, my dear," which reached her ears, as the old lady kissed her and pressed her hand.

Eloise had never felt so humiliated, and now that Aunt Clara had cleared away all traces of the dust and fatigue of the journey, she saw how noble and sweet her face was.

Eloise has never failed since to treat old age with respect, no matter whether she meets it clad in silks or rags.

MARION ROOP, '15.

ROSALIND'S LESSON.

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as a gentle rain from heaven,"
"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as a gentle rain from heaven,"
"The quality—"

"Well, Rosalind, what is that which you have been repeating these last fifteen minutes?" interrupted Mrs. Brown, looking up from her sewing.

"Oh, you might know, mother—the same old story. It is a passage from Shakespeare that we have to memorize for tomorrow. I don't see what good it is to learn them, for we remember it one day, and then forget it the next."

"But, dear, do you think that the teacher would ask you to learn them if they were of no use at all?"

"Oh, I suppose they are of some value, but I fail to see what," she exclaimed.

Mrs. Brown wisely did not make any reply to this last remark, but, giving Rosalind a smile, she continued with her sewing. She did not cease, however, to think about this subject. It was a common case with Rosalind to complain when given a memory passage to learn. Mother was well aware of this fact, and was now deeply thinking of what she could do to make Rosalind comprehend the value of learning memory passages. She pondered over it for a long time, then all at once her face brightened, as a new idea entered her mind. What that idea was we shall hear later.

In the meanwhile, Rosalind was busy repeating this famous passage. At last, at the end of ten minutes, she slammed the book down and said: "There, I have spent half an hour of my precious time on this, while I might have been out playing field hockey. Nevertheless, I am very glad that I got through with it, but most likely we'll have another one for the next day." Indeed, Rosalind's prophecy proved true, for when she went to her English class the next day the teacher said: "Yes, pupils, I have decided to give you a memory passage to learn each day. It is a fine practice, I am sure."

Poor Rosalind was beyond the power of speech. Detestable memory passages to learn *every* day! Did she really mean it? Why, how unjust that was.

When our heroine arrived home that afternoon, her mother was really frightened by the look on her face. "Why, dear child, what is the matter? You look so unnatural. You are not suffering from one of your terrible headaches again, are you?" she inquired.

"No," began Rosalind sullenly, "but mother, you can't guess what happened today. Our English teacher calmly announced that we are to have *memory* passages each day."

At the mere thought of this she again became so vexed that tears began to flow slowly down her cheeks.

"Dear! Dear! This will never do. Come, eat your dinner, and then probably you'll feel better."

Indeed, the dishes on the table were so tempting that Rosalind sat down at the table and quietly ate her dinner. After she finished eating, she went into the next room and began to prepare her lessons for the next day. She left the memory passage for the last, and when she did take her "Merchant of Venice," to learn the assigned passage, such a

frown could be seen on her countenance as was not at all becoming to her pretty, youthful face. Her mother looked at her cheerfully, but said nothing. The days that followed were indeed very unpleasant for Rosalind.

One Saturday afternoon Mrs. Brown called her daughter into her room and said: "Good afternoon, dear. I have decided to take you to the theatre today to see 'The Merchant of Venice,' so run along and get ready as soon as possible, for the play commences early."

Rosalind was overjoyed with the news. She hurriedly dressed herself, and promptly at 2 o'clock they started for the theatre. Mrs. Brown had obtained two good seats for the play, so when they arrived at the theatre, and were ushered to their places, Rosalind remarked that they would be able to see all the performance very well.

The first actor who appeared on the stage was Antonio. When he began with, "I know not why I am so sad," Rosalind found herself repeating the words together with Antonio; in fact, she unconsciously repeated the words in the passages that were so familiar to her. "Why, mother," she would whisper now and then, "how familiar those passages are?" Again Mrs. Brown's only answer would be given in a meaning smile.

It was a happy girl that came out of the theatre that afternoon. "Oh, mother, what a delightful time I've had, and how I enjoyed it all, especially those passages that I knew," she exclaimed again and again.

"Yes, my dear; and now you realize that it is not for—"

"O Motherdy," interrupted Rosalind, "is it possible that you purposely brought me to see this play, so that I should see the value of learning those memory passages?" As mother nodded, she went on, saying: "Well, you are the best and wisest mother a girl can have. I'll do no more fussing over memory passages. I see now of how much value they are."

Rosalind kept her promise, and the next time that she was obliged to learn a memory passage she did it willingly, while mother again looked on, but this time with a good deal of joy, for her plan had worked out so successfully.

Rose Waxton, '16.

MISS DECEMBER.

Blithely tripping, laughing, skipping,
O'er the frozen lea;
Crispy, crusty, snappy, frosty,
Flittering gloriously;
Up the hill and down the dale,
Shouting her joyous Christmas tale,
Comes the glad December.
Singing down the chimney clear,
Rings her gladsome voice so dear,
Banishing our tears.
Always 'tis the self-same strain,
Peace on earth, good will shall reign
Among fellow-men.
Miss December, shout it bolder,
Ring it from the housetops over
Faithful vale and glen;
Till the hearts of all are swelling,
Peace and love and friendship welling,
Woudrous happiness.

H. Donnelly, '16.

OUR CLARION THEME.

We're just home from our vacation,
(And we had a "corking" time),
And our English teacher tells us,
"Write a story or a rhyme."

It always makes us cross to think
We've got to write a story;
It's just like pulling a steamship
With father's little dory.

We think among ourselves and say,
"Why not write a rhyme?
It isn't very easy, but
It doesn't take much time."

So we borrow yellow paper
From the fellow just ahead,
And place it on the desk just so,
Then scratch it with some lead.

If you come around again,
You'll see some poor results,
But we pass it to the "Clarion" Board,
Who are supposed adults.

They'll look it over carefully,
"*Perhaps* he's got a head:
But writing poetry for a living
Will ne'er earn his daily bread."

WALTER CHAMBERLAIN, '17.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLLY.

Did you know there was a time when the holly berries were white? In an English legend the story of how they became red is told.

At that time England was divided into many petty kingdoms, which were ruled by kings with absolute power. The most powerful of all these kings was Moran, who ruled his subjects in a most kind way; therefore, they never revolted.

King Moran had a beautiful daughter, Elaine, whose rosy complexion, flaxen hair and sparkling eyes were the admiration of all the princes of the surrounding country. But Elaine had always boasted of her love for her father and country. Her chief occupation was in her flower garden, which she cared for daily. The favorite of all plants, to her, was the holly, which was then white, and grew in abundance in the garden. Elaine had often said to her father: "If, whenever you see a spray of holly, think of me."

The other rulers of England were in an uprising for more power. They knew that it would be impossible to overthrow Moran, for he was impregnable. They all agreed that some other method must be adopted. After many months' hesitation, it was decided that to kidnap his daughter would be an excellent plan. The party was composed of some of the nobility and servants.

A short journey brought them into the kingdom of Moran, where the royal palace was located. On arriving at the castle wall, which surrounded the beautiful garden, they peered over, and could see Elaine tending her flowers. Quietly they climbed over to the other side. Creeping nearer and nearer, they were at her side. Like a flash they muffled her voice, and tied her arms, and were off with her. But just before they captured her, Elaine's instinct told her there was danger, and she grabbed a spray of holly as she went. Over the wall and to the horses she was carried. With speed they made away, and were soon enveloped in the near-by forest. There they stopped and wrote a message asking Moran for a ransom. Before the messenger departed, Elaine requested that the spray of holly should be sent with it. This was granted, and off he went.

The castle was soon reached, and the message delivered to King Moran. With anxious look, he grasped the spray of holly, tucked it in his belt, and read the note.

He knew he must act quickly, so he dismissed the messenger and set out with a force to overtake the kidnappers. This was soon accomplished, and a hot battle ensued. During this skirmish Moran was severely wounded, but still he kept on fighting. The force was soon routed, and off they sped, forgetting Elaine.

With a leap, Elaine was at her father's side, but it was too late. The blood had flowed freely from his wound, and with a few parting words he died. The holly which was tucked in his belt was stained red with blood and fell to the ground in the combat.

Ever since holly berries have been red.

DOROTHY WARREN, '17.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was a bright, starry Christmas eve in a little village in England. Snow had fallen all day, and the roofs of the houses were covered with a soft, white blanket, which gleamed and sparkled in the moonlight. The bright light of lamps glowed through the windows of the houses, and one could see the merry preparations going on within. Only one house was dark on this Christmas eve, and the people within were sad and gloomy, for on the next day they were going away from this comfortable home to a distant and unknown land, far across the sea.

It was a year later, and again Christmas eve, but this time the moon was shining and the stars were sparkling over a happy, contented little settlement, in the new world. The English family which a year ago was so sad now was full of gladness and happiness.

An Indian looking in through the window of their roughly built cabin saw a scene which filled him with amazement. A small, straight fir tree stood in a tub of earth in the centre of the room. It was being gaily decorated with red and white berries, which shone brightly in the light of tiny home-made candles which were also fastened on the tree. After satisfying his curiosity, the Indian, Reindeer, glided away, but in a short time was back with a few companions. His tribesmen shared his amazement and looked on, fascinated. Soon they all stole quietly away into the forest.

When they reached their wigwams a council was called, and the Indians decided that people who loved their forest trees, as the white people seemed to do must be their friends, so any thoughts of attacking were given up.

That night the English settlement slept peacefully. They did not know that they had been saved from death by the simple custom of decorating the fir tree.

Josephine Maguire, English E.

ANGEL WORKERS.

One very hot day in July, many years ago, we were driving over an uninteresting, dusty road, my dear father and I. I was feeling very tired and wishing for home when, just as we were passing a desolate looking farm-house, my father said: "This is the house where the angels came in the night and cut the old man's hay."

Immediately I became interested, for I always delighted in my father's stories, knowing them often to be true, but this sounded very strange.

"Tell me," I cried, "did they really?"

"Well," he replied, "the old man said so. He was very feeble and old, and his children had all left him, with only this poor little place to support himself and his aged wife. That meadow you see just back of the house was his pride, as well as his chief means of support; for the hay cut from it each year, when sold, bought the few necessaries they needed in those days; for it happened when I was young, and people were contented then with far less than they are now."

"But, father, dear," I urged again in my eagerness for the story, "do tell me about the angels."

"Well," he said, "one evening in July, the old man's wife called him several times to supper before he came, and then she noticed that when he did come he scarcely tasted the food."

"Why, Jason," she said, "what ails you that you cannot eat your supper? Is there any bad news?"

"Bad enough," he muttered.

"There's the grass on that 'medder lot' ripe and ready to be mowed, and I have just been trying again, but cannot cut a single swath on account of the rheumatism in my back. For forty years that lot has been the first mowed in 'Homer' soon the grass will be spoiled. Oh, dear, how hard it is to be lame."

"Well, well," she replied, "you must trust in the Lord, Jason. You know it is written—"

"Yes, yes," he said bitterly, "I know what you will say. It is all very well to talk, but when I can't cut that grass, and ain't got money to hire a man to cut it, where are we going to get our flour and tea for next winter?"

"He will give his angels charge concerning you," she murmured, half to herself, for she saw that the old man was in no mood for reasoning.

"Tut, tut!" he cried angrily. "You don't suppose He will send His angels down to cut the grass, do you?"

"With Him all things are possible," she said, with a sad heart, for she, too was anxious.

There was a bright, full moon, and as a party of young men was passing late in the evening on the way home from a

"haying frolic," one of them exclaimed: "Why, boys, there is 'Uncle Jason's' standing yet. What can be the reason for that? The grass of that meadow is usually ahead of any in the country."

"Oh," replied one, "the old man is very lame this summer. I saw him trying his scythe this morning as I passed, but he couldn't handle it as he used to."

"I tell you what we might do, boys," said the first speaker. "Just turn into the meadow and mow it down while he's asleep."

Some were tired, and wanted to get home; but when the speaker shamed those who objected, and urged on those who were willing, they were soon all in the spirit of it."

Silently they cut the grass. At last, tired out, but strengthened in the way that good deeds always strengthen the doers, they went home. The next morning the old man startled his wife by a call to come to the door.

"What is it, Jason?" she inquired. "Do tell me."

"Tell you?" he said. "Just come and see. Why, the Lord has sent His angels to cut the grass."

"Thank God!" was her fervent reply.

"Have I ever seen any of the men? Who did it, father?"

"It was a long time ago, my child, but you may have seen one or two."

Then I knew by the look in his dark eyes that he was one of the "Angel Workers."

MARGUERITE KENNEY, '18.

HONORABLE MENTION LIST.

1915.

The Breslan's First Combat, George Greenleaf

Removing a Fifty-Foot Windmill, Harold Peterson

The Christmas Waifs.....Alice Read

1916.

A Christmas Song.....Dorothy Allen

Muhamba's First Christmas, Chester Berquist

A Cheerful Giver...Katherine Holway

The Deficiency Slip.....Marion Peirce

Bobby's Christmas Present, Katherine Sawyer

1917

The Adventures of a Christmas Gift, Julia Currier

Christmas Here and Abroad, Grace Donahue

Billy's Christmas Present..George Down

His Christmas Song..Gertrude Vianno

1918

The House of a Very Neat Housekeeper .....Ellen Currie

The Toy-Counter Santa, Frances Eriksen

The Hockey Game.....Edward Keefe

The Bells of Joy..William E. Severance



Since the last issue of the "Clarion" our teams have participated in a large number of athletic contests.

FOOTBALL.

On Nov. 11 our rivals from Lexington, supported by a large number of followers, invaded our athletic field to renew football hostilities, confident of repeating last year's victory. However, they were given the surprise of the season when our boys, full of determination, succeeded in vanquishing their haughty opponents to the tune of 8—0. Our boys were "in the game from start to finish, and swept their opponents off their feet. Arlington's first score came when Currier, the Lexington fullback, was tackled behind his own goal line. From this time on Lexington was beaten, the Arlington backfield literally tearing their line to pieces, and making a touch down, after advancing the ball 80 yards on straight line plunging. Caterino made the touchdown, but Ross failed to kick the goal.

On Saturday, Nov. 14, the football team, consisting of eighteen members were the guests of the Harvard foot ball management at the Harvard-Brown game, Cambridge. All were much pleased at the invitation, and were well satisfied by the contest.

On the following Wednesday the team visited Newton, and here played one of the best games of the schedule although the final score may not indicate it. Newton has one of the best school boy teams in the State, and is a contestant for the interscholastic football title. She placed her best team on the field at the start. For nearly three periods our boys battled their much heavier opponents to a scoreless tie, when a change in luck, coupled with a few miscues, enabled Newton to romp away with a 22—0 victory. The game was surely a glorious defeat for us.

Monday, November 23, we played our annual game at Winchester, and defeated the high school in an exciting contest, 6—0. Reycroft, the crack halfback of our team, played an excellent game, and gave us the only score of the game. Arlington was given a scare during the last few minutes of play, when the Winchester halfback ran the kickoff back 68 yards to our own three-yard line. Here Arlington made a great stand and stopped their opponents without gain, recovering the ball on downs at the sound of the final whistle.

Thanksgiving Day brought to a close our football schedule with the game at Melrose. A fairly large crowd of loyal Arlington rooters accompanied the team on the trip. We were, however, beaten by our rivals, 21—0, in a contest played on a slippery field. The game lacked excitement, but was played in snappy style, considering the poor condition of the field. G. Davis played well for Arlington, his 95-yard run on the recovery of a fumble featuring the game. All told, the season was very successful, considering material on hand, and the very difficult schedule.

The season's totals are: Games played, 10; won, 3; lost, 6; tied, 1.

CROSS-COUNTRY.

Hail to the victors, winners of the much coveted honors, the United States interscholastic cross-country run, held at Ithaca, N. Y., Oct. 31. For the second time in as many years the boys from home," have brought back with them the Cornell trophies. Starting the race with but two veterans of the winning team of last year, our boys battled their way to the front in a field of 115 competitors, their nearest rival being Buffalo High, which finished second by the score of 65—81. On their arrival in the "home town," Monday, November 2, a wild demonstration greeted them. Cotting Hall rocked as it never has before with the cheers, songs and greetings of the student body. A parade in the evening through the principal streets of the town ended the festivities, and peace again reigned in the quiet little town. One more victory means that our high school will hold the trophies permanently. The team finished in the following order: K. Peabody 8th, Captain H. Kimball 10th, Cameron 12th, L. Collins 16th, Robinson 17th, Mahoney 20th, Hatfield 22nd.

On November 7 the "champs" journeyed to Worcester, Mass., for the New England championship run. Here Arlington met with its first defeat in five years. However, Arlington was undoubtedly handicapped by the absence of their star runner, K. Peabody, who strained a ligament prior to the start of the race. The following Friday found our boys fighting for the honors of the Mystic Valley meet. Eight schools were represented, and at the finish Arlington had the lowest number of points, and thus placed another cup in our cabinet. The first three teams finished as follows: Arlington, Wakefield, Stoneham.

This closed the 1914 season, and we are proud of the record. The boys surely deserve many compliments for their results, which were made possible only by long, tedious work. With the loss of only one of this year's men, our prospects for 1915 are exceedingly bright. Here is hoping they will keep up their excellent work.

FIELD HOCKEY.

The girls accomplished very little on the field this year in this new sport. Lack of proper coaching was very evident in the games which were played, and the team suffered two disastrous defeats at the hands of the Lexington High School girls, giving them no chance for the State championship. What the girls needed was team work and fight; and these two elements, which go to make a winning combination, were sorely lacking. As soon as this is emphasized, better results can be assured. The season closed December 2, with a defeat at Lexington.

ICE HOCKEY.

Fifty candidates responded to the first call, and our prospects for a winning seven are very bright. Ross, '15, is captain and O. Jenkins, manager.

ALUMNI NOTES

Arlington runners are keeping up their good reputation at college as well as high school. In the New England championship race recently, Roger Bell, '12, came in third, while Albert Wunderlich came in sixth of the University of Maine men. In the Maine State championship race Bell came in second, while Wunderlich came in sixth. Arlington may well be proud of her runners.

On Thanksgiving Day the Arlington Alumni played the Winchester Alumni on Manchester Field, Winchester. The score was 23—0 in favor of Winchester.

1912.

Minnie Christenson is now secretary to the purchasing agent of the Boston Woven Hose Co.

1913.

Ruth Coolidge is at Miss Pierce's Shorthand School.

Grace Roop is at Eastern College, Manassas, Virginia.

Daniel Cameron has been elected assistant manager of football at Tufts for the year.

Philip Bower has been made captain of the football team at Worcester Academy for the coming year.

George Lowe, who is to be this year's hockey captain at Exeter, has been elected captain of football for next year.

1914.

Helen Lake has returned for postgraduate work.

May Bowler and Elizabeth Taylor are staying at home this year.

Mildred Partridge is at La Salle School.

Christine Darling is at Miss Pierce's Shorthand School.

Dorothy Murch is playing for dancing school and classes.

Pauline Garmen is at the Birmingham School for Girls in Pennsylvania.

Lois Nightingale is making a further study of the piano and taking vocal lessons.

Lillian Perkins has entered the training school at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital.

Albert Wunderlich has been made vice-president of the Freshmen Debating Club at University of Maine.

Gladys Kimball's engagement to William Draper Swan has been announced.

May Furden is assistant in the commercial department at high school.

Edith McClare is at Acadia College, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

Anna McKay is studying at Bradford Academy, Bradford, Mass.

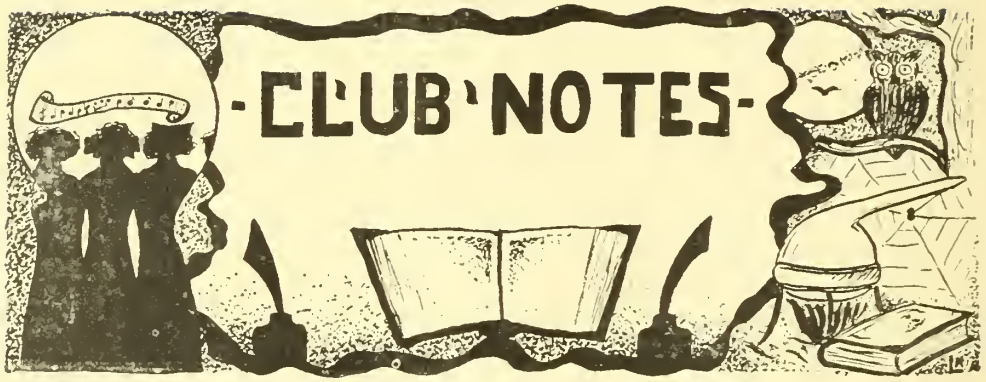
Gaylord Goldsmith is business manager of one of his father's stores in New York.

Ruth Kelley is staying at home but taking a course in Spanish.

Ralph Philpott is working now at McLean & Black's in Boston.

Fred Campbell is at Wentworth Institute in Boston studying carpentry and pattern-making.

A. G. R., '15.



ENGLISH CLUB NOTES.

On November 23 a unique and original program was presented under the leadership of Miss Alice Read, '15, and Miss Helen Bartlett, '15.

The program was an "Old-Time Exhibition Day." In quaint costumes the scholars marched onto the stage, while Dorothy Bateman, '15, played the organ. After the responsive reading from "Proverbs," "Old Hundred" was sung.

An essay on "The Improvement of Time," was read by Annabel Hooker, '16. Louis Berlin, '16, recited "Casabianca" with great eloquence, followed by Miss Heptziliah Randlett, who sang "Sweet Afton." Margaret Melly, '15, Lawrence Pierce, '16, and Warren Henderson, '15, recited a dialogue, "The Petulant Man." A duet, entitled "Sweet and Low," was sung by Dorcas Quimby, '16, and Sabina Currier, 16, and this was followed by an essay on "The Construction of School Houses," written by Sophronia Baker, '16. Miss Molly Magner sang the familiar tune "Ben Bolt." The orator of the afternoon was Leo Alexis Kelley, '15, who delivered "Warren's Address." Gertrude Mehitable Clifford, '15 played a violin solo, "Coming Thro' the Rye." Evelinda Clarissa Bell read an original poem, "When Shall I Answer No," after which the scholars and audience joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne." The meeting was then adjourned.

The large audience present enjoyed the program heartily, especially the solos which the teachers were so kind as to favor us with.

MARGARET A. BELL, Sec.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS.

La deuxieme reunion du cercle francaise a eu vendredi le 9, decembre dans la salle 1 ere a 4 heures, et la reunion a ete commencee par Mlle. Littlefield. La premiere chose qu' on a considere etait l' election des officiers du cercle.

On a choisi les officiers suivants: M. Dallin, president; M. Moir, vice-president; Mlle. G. King, secretaire; M. R. Hardy, tresorier. Alors un comite etait choisi pour choisir une piece francaise a representer cet hiver Mr. Dallin fait un court discours d' acceptance en francais. Le cercle etait diverti par deux fables recitees par le professeur M. Pape et aussi une causierie sur les ecoles francaises.

MLLE GRETCHEN KING,
Secretaire.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

The first meeting of the Girls' Glee Club was held September 29, and the following officers were elected:

President—I. Hilda Stewart.
Vice-President—Dorothy Quimby.
Secretary—Mildred Bolster.
Treasurer—Dorothy Bateman.
Librarian—Mary Hayes.

Pianist—Evelyn Chamberlain.

Miss McIntosh is again our director. The meetings are held every Monday afternoon at 3.30.

As has been our custom for the past two years, the club will go caroling, Christmas eve.

MILDRED BOLSTER, Sec.

THE DEBATING CLUB.

Owing to the pressure of work, Black, '15, the secretary of the club, is unable to perform the duties incumbent on that office. The following short account has been prepared by the president:

The club has for some time been discussing the question of equal suffrage for women in the United States. It has been taken through all the stages necessary for preparing a good debate. On Monday, Dec. 14, four members of the club will debate in public on the question: Resolved, That the suffrage should be granted to women on terms equal with men.

LEO A. KELLEY, Pres.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Dramatic Club held its first meeting, Thursday, Dec. 10, 1914, for the double purpose of discussing the work of the club and electing the officers for the ensuing year, the result being as follows:

President—Charles Reed.

Secretary—Margaret Munch.

Treasurer—Harold Peterson.

After the election of officers the club made a few plans for the play which we hope to present the latter part of January.

MARGARET E. MUNCH, Sec.

A. H. S. ORCHESTRA NOTES.

On November 10, 1914, the first business meeting and rehearsal were held, the following officers being elected for the year 1914-'15: Kenneth Reed, president; Evelyn Chamberlain, librarian; by the unanimous vote of those present Edith MacBride was re-elected secretary and treasurer; Evelyn Chamberlain, Oswald Banks, Lawrence King, executive committee.

It was decided that the rehearsals be held Tuesdays, from quarter past four until quarter past five o'clock.

The orchestra has been sorry to lose a few members, but has been fortunate in securing new players.

It is very gratifying to the members of the orchestra to have the interested assistance of Miss Brock as 'cellist.

The orchestra is composed of the following:

Leader—Miss Alice R. Porter.

First Violins—Oswald Banks, Mabel Callahan, Gertrude Clifford, Edith MacBride, Louis Weiner, Louis Patriquin.

Second Violins—Lawrence Chellis, Albert Surrette, Preston Bandreau, Frank Gallagher, Ralph Walker, Etta Buckley.

Cornets—Howard Ladd, Ben Mooney, Charles Allen.

Horns—Harold Morse, alto; Lawrence King, tenor.

'Cello—Vida McCarthy.

Clarinet—Kenneth Reed.

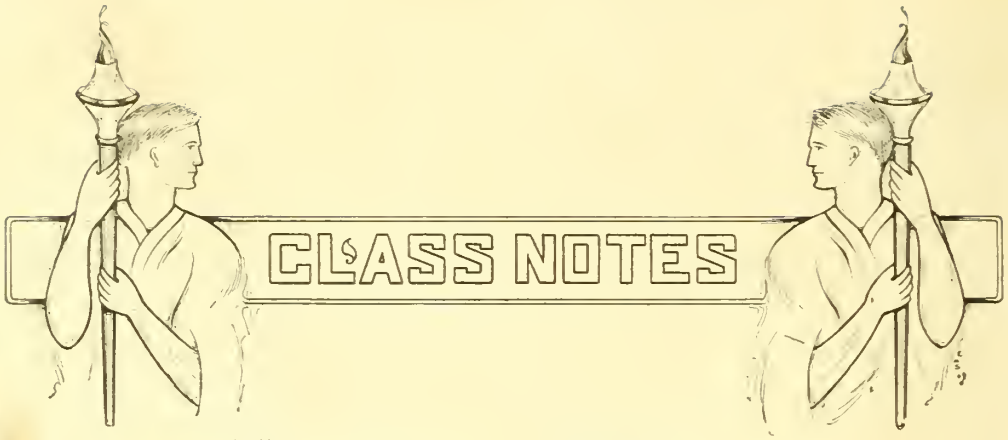
Trombone—Stanley Morton.

Flutes—Ralph Sunergren, Malcolm Johnson, Charles Horner.

Drums—Lawrence Marshall.

Piano—Evelyn Chamberlain.

EDITH MACBRIDE, Sec.



1915.

Class officers:

President—Donald Ross.
Vice-President—David Crockett.
Secretary—Grace Morgan.
Treasurer—James Moir.

Look out for Moir! He'll be after your class dues soon.

Chemistry:

Marshall's logic: "Theres' no such thing as the real thing."

Pupil—"A solution is anything in water."

Mr. G.—"Then if I'm in water, I'm in solution?"

Latin IV.:

Miss B—l (called upon to translate), in the usual sleepy Monday morning attitude, pronounced with solemnity the following words:

"Let us pray—"

We're glad to see that church-going makes such an impression on you. Margaret.

English IV.:

C—s (reading theme to the class with deep feeling)—"His heart sank beneath him."

Topographical touch in the "Comus" class—"The Severn River flew by Ludlow Castle."

Physics IV.:

Mr. G—n—"Now, if the earth should rotate seventeen times faster, the force of gravity would be so great that we would all fly off the earth."

Anxious Pupil—"Yes, but where would we land?"

Mr. G—n—"That would depend on the kind of a life you led."

Commercial Law (Advice from M. C—ss)—"A person has about as much chance of successfully suing a book agent as a snowball has of getting sunburned."

Chemistry IV.:

Mr. G—n—"When hydrogen and oxygen are put together and explosion occurs and water is formed."

Star Pupil—"There must have been a terrible explosion when the ocean came."

Room 4 (prior to Thanksgiving vacation):

Mr. G. (answering 'phone)—"He isn't here today." He then explains to the class that B.'s mother telephoned to the school for him, and he is absent. It surely looks bad for B. when he returns from his vacation.

Passed in the corridor:

"Do you know about Circe?"

"No; what has she done now?"

U. S. History I.:

Mr. C—s—"Please bring your history book to the desk, Miss W—ms."

Miss W—s—"Which one?"

Mr. C—s—"Well, bring up your chart."

Miss W—s—"That I left in my home room."

Mr. C—s—"For pity sakes! Here without a heart?"

Commercial Law:

Mr. Cross calls upon Miss W—d. (After a brief silence)—"Is Miss W—d here?"

Miss W—d (coming to life)—"I don't know."

"THE INTER-PHONE."

Two short rings! how I shudder;
What now have I done?" I say.
I tremble with fright! I smile with delight;
Oh, Joy—no music today.

CAUSED BY A SLIP.

Sing a song of lessons,
Willie came unprepared;
Principal sent a slip home—
Willie was quite scared.
After papa used the whip
Willie felt quite blue.
Now wasn't that a naughty thing
For the principal to do!

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES, '16.

We are glad to welcome to our class the following:

William E. Anderson, from Somerville High School.

Louis Berlin, from Boston English High.

Marion Hopkins, from Boston Girls' High.

Norah Johnson, from Cambridge Latin.

Dorothy Lovewell, from New Concord, Ohio.

Jean Lufkin, from Somerville High.

Esther Smith, from Cambridge High.

Winthrop Townsend, from Boston English High.

Lucy Oestrichire, from Dorchester High.

Alice B. Dickie, from Northfield Seminary.

Ruth Swett, formerly A. H. S. '16, who entered Medford High last Fall, was one of five pupils who were awarded class honors for the first quarter of the school year. The list of honor pupils was published in the Boston Transcript of Nov. 19, 1914.

Heard in French:

Miss L—d "What does the word end in?"

Pupil—"E-z."

Miss L—d—"Yes, I know you think it is *easy*, but it isn't."

The class of 1916 extends its sympathy and best wishes to the two unfortunate members of its class, Miss Davis and Miss Cooledge, who have been ill for several weeks. We hope to welcome them back very soon.

Juniors! Remember that your class assessments are due the first Tuesday in every month!

We are all very grateful to Mr. Scully for suggesting the plan of sending a little contribution to the Belgians, for we shall enjoy our Christmas much more, knowing that we have given a little towards relieving the suffering of those brave people.

Buzz! Buzz! "Hello! Room 3,
Yes—What? Yes—Oh, dear me!
I wonder what the answer ought to be.
Miss D—n to the office now and see
What I said 'Yes' to—Why, how rash of me!"

In French:

Miss L—d asked the class what "goggles" were.

Pupil—"Birdseye views."

QUEER.

"K—g, can't you keep still?"

K—g (demurely)—"A cuff button."

A CLASS SUGGESTION.

Much has been said about the Seniors giving us a social. Why not get ahead of them, and give *ours* first?

RATHER CARELESS.

Miss R—d—"Please throw up the window and drop the transom."

A GENUINE OCCURRENCE.

Teacher—Name three *insects* which are of benefit to man."

Pupil—"Horse, dog and cat."

Juniors! Are you aware that a Greek class has been started? Although the membership is small, everyone in the class finds the two hours a week devoted to this study the shortest hours of all. More pupils are wanted.

1917.

The results of the Sophomore class meetings were as follows: President, Nelson Jost; Vice-President, Walter Nix; Secretary, Dorothy Jordan; Treasurer, Elmer Lowe.

Mr. C.—"Bah Jove, I've got a cold."

Mr. P.—"How did you get it? Leave off your wrist watch?"

Mr. C.—No, a Newfoundland dog wagged his tail."

Miss B-ll-k (over telephone)—No, she isn't in *my class*." We wonder what she meant.

In Botany:

"Miss H-t-n, can you name another insect?"

Miss H-t-n—"A duck."

We would advise Miss H. to keep right on studying this subject.

Miss F.—"What is the Latin name for policeman?"

Vigorous Volunteer—"Cop!"

Miss R. (Caesar translation)—"It speaks only of baggage and carts Where do the women come in?"

E. D—n—"The women were the baggage."

Very complimentary to the fair sex!

Latin II-B. "Must we learn all these rules by heart?"

Miss R.—"No, I would learn them by memory."

History:

"What did the eight wise men of Greece eat when they sat down to dine?"

Pupil (with confidence)—"Food."

They weren't different from us in that respect, anyway.

In History:

"Why would the United States want to conquer France?"

D.—"So as to control the fashions."

There is no need to state the gender of this pupil.

Miss R.—What are you doing?"

K.—"Nothing."

Miss R—"It seems to keep you pretty busy."

Many people can be busy doing nothing.

In English a girl is described as having auburn eyes. We should like to see her when she is angry.

Miss J.—"If we get honey from the honey bee, of what use is the bumblebee?"

Miss M.—"To sting."

Those who have been stung probably agree with Miss M.

Freshman—A Comedy of Errors.

Sophomore—Much Ado About Nothing.

Junior—As You Like It.

Senior—All's Well That Ends Well.

Mrs. W. (Latin)—"How do you express 'On the middle of the hill?'"

Miss S. (innocently)—"Halfway up."

In English:

Miss B. (in discussing the "Lady of the Lake")—"Why did Fitz-James return after leaving Ellen's Isle?"

Miss B.—"After the deer."

Miss B.—"But not that kind of deer."

Teacher—"What is your mark in penmanship?"

Pupil—"I did not get my paper back.'

Teacher—"Did you pass any in?"

Pupil—"No, sir."

Teacher in History Class—"When was England without a king?"

Bright Pupil—"When Queen Elizabeth ruled."

Teacher—"Who were the Amazons?"
Pupil—They were a band of female women who fought against Hercules."

The stag at eve had drunk his fill of the radiator in Room 10.

Mr. A.—"Who were the most powerful in governing Sparta?"
Miss R. (confidently)—"The Spartans."

I wonder what would happen
If J. M. S. went broke;
I wonder what would happen
If Miss G. should joke;
I wonder what would happen
If Miss M. T. should cry;
And I wonder what would happen
If C. A. P. should try.

Pupil (referring to Douglas in the "Lady of the Lake")—"Couldn't they have changed their names?"
Teacher—"What do you call a person who does that?"
Voice from the Rear (with pretended innocence)—"A minister."

EXCHANGES.

We have received the following papers this term: "The Radiator," "The Megaphone," "The Comet," "The Archon."

"The Radiator," Somerville, Mass.—Some fine class notes! Can't you make your literary department equal them?

"The Megaphone," Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass., is an extremely well written paper, with some excellent alumni notes.

"The Archon," Dummer Academy, Byfield, Mass.—Where is your exchange department? A greater variety of articles would improve your literary department.

Nobody home but Crusoe, and he's going to leave Friday.—Ex.

A small girl had named her teddy bear "Gladly." When asked the reason, she replied: "Well, I went to church last Sunday and heard them talk about 'Gladly, the cross I'd (cross-eyed) bear.'"

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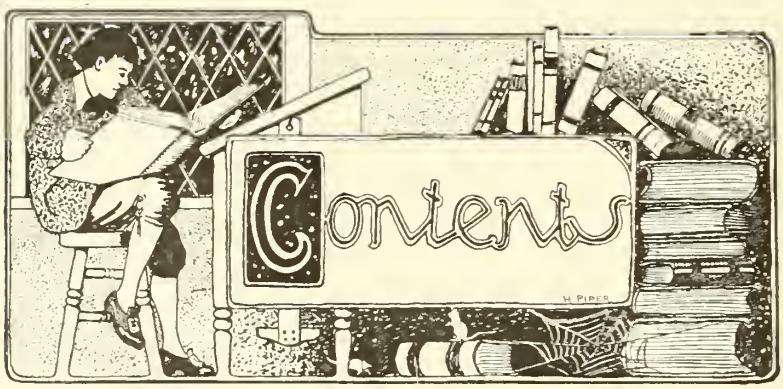
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George I. Cross.....Commercial
Frank V. Gordon.....Sciences
Spencer B. Roland.....Commercial
Sarah J. Bullock.....Mathematics
Evangeline Cheney .....Commercial
Ethel F. Littlefield .....French
Alice R. Porter .....English
Helena G. Robertson.....Latin
Ethel H. Wood .....English and Latin
Mary G. Magner .....German
Lorraine Eaton .....English
Rebeka Wood .....Algebra and English
Jennie B. Allyn .....Mathematics
Lillian A. Randlett.....French and German
Louise E. Flagg .....History
Ida B. Jewett.....Sciences
Gladys Brock .....English
Mary Furdon .....Commercial
Mr. Goodrich .....Mechanical Drawing
Alfred C. Cobb.....Manual Training
Blanche E. Heard.....Music
Fannie E. Fish.....Drawing

EDITORIAL

The "Clarion" staff has suffered a great loss by the parting of Miss Richmond, the backbone and chief advisor of the paper. She has been an unfailing source of inspiration for the students who have contributed material, and an unerring guide for the staff. Our memories of and wishes for her have been portrayed most beautifully in verse by her successor, Miss Porter.

TO MISS RICHMOND.

We miss her, but the friendship still remains:
  Our mutual thoughts are as a rainbow bright,
In brilliant hues, the circling arch contains
  The binding love, esteem, regard, delight
That we have shared her inspiration, felt
  Dauntless devotion, courage, power and force
For all our interests wherein she has dealt;
  Of kindness she has been a springing source.
To her, we all in A. H. S. do send
  Our heartiest wishes for success and all
That happiness may bring to our dear friend.
  Oh, Sisters Three! 'tis now on you we call,
Give her "God speed," her life with blessings crown,
  Our thanks to her no sea of time can drown.

At a recent assembly of the Senior and Junior classes, our principal revealed to us some very astonishing facts concerning the Arlington schools. They are well worth repeating, especially for anyone connected with school work.

Quoting from Mr. Mitchell—"The number of pupils enrolled (in the High School) has increased in six years from 250 to 575, or 130 per cent; the graduating class from 25 to 96, or 284 per cent.; the percentage of pupils entering to remain until graduated, from 34.7 per cent to 80 per cent. During this same time the number of pupils in the grades has increased 36 per cent; the population of the town 25 per cent.

It is clearly evident that there must be a reason for the above figures, and undoubtedly the most logical one is the attraction which school work offers to the boys and girls of the town. This is very noticeable in the High School, where there is a close co-operation between the teachers and students, where the faculty spend many hours of extra work in helping backward pupils, and encouraging the more able ones to do something beyond that which is absolutely required. Are not the results wonderful? Indeed, we A. H. S. students may well be proud of our school, and strive to uphold her ideals to the best of our ability.

SCHOOL NOTES

A very interesting Monday morning lecture was given by John Bisbee, an alumnus of the school. The subject, Labrador, was illustrated with stereopticon views taken by Mr. Bisbee himself.

Because of our splendid success in debating in the past, we wish to be equally successful in the future. We all know there is splendid material in the school, which should have an opportunity to assert itself, especially in the lower classes, which must furnish the debaters of the future. Therefore, a series of interclass debates, Seniors against Juniors, Sophomores against Freshmen, and finally, the winning team of each debate against the other, are to be held in the near future. Everybody, to whom debating appeals in any way, is urged most heartily, to show his, or her, interest.

Friday, February 12, we assembled in the hall to hold fitting exercises in honor of Lincoln. When Commander Stirling and Mr. Parker of Post 36, G. A. R., entered the hall, the school rose in a body to welcome these men who knew Lincoln. After the singing of the "Recessional" by the two upper classes, Commander Stirling entertained us with personal reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln. After the Gettysburg address was recited by David Crockett, 1915, the Seniors and Juniors sang the "Lord is Great." Mr. Parker then spoke very interestingly, developing much sound advice from the subject, "Sand." The exercises were concluded by the singing of "America" by all present.

MARION F. ANDERSON.

LIST OF EVENTS FOR MARCH AND APRIL.

Reserve the Following Dates.

March 5—Arlington vs. Melrose, Arena, 8.15 P. M.

March 12—Dr. Lincoln Wirt. "Alaska," New Town Hall, 8.15 P. M.

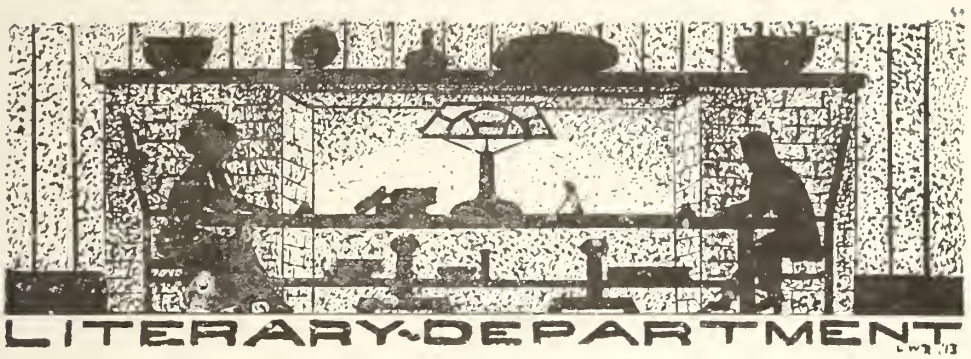
March 19—Debate, Lexington vs. Arlington High School 8.00 P. M.

April 16—Junior Reception, High School Hall, 8.00 P. M.

April 4-10—Vacation.

"Le Voyage de M. Perrichon."

The French Club is preparing the above to be presented the latter part of April.



THE MASTERPIECE.

There was silence in the room, save for the clear ticking of the clock. The student sat by the fireside musing. As he gazed long and earnestly into the glowing coals, his mind was stirred by strange thoughts and fancies.

"Oh for a theme!" he cried. "Give me some sublime subject, such as made Homer, Milton and Shakespeare famous, and I, too, might write a masterpiece."

The firelight's mellow glow died away. He felt the circling shadows falling round him, and was enthralled by a strange sense of fear. The bare, moonlit room seemed fantastic and unreal. A great, writhing mist enveloped him. Shuddering, he lay back, with half-closed eyes. Shadowy forms grew real. With weird, uncanny laughter, they crowded about his chair, tossing their arms in a wild dance. The student's brain grew dizzy with the whirl of them. It was fruitless to follow the mazy rhythm of their movements.

The light flared blue, and familiar characters became recognizable. John Gilpin, hatless and wigless, dashed madly by on a phantom steed. Perseus, with Medusa's serpent-haired head held aloft, hovered tormentingly about poor Pandora, who was filled with curiosity, yet dared not look. Puck, with impish glee, pulled an imaginary stool from under Madame Defarge, who promptly knit his name into the guillotine list. Ariel flitted across, and, alighting upon the student's shoulder, shouted into his ear: "We are the story people. Over yonder are our parents, Genius and Inspiration. To them we owe our origin."

"Ah," said the student, "and who, may I ask, are those dim shades hovering about the God and Goddess? Their beseeching, wistful looks haunt me."

"Those," answered Ariel, "are the characters who have not yet been called into existence. Once we were of their number. They are urging you to be great, for through great masters lies their only hope of being revealed to the world."

Then, glancing apprehensively about, he whispered softly, "Inspiration is yours, once you grasp and hold her fast."

The student turned eagerly to question further, but the spirit was gone. With his eye following Inspiration's every movement, he waited. When at last she passed his chair, he sprang up and caught at her. With a tantalizing laugh, she eluded his grasp and broke into a run. The walls of the room melted before them, and they rushed out into the night. Behind them stalked the grim black figure of Despair.

To the mountains they fled, and the youth fain would have turned back and given up the chase, but Despair followed close upon his heels, urging him on. Forward he pressed in fear and frenzy. At last, crying out in mortal anguish, he seized the goddess, and, gripping fiercely, held her fast.

Then he was aware it was no longer a goddess he held, but a flame of living fire, greedily licking the skin from his

fingers. He held on for his very soul. Then a writhing serpent coiled about his arm, and hissed in his face. His grip did not flinch. A monstrous, savage-eyed cat, with clutching claws, replaced the serpent, but the student dared not let go. A fluttering dove next struggled to be free; and the goddess stood before him. The dark figure of Despair rushed forward and would have slain Inspiration. But the student, in a passion that his prize so hardly won should be snatched from him, grappled with Despair. There was a fierce struggle. The student grasped the giant's throat and bore him back upon the ground, where he slew him with his hands.

Then Inspiration came to him, and he said: "I have followed you to the ends of the earth. Now at last, upon this lofty mountain-top, you must direct me to a theme sublime."

"Follow me," said Inspiration, simply.

She led him back down from the mountain peak, across the plain, through the city, finally pausing upon his own threshold. The student saw himself sitting in his chair, dreaming. The worn look of suffering on the face smote him. The bareness of the place repelled him. He turned upon Inspiration fiercely.

"Why have you brought me here? Where is my noble theme? You have cheated me!" he cried.

"Your own struggles form your theme. That is noblest which lies nearest your own heart," was the reply.

The student awoke with a start, and wrote in feverish haste. The sentences dropped golden from his pen.

It was a simple, natural story, but full of the writer's very soul. "He has suffered, and understands," said the world. The story was welcomed and proclaimed a masterpiece.

Lina Edwards, '17.

MR. JONES' BENEVOLENT EXPEDITION.

On the way home from the office Mr. Theophilus Jones, seated in the corner of a crowded car, was reading the back page of the newspaper held by a man seated opposite.

His eyes roved over the page in an abstracted manner until suddenly they rested on a cartoon representing, or rather attempting to represent, the woes and hardships which, according to novels and "movie" plays, fall to the lot of the poverty-stricken residents of the slums, on cold winter nights.

Mr. Jones was much moved, and at his earliest opportunity purchased a copy of the paper and gazed on the cartoon during the rest of the ride home.

On arriving at his residence he found that his wife had been called away to the bedside of a sick relative and would not return that night.

Mr. Jones ate his supper that evening with a vague feeling of uneasiness which he could not understand. Not until he lighted his after-dinner cigar did he realize that he was being inwardly consumed with sympathy and pity for the poor. For several minutes he smoked and pondered. Finally he rose, laid down his cigar, and remarked in a determined voice to the world in general, "By George, I'll do it!"

Twenty minutes later he was standing on the rear platform of a car bumping its way slowly into the heart of the city.

On arriving at the terminal, Mr. Jones set off at a brisk pace toward the *tenement* district, and after fifteen minutes arrived in a dark street, lined with ramshackle buildings. Most of the windows along the street were in a state of disruption, and through each broken pane floated indescribable odors of stale foods, drying clothes and so forth.

After some moments of indecision, Mr. Jones mounted the shrilly protesting steps of one of the houses and entered the vestibule. He knocked on a door to his left and waited.

The hum of voices from within ceased abruptly, and after a minute the door was flung open by a large, brawny-looking woman, with red hair and a forbidding eye.

"Phwat is ut ye want?" she demanded in a rasping voice.

"I—ah—have come," replied the philanthropist, "to — ah—investigate — " He got no further for the door banged in his face and left him standing in the dark vestibule.

However, great spirits easily surmount such small trifles; so Mr. Jones, mopping his perspiring brow, ascended more rickety stairs and rapped on another door. This time the door was flung open and a wild-appearing man with two weeks' growth and a soiled shirt plunged out. In his hand he clutched a flat-iron, and making threatening gestures at the already retreating Mr. Jones, he bellowed: "I tell ye I won't pay that bill a' if you come around here again I'll—"

But our hero was already on the sidewalk, and hastening up the street.

These rather unusual receptions somewhat dampened his ardor, but being a man of character, he determined to make one more attempt to better at least a few of the unfortunate residents of that quarter of the city.

Remembering his former experiences, he approached the third house warily, and prepared for speedy retreat. He knocked on the door in a hesitating manner, and half-faced about, in order to take a flying start if circumstances made flight necesasry.

The door opened, and a tall, unkempt, negro woman stood before him, demanding: "Whaffo' yo' knock on dat do'?"

In a few words Mr. Jones explained his errand, and was admitted to a large room containing mingled odors, and at least twenty pickaninnies of ages varying from thirteen to fourteen years down to as many weeks. The plaster on the walls was discolored and cracked. A rusty stove stood in the corner, on which were several pots; one of these emitted a strong smell of cabbage, which Mr. Jones detested heartily. Steaming clothes hung in various places, and tended to make the dim lamplight even dimmer.

Mr. Jones seated himself on a rickety chair, minus one leg, and listened gravely to the negro woman's tale of woe, which she unfolded with all the arts of an accomplished liar. He did not notice her signal to one of the older children, who immediately came forward and expressed a desire to sit in his lap. While Mr. Jones did not fancy having an unwashed negro cub reposing on his immaculate business suit, he could not very well refuse, and so he submitted with inward misgivings.

For fifteen minutes he was extremely uncomfortable, but at the end of that time the child slipped from his lap and landed on the floor with a loud crash. Instantly the child commenced to cry in a loud tone, and to roll about as if in the most excruciating agony.

Mr. Jones, attempting to pick up the injured one, was thrust violently aside by the indignant mother, who poured forth upon him a stream of invectives and threats, most of which were delivered in aboriginal African phrases.

The misunderstood philanthropist departed immediately in considerable haste. It was not until he arrived home that he unbuttoned his coat to look at his watch. As he searched his pockets for the seventh time it dawned upon him that the watch was no longer his, and that his benevolent expedition was the blackest of failures.

"By George!" he exclaimed, after a stunned silence of five minutes' duration, "I must have lost it in the subway. I remember now, that two men jostled me at Park Street! What will Maria say?"

In the old *tenement* house the tall negro woman was seated on the rickety chair gazing critically at a large gold watch.

The child who had recently occupied Mr. Jones' lap spoke from the corner of the room. "Mammy," she said, "ain't yo' gwine ter gimme nuthin' fo' liftin' dat watch?"

"Well, Liza Jane," was the reply, "Ah reckon yo' kin have de chain. An' looky heah, chile, does yo' know ah b'lieve dat ef ah hadn't went ter dat revival meetin' t' other night, de Lawd

wouldn't never sent dat li'l fat feller heah wid dis ol' ticker! If dis am de result ob religion ah'm sure gwine heah Billy Sunday when he strike dis yar town!"

W. L. Bailey, '15.

JIMMIE'S FIRST VALENTINE.

As the clock struck seven on the thirteenth of February a small boy of about seven bounded out of the large tenement-house into the filthy street, with a large bundle of papers under his arm.

"Gee, I'm late this mornin'. Joe Tatro'll get ahead of me sure, but if I beat it up near the station why I'll sell some papers."

All day long the young urchin sold his papers, talking and fighting with those of his own class who were trying to sell more than he. That night, when he stopped working, he walked down the alley way where he knew there was a large display of valentines.

"What beauts!" he exclaimed. Then espying his companion, Joe, across the street he shouted: "Joe come here and see these peachy valentines. I wish I could spare a dime, I'd get one for myself, and put it on the table in my room. Gosh! I wish I was rich."

At that moment a tall, slender young lady approached him, having heard what he had been saying.

"Poor child," said she, "he looks as though he might need more than a valentine. I guess I'll ask his name."

Taking hold of his arm she said: "Hello, sonny, isn't it time a little fellow like you were in bed? What are you doing? Admiring those valentines?"

"Yes," courageously spoke the lad, "Me 'n Joe wished we had one. I never held one in my hands."

"Well, little fellow, tomorrow morning you step around to my house on the next street. It's that gray stone one near the postoffice. You come around and I will buy a paper from you."

That night Jimmie slept better than he had since he had eaten his Christmas dinner at the Salvation Army hall.

At the same time as the morning before he came down the street on the gallop, turned the corner, and was out of sight. In a short time he had stopped at the gray stone house and rung the bell. A colored servant answered the door bell and said: "Why, ma honey, come right in. Ah guess Miss Isabel's eatin' her breakfas'." So saying she led him into the library, and went to summon her mistress.

"Oh! what a bea—u—tiful room!" exclaimed the lad. He said no more, for looking up into the doorway he saw his acquaintance of the night before.

"Well, well, aren't you rather early? Have you had your breakfast, dear?"

"Sure, but I ain't very early either. I think I was three minutes late in getting out this morning."

"Well, never mind that. Don't you think you could eat any more now?"

"Sure, I guess I could, but I've got to get down to the corner and sell my papers. I wish I could make ten cents extra today, so's I could get a valentine, though."

"Well, you just wait here a minute," and saying this she left the room, only to return in a few minutes with a large box." Here, you take this home with you, and don't work today. When this box gets empty, you just drop round here again, and I'll see what I can do for you."

Jimmy fairly ran to the garret that he called home. Upon opening the box the first thing that drew his attention was one of the handsome valentines he had been wishing for.

He opened it and placed it on the table. Then so joyous was he that he turned two backward somersaults, and was on his feet to look at the rest in the box. To his surprise it was full of food, such a boy of his age might eat. Below the food was a pretty new suit. On the valentine it had said:

"In life's storms,
If you need an umbrella.
May you uphold it
As a truthful young fellow."

"Gee! I'll just have to call Joe Tatro over here tonight, and we'll have a party. Won't he be pleased when he sees my valentine, though. And those verses; they simply are great, and I'll make her tell me all about 'em the next time I see her, 'cause I really don't quite know what uphold means." With that he sat down on the bed and ate for a while. Then he went to find Joe to bring him back for a feed.

BERTHA RICHARDSON, '17.

THINK IT OUT FOR YOURSELF.

"Thomas Henry, I got a new baby doll, and I'm agoin' to christen her Estelle Victoria Alexandria Marie Antoinette, and I'll let you be her uncle, if you'll give me a bite of your apple."

"Pooh, Mary, why I'm *your* uncle and your father's and my mother's and lots of people's, but don't you tell 'cause it's my secret, and you can't have a bite of my apple, 'cause I want it myself."

"Why, Thomas Henry, you ain't neither no uncle, and you are a stingy boy. What do you mean?"

"Think it out for yourself," was the scornful reply.

"You're a horrid rude boy, and mama told me not to play with you if you were saucy to me. And I'm going right in the house and shut the door, and you can't play with me, and you can't swing in my swing neither; and if you do I'll tell the coachman to get his gun what he keeps in the stable, and he'll shoot you, he will, an'—an'—"

"Aw, say, Mary, today's the Tuesday what ole Dina bakes them nice munchy cookies on. She was awful mean and called me a pestferous boy or sompin' like that, and she wouldn't give me any, but you're so nice an polite I jus' know she'll give you some, an' we can eat 'em in the swing."

Without more ado the two chubby rascals were trotting over to Thomas Henry's domain. While that gentleman hung around the vegetable garden presumably counting the squash, but really keeping an eye on the kitchen door, Mary boldly begged the cookies. She came out with pockets bulging and mouth full. Clutching her baby doll with parental care with one hand, and the cookies in the other, she fled to her own back door, gained it, and locked the screen door just in time to keep out a raging, angry little boy.

"You wicked woman, he screamed, "What do you mean?"

"Think it out for yourself," was the haughty answer. Whereupon the last last cookie disappeared.

GRACE H. MORGAN, '15.

THE BUNCOED BOAT.

It was up to me to get it running again. I was all alone in a twenty five-foot motor-boat which, in the language of sailors, was buncoed. If I had been of mechanical mind it would have been simple enough, but I was not. The nearest I had come to doing anything with the engine was to pass the tools to whomever was working on it. Even then, as I didn't know a monkey wrench from a spark plug, the desired article had to be pointed out to me.

I had a faint recollection of seeing the other fellows turn some checks and then the flywheel for dear life. I didn't know what these checks were, nor had I the faintest idea where they were located. Therefore I turned everything that was turnable. I then turned the wheel over and over without getting a kick out of it. I hadn't any definite idea what a kick was, but figured that when I got one I would know. I had turned this wheel over for a long time without getting what struck me as being a kick, when I stopped to get my breath. Imagine my start when my eyes wandered to the bottom of the boat, and I saw that it was filling rapidly with water. Evidently when I had turned all the checks and opened everything else which was loose enough to be turned with the fingers, I had opened something which let in the water. I began shutting them off, and the one which I left for last as most unlikely to be causing the dam-

age, was the one bringing all the trouble.

I had heard someone speak of following back the wires when in trouble. This could mean but one thing, and that was to start with the wires where they left the engine and follow them back to the batteries. This was simple enough, so I started in, and it didn't take me long to discover that it wasn't so very simple after all. These wires ran under the lockers on one side of the boat, so I had to take all the life preservers, pillows, tools and everything else out in order to follow back the wires. Of course I didn't know how these wires should be, but I thought I could tell if they were out of order. I had reached the batteries before finding anything that struck me as being wrong.

The only thing left to do was to see if the propeller was all right. Therefore I crawled out over the stern of the boat. As I couldn't see anything, I reached down to see if I could locate anything wrong that way. Suddenly I reached too far over, lost my balance, and fell into the water.

and fell into the water. I found myself on the floor still trying to keep myself afloat by hanging on to the bed frame.

K. Young, '14.

BILLY BOY.

It was a cold, dreary day, and Mrs. Hallan could not go out because of a bad cold, so she sat down by the fireplace and started to sew. But somehow she could not keep her mind on her work. At last she gave up the idea of sewing, and allowed her thoughts to wander to her son. She wondered if he were living and happy, and if so, where he was. She sat in this frame of mind until she was aroused by a little cry outside of her door. She opened it, and there stood a little boy about five years old. He was well dressed and from appearance one would judge that he came from a good home. His eyes were very red, showing that he had been crying for some time, and he was holding his hat and gloves in his hand. Mrs. Hallan's mother-love arose in her, as she looked at the pitiful little form.

"What can I do for you, dear?" she asked.

"I—I'm losed," sobbed the little fellow. "I can't—can't find Annie."

"Come in out of the cold, dear, and we'll see what we can do about finding Annie. Who is she, your sister?"

"No, my sister just came last night, and she's only just as big as my teddy bear. Annie's my nurse, and I losed her in the woods, 'cause I don't love her any more for not letting me wear my new hat."

"Well, what is your name, dear?" asked Mrs. Hallan as she led the little boy into the sitting-room by the fire.

"My name? Oh! I'm Billy-boy."

"Yes, dear, but what is your other name? Where do you live?"

"I haven't got any other name," said Billy, "I'm just Billy-boy, and I live with my mama, and I'm hungry."

"Well, I tell you what what we'll do; let's go into the dining room and have a party, and then you may tell me all about your mama and new baby sister. Shall we?"

"Yes, I love ginger cookies what cook makes just for me."

Mrs. Hallan led Billy into the dining room and set him up in a high-chair, which had belonged to her son, whom this little boy so reminded her of, and also bore his name. After Billy-boy had eaten all that he could, Mrs. Hallan said: "Now Billy, you tell me all about your father and mother, and where you were when you lost your nurse."

"Well," began Billy, "I always go to walk with mama, but papa said, 'Now, Billy, mama is sick, and I want you to go to walk with nurse, like a good little boy,' and I'm mad with nurse, 'cause she wouldn't let me wear my new coat, so I just losed her, and I 'spect she'll go to the woods, like the little babes." By this time Billy was gasping for breath.

"And how did you happen to come here, Billy?"

"I was tired and I seen you in the

window, so I just came in," announced Billy, who was now perfectly at ease.

"But can't you tell me your papa's name, dear?"

"Yes, his name is Papa Billy, and mine is Billy-boy, and I've got his picture in my locket. Want to see it; he's awful strong, he can lift me 'way up to the ceiling. Why, there he is over there on your wall!" screamed the child.

Mrs. Hallan turned pale and said: "Let me see your locket, Billy-boy, perhaps we can find your papa after all."

Billy pulled out a locket which Mrs. Hallan had given to her son thirty years ago, when he had left home to seek his fortune. She had never seen nor heard from him since, and it seemed as if God had sent this little boy to her to reveal her son's whereabouts. On one cover of the locket was the picture of Billy's father, and on the other side was the name, address and telephone number. Mrs. Hallan went to the telephone, and was soon talking to Billy, senior, who was by this time very nearly frantic about his son. But this did not lessen the joy of finding his mother, whom he believed to be dead. In this way Billy found a grandma, which he had often asked for, because Johnny Lee had one.

Ruth Sparks.

A REVOLUTIONARY VALENTINE.

The whole household was in a bustle making ready for a basket to go to their brave father. It was in a little New England town, called Menotomy, which played a small part in the war. The family, consisting of a mother, two girls and a grandmother, was struggling to make a living in this critical period when even money could not buy happiness. Just now they were gathering the result of three months' hoarding to send to their father, one of the men to whom we owe our freedom. They were all hot and tired, but the well-filled basket with is corn bread, salt fish and other staple foods, which would keep, was ready to be sent by the next group of volunteers.

The youngest child was very sad because she had nothing to add to the contribution. All day she brooded over this. Toward evening she was drawing water and she happened to think that the day her father would receive the basket would be St. Valentine's Day (the volunteers were to start the next day). She skipped into the house humming merrily, deposited her pail of water and gathered some brown paper, some scissors and a red pencil with which, after two or three efforts, she succeeded in constructing a crude valentine upon which was written: "Don't be sad, for this is Valentine's Day,

"And we shall soon be at peace."

She stuck this in the corner of the basket and bright and early in the morning it was on the way to the battlefield.

The noise of the battle raged, the air was thick and cloudy with the smoke of many guns. The field was covered with the dead bodies of our men and also those of the "Red Coats" which were not very noticeable on such a bloody field, a field upon which little brooks of blood were flowing in all directions. A soldier wounded in the side was brought to the army tent for care, he gasped, and gasped but not a word of complaint. The nurses eased him, as best they could, but it was easy to see that his service to his country would cost him his life. The volunteers were arriving, and they distributed their baskets and started for the bloody field. The big soldier, with his face knotted with pain, opened his clear, blue eyes and watched his basket being opened for him. His whole face lighted up with a smile when he saw the crude valentine. It was all he noticed. He grasped it tenderly with both of his big clumsy hands and with broken sobs he gasped—"It—is true—I will be—soon—at—peace." And the army nurses found him tightly grasping the valentine in both of his cold, dead hands.

Marian Pierce, '16.

A RAID.

While I was camping in northern France, early last fall, I became acquainted with a fine young officer of the German Air Corps. As I had experience with flying-machines and owned three machines myself, I became very much interested in his talk. He said his government was trying to obtain air-men with which to man their huge air-craft. I told him about some of my exploits and experiences in the air, in which he took great interest. He finally asked me to meet his commander. Well I did, and when I returned to camp it was to show my papers as a full-fledged German aviator. I parted company with my comrades and joined the men of my crew.

Orders were issued for a raid on a certain English city. A complete overhauling of the entire craft was made in a comparatively short time. Fuel was replenished, engines repaired, the wireless apparatus entirely replaced by new parts, in fact everything was made as perfect as possible. Our craft was about two hundred and forty feet long, equipped with six powerful engines. The officers were housed up forward, while the crew's quarters were aft. All this repairing was done while the air-ship was under cover of a huge hangar or house. The crew, mostly Germans, were very happy, and sang their native songs while about their work. There was one other American in the crew besides myself, and we were in each other's company a greater part of the time.

At half-past two on the morning of September third, we were summoned to assemble at the hangar. The captain spoke only a few words, but words that were to the point. We were to start at once for the English coast, it was the first expedition of its kind, and all who did not care for extreme danger were requested to stay behind. No one moved, instead, a cheer broke forth, and the men hurried to their respective posts.

We were out of the shed, and slowly rising from the field, by four o'clock. All was quiet, the surrounding towns were still asleep, and with only the officers' knowledge we made our departure. When high in the clouds our engines were started and in a short time we were speeding across beautiful green meadows and peaceful towns destined to be the site of many terrible struggles between the two greatest powers of the world. Later, a small blue streak, every minute nearing it, was the English Channel. But long before we reached it, a regular English fog had rolled in and obscured everything from view. Was there ever such luck? Now it was possible to travel without fear of detection on the part of the British, but still there was the possibility of running into one of the enemy's air-scouts, for they would surely have their pilots out for protection against just such a raid as we were now on.

For several hours we sailed along at a moderate pace, stopping now and then to determine our location. A breath of relief, not of fear, passed over us, for we were near the end of our journey westward, and would soon be hurrying homeward.

What was that! There it was again! One little speck! No! Two! On they came, here were just the obstacles we thought we had escaped. Our guns were unlashed, swung into position, and unloosed upon the bothersome and dangerous English monoplanes. They dashed towards us, suddenly swooping away again after discharging the contents of their guns upon us. Three of the men were hurt by the shot, but not seriously.

All this time we were nearing our intended city, and as we neared it I could not but help comparing the unsuspecting, innocent people with our own uncertain position. The air-ship was too high to be noticed by the people in the city, but I was able to watch their movements by means of a glass.

The first bomb was dropped. I watched the little ball of destruction on its downward course. It struck beside an old-time church, whose spire

overtopped the neighboring buildings. A small puff of smoke. A confusion of splintered wood, and the church was gone. In its place was a heap of smouldering wood and twisted metal. The entire population rushed out of their homes or shops. At first, a wave of terror and wonder swept over them, and then, looking up they saw our ship. Terror struck them and they scattered quickly and in an instant the place was deserted.

But now we turned our attention to the bothersome enemy. More of our men were injured and it was plain to see that unless the monoplane were put out of commission our expedition would be fatal to us. My American comrade spoke to the captain, telling him that he had had experience with a gun and wanted a chance to prove it. He was given a chance. At first he missed, but the next shot struck true and down, down went the man and his craft. A little heap of broken wood was all that was left of the plane.

The people forgot about us; all they thought of was the man beneath the wreck. While the crowd was still assembled, we let our darts fall. The result was appalling even to a man who had been familiar with the sight of death. Hundreds of the men, women and children were pierced from head to foot with our weapons of death. We dropped six more bombs into the small fort, just outside the city, and totally destroyed it.

We turned and laid our course for home. I made out my report on the way, and a few minutes before landing I had completed it. The crew and officers were dead tired and fresh men were ready to take charge of our craft as soon as we grounded. The injured were taken to the hospital and cared for by skilled doctors, the best in the country.

The entire staff of officers expressed their glad feelings of the first successful raid by inviting the entire crew to dinner the following week, where the heartiest congratulations were extended.

Edward A. Birch, '17.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

It was a wild, fierce night in January. The wind, laden with sleet and snow, rushing over the farms and fields, howled fiendishly around the little cabin of the keeper of the country grade-crossing with such vengeance that it seemed determined to put out the feeble little fire that flickered within. The fire had once been bright and sparkling, but now it burned low, occasionally starting up and filling the room with ghostly shadows.

The light of a tallow candle revealed two men seated at a table, their heads bent low over a pack of greasy cards. One man was middle-aged and stout, his face seared by crime and bad living; a close observer might have noticed that he played unfairly; the other, a slight little man, with thin gray hair and spectacles, and a look of ineffable sadness on his brow. The faces of both were grim and set, for the game was nearing its close. When the last hand was dealt, the tension on the faces of both increased a hundredfold. The fat man threw his cards down on the table — four aces!

"Well, I've beat you, Jake," said he. "You've got to do the deed. He spoke in a tone of smooth familiarity, but looked at his companion with fiendish satisfaction.

Poor Jake writhed inwardly. He had counted on winning and not being the one to perform the deed, but his luck was against him, as usual. The game had been in his favor, what mistake had he made? But he had lost; he must do the deed. Worst of all to him, however, was the familiar way in which Big Bill addressed him. Big Bill was known all over the county for his criminal actions, and only debt and poverty had driven Jake to associate with him, in the hope of paying his debt. He felt keenly the difference between them, and Big Bill's tone annoyed and irritated him.

Had he known that it was Big Bill's fashion to use just such men as he for tools in performing crime,—for Big

Bill, by little tricks of his own, always won the fatal game,—and then desert with the spoil, leaving his confederate to pay the penalty,—had he known this he would have been far more uneasy. But poor Jake, driven by poverty to associate with such a man, did not know of Bill's actions. He had received this position a year and a month ago, when he had come to the village with his invalid wife and little girl, both dead at this time; and he only knew that Bill was a criminal, nothing more. For none of Big Bill's victims ever tried to have him convicted, or spoke of his wickedness to others—his revenge was too deadly, too swift, too sure. So poor unsuspecting Jake fully expected to have the third of the spoil promised him.

When he saw that Bill had won, he buried his face in his hands, striving to hide his emotion. "Come," said Big Bill almost kindly, "be a man. Think of the spoil! Why, all you have to do is to knock him down, while he waits at the gate for the express to pass, and bring his bag to me."

Jake lifted his head from his hands and looked at Bill in a frightened way. "Give me a few minutes to collect myself," he begged piteously. "It is almost time for the Lehigh freight. I must go and tend to the gates." He arose, slipped on his jacket and went out, while Big Bill watched him as a cat watches its victim, knowing it can not escape.

The wind had ceased to blow fiercely, and now, as Jake walked toward the crossing, it was moaning dismally, like the despairing moan of a lost soul. His brain was in a tumult. Was there no way in which he could get out of it? Flight? No, Bill's revenge would surely follow! That was the trouble, he feared Bill, and he must do it. In half an hour the express would thunder past. The time was short!

As he heard the far-away rumble of the freight, it flashed across his mind that, a year ago this very night, his only daughter had been run over by the same slow freight, which was now approaching. He shuddered at the thought, and turned away his head while the freight slowly passed.

When he dared, he raised his eyes. There, on the spot where had lain, a year ago, the mangled remains of his darling, stood a little figure clothed in white, with bare feet, and a wreath of laurel on its golden curls. He stared, not believing his eyes. It was his own little girl.

"Aren't your feet cold?" he asked stupidly.

She turned upon him with a radiant smile, and answered, "Since I left the earth, I have never been cold or hungry. Father, I come to tell you not to do that deed tonight."

Jake was about to promise, when the cabin door was rudely opened, and Bill yelled to him:

"What are you doing there anyway?"

Jake obediently re-entered the cabin. asked timidly, "Did you see anything out there, Bill?"

"Nothing but snow. What did you *think* you saw?" "I—I thought I saw my little girl."

Bill broke into a roar of laughter. "You're either drunk or crazy," said he.

"And Bill, I—I really can't do that" . . .

Bill sprang angrily from his chair, and , glowering at the little man exclaimed, "Mark my words, if you don't do it, I'll have my revenge!"

Jake cowered at this outburst, and murmured, "All right, Bill, I'll do it."

Bill was appeased, and carefully reviewed their plans. James Farnsworth, the richest farmer in town, had sold his farm several days before, and had received a generous check. Bill's accomplices had discovered that he was intending to cash it this night, and one of them was to go ahead, when Mr. Farnsworth left the bank, and inform Bill, so that poor Jake might be ready to perform the robbery while the express passed.

As the men were talking, someone rapped three times on the window,—the signal that Mr. Farnsworth had left

the bank, and was on his way home. Big Bill, who had promised to stay in the cabin until Jake finished, gave him some parting directions, and watched him go out into the snow with a smile of satisfaction. Jake would do the deed, and tomorrow he—Bill—would be far away with the spoil, and Jake would pay the penalty.

Jake had no sooner stepped outdoors than the child appeared before him. Wherever her feet touched the earth, the snow disappeared and grass sprang up, but when she left a place, the snow recovered it.

"Come," said the child, "come with me."

She took his hand and led him in a direction opposite the gates, and he, nothing loath, followed. A glorious peace spread over his tumultuous breast as they went farther and farther away from the cabin. He forgot the cold; he saw only the radiant face of the child beside him. He even forgot to notice where she was leading him.

"Look," said the child, suddenly.

He looked, and saw in the distance a golden city with a shining river running through it. As they approached the gate, he saw his wife descending a green slope to meet him. The child smiled at him and said, "There is Mother, and I have brought you home."

NORAH JOHNSON, '16.

WINTER TWILIGHT SERENITY.

It was a perfect winter afternoon, so serene and calm after the boisterous, blustering snowstorm of the wide-awake morning. The western sun gently sinking, illuminated the snowy-mantled mountains with rosy lustre.

What an ideal evening for a twilight snow tramp, I thought, as I noticed a tiny country road draped in snowy winter frilling. In following this winding pathway, I came to a tiny rustic cottage nearly surrounded with drooping, silvery-crested lilac bushes now sparkling in the delicate tints of sunset, while the tiny crystalled windows glittered and shone in the crimson coloring. As I wandered on, I observed a tiny brooklet, now so peaceful, that the overhanging dainty tinselled evergreen seemed charmed to guard the fairy artifice of embosomed icy jewelled castles. Through the swaying crested pines and hemlocks the glow of delicate twilight gently peeped toward all.

Thus observing the serene splendor, the beauties of nature, my mind became calmed and rested as I turned homeward, leaving peaceful twilight reigning supreme.

RUTH WOODEND, '15.

SATURDAY.

Saturday's ever a busy day
For the kids are always in the way,
Breakfast is served on the single plan
For the lambs arise only "wan by wan."

It is Bridget's day to mop the floor,
To fry the doughnuts, and what is more,
To listen to various kinds of noise,
When Tom clumps in with all the boys.

They upset her pail, they pick the cake,
And swipe all the doughnuts that she can make,
Till she yells out in excited tone:
"I shall tell pa when he comes home."

And sister May just home from college
Wants to know more of cooking knowledge,
She makes a cake that sticks to the pan.
How will she ever procure a man?

In the evening after noise and din
Ma turns to pa with a tired grin:
"Well, never mind, tomorrow's Sunday
And school begins again next Monday."

M. L. HORTON.

GHOSTS!

"The woods is full of 'em!" exclaimed Bobby Johnson, the eight-year-old son of Farmer Johnson, running into the kitchen, where his mother, father, brother and two sisters were getting supper.

"Land sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson. "Full of what?"

"Ghosts!" fairly screamed Bobby, and then went on to explain. "They're

big white things, most as big as bears, and they *squealed*, too," he added.

"'T aint no such thing as a ghost," said big brother Ben, stoutly. He was ten years of age. "And I'm not afraid of them, anyway," said he. Then as if to enforce his words, he marched out of the back door into the darkness.

"I'll expect to have my supper ready when I get back," said Farmer Johnson. "I'm going out and help Jenkins milk."

The mother worked at preparing supper while the younger members of the family talked "ghost," told ghost stories, and kept a watch for ghosts from the windows. When all of a sudden the door opened and in burst Ben with his hair up on end.

"They're comin'!" he exclaimed and dropped into a chair from sheer exhaustion. "I saw two great, big, white ghosts in the pine grove; and then I heard pa say something from the path that leads over to Mrs. Smith's, and then Jenkins hollered back that 'twas 'all right.' But I just ran till—well, here I am."

Having finished his brief narrative, the lad was flooded with questions from every side.

But they were soon disturbed again, for the kitchen door had been carelessly left ajar, and now it suddenly opened wide, admitting two of the terrible ghosts. A couple of huge hogs which had escaped from their pen rushed into the kitchen, immediately followed by the farmer and Jenkins, the hired man.

"Wall! I never did see such a stir made by two old porkers afore," said the farmer, as the entire family went screaming into the front part of the house, crying, "Ghosts!"

And then the men proceeded to drive the hog-ghosts out into the night.

ERNEST W. SPAULDING.

THE JOKE ON DOROTHY.

Dorothy Kimball, a tall, pretty girl sat before the open fireplace reading "Launcelot and Elaine." What an interesting book it was. Oh for those golden days!

"Ting-a-ling," went the telephone.

"Hello! Who is this?"

"It's Frances and I forgot to tell you the other day that I can't come over tonight, I'm so sorry."

"Can't you really? Why?"

"Well, you see, I'm going to the theatre with Jack, so I can't come over. Good-bye."

What could she mean? Going to the theatre with Jack! The idea! Well, she always knew men were base deceivers. She would not think about it. She would go back and finish the story. But alas, Launcelot—even Launcelot—was a base deceiver, and brought her back to her own trouble again.

She immediately sat down and wrote a letter to Jack. If he wanted to take Frances out, well and good; but he wouldn't take her, too. After writing three or four pages she sealed it and went right out and posted it.

That much was off her mind; but after she got back she thought, and thought, and decided to call up Jack and find out for herself if it were really so, and tell him what she thought of him.

"Hello, Central—562-R, please."

"The line is busy."

Before Dorothy hung up the receiver she could distinctly hear someone talking, so out of feminine curiosity she listened. Why, it was Frances; and that must be her brother Henry she was talking to.

"Oh, Henry, what shall I do? Today I called up Dorothy, and told her I was going to the theatre with Jack, and I suppose she will think I meant Jack Thompson, when I really meant Jack Underwood. She will never speak to me again, if I don't tell her the mistake, and yet I feel timid about telling her."

Dorothy had heard enough. So Jack wasn't so bad after all. She was ashamed of herself for thinking so.

"I won't let on to Frances that I felt bad about it, but what am I to do about Jack? The letter is gone, and I can't get it back, it serves me right for being so hasty."

After making a brave attempt to eat some supper, she sat at the piano to see

if a little music would enliven her spirits and settle her mind. Just as she was starting the chorus of 'Good-bye, My Love, Good bye," the door opened and there stood Jack.

"Very appropriate as a greeting," said he.

Jumping up, she said, "Oh, Jack, my letter!"

"What letter?"

"Oh, you didn't get it! I'm so glad. You'll send it back to me unopened when you get it, won't you? And please don't ask any questions."

"I don't know what sort of a game you are playing, but we won't puzzle it out tonight, as I have tickets for the theatre, and would like very much to take you. Will you go?"

"Will I? I'll be ready in five minutes."

MARGUERITE AHERN, '16.

HONORABLE MENTION LIST.

1915.

One Side of a Telephone Conversation .....Mary F. Burns

The First Communication Between Mars and the Earth..David Crockett

Circumstances Alter Cases.Ruth Crosby

Meadow Scene in the Spring.Roger Hall

1916.

Keeping the School Paper Out of the Rut .....Harold Bixby

The First Snowstorm.Moulton Reycroft

A Valentine that was a Valentine, Ralph Sunergren

Bob's Best Girl.....Gertrude Viano

1917.

Tommy's "Revolution" Wilhelmina F. Allen

Bill Hogan .....Walter Chamberlain

Saved in the Nick of Time Joseph Gahm

The Reason Why.....Stanley Kellogg

1918.

Alice's Pony .....Gertrude E. Gilbert

The Ice Boat Race....Rupert Marsters

What Counted .....Robert White

From Logging Camp to Planing Mill .....Hazel White

A Lynx Fight .....Nathan Wood



HOCKEY.

A practically new seven represents "us" on the ice this season, as last year's graduation took the last of our ice stars. Ross, captain, and Clinton Peabody, rover, were all that remained, thus at the season's start there were five vacancies. The call for candidates brought out its usual large number and a good seven has since been developed.

The season opened Christmas day with the Alumni as opponents. Although the High School came out on the short end of a 4—1 score, they showed some clever stick work, and kept the "All Stars" to a very low score. January 2 brought about the opening of the regular season, when Stoneham High's seven invaded our town, and met with their first defeat, 6—0. The following Wednesday, January 6, found Arlington in its first league contest of the season at the Boston Arena. Newton's crack hockey seven were our opponents, and after a fast, thrilling contest, which lasted 15 minutes overtime, Arlington nosed out ahead, 3—2. Although it had many thrills, lack of practice was evident on both sides.

Saturday, the 9th, the team journeyed to Milton and won a decisive victory from that high school, 8—1. The second interscholastic league contest came on the Saturday following at the Arena. Medford High crossed sticks with us this time, and succeeded, for the first time in the history of interscholastic hockey, in defeating our team. The final score was 3—1. Peabody's absence was very evident, as our forward line lacked its usual speed.

Malden paid us a visit on the 27th and presented very little opposition, and was beaten to the tune of 5—0.

January 29 found our boys clashing with Somerville at the Arena. Here, in a slow, uninteresting contest, our boys met with their second defeat of the season by the low score of 2—0. Downing, the crack Somerville rover, caged both goals, and was mainly responsible for our defeat. Cambridge Latin took arms against us on February 5 at the Arena, and Arlington, smarting under their two previous defeats in league contests, brought a 4—0 victory to the boys from the University City. Rindge faced us at the Arena, February 12, and in a very fast, close and interesting contest, was beaten 1—0. Arlington showed its best form of the season, and here's hoping that they will keep it up for Melrose.

One more contest remains on our schedule, that with Melrose, Monday, the 22d, at 2.30 P. M. To every student in our school the name of Melrose has a significance, and let us hope that the usual fighting school spirit will be shown in the coming contest!

CHARLES REED.

ALUMNI NOTES

On January 11 the high school had as a lecturer one of the recent graduates of the school, Jack Bisbee, '12. He spoke on Dr. Grenfel's work in Labrador and gave a very interesting account of his experiences while working with Dr. Grenfel last summer. He showed pictures which gave a good idea of the country, the people, and the work which is being done there.

We were glad to see some of the former graduates back at school during Christmas week, and many of them at the Alumni English Club meeting. This shows that they are still interested in A. H. S.

Arlington now has five men on the B. A. A. hockey team—Hicks, Clifford, Osgood, Hutchinson and Robbins—a good representation of our high school.

1911.

Edna Easter, who studied for two years at Boston University, is now a junior at Tufts Medical School.

Isabella Gratto is a bookkeeper in the office of her father, William Gratto, who is in the real estate and insurance business.

1912.

Blanche Whelply is teaching in one of the grammar schools at Dedham, Mass.

Ruth McLelland is taking a course in stenography at Miss Pierce's Shorthand School.

George Percy has been made secretary and treasurer of the Freshman Class at Harvard.

Beulah Easter, who was graduated from Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School last June, is now teaching school in Franklin, New Hampshire.

Walter Kenney has started a new Arlington paper, the "Weekly News." It promises to be a fine one, and worthy of being conducted by a student of Arlington High School.

John W. Gowen is now a member of the faculty of the department of biology in the University of Maine. He is also a member of the Research Club. Lately he has been sent by the college to Biltmore, North Carolina, to inspect prize cattle there. On the way to Biltmore he stopped at Philadelphia to attend a meeting of scientific men. The results of his work will greatly aid farmers in determining the economic value of different varieties of cattle.

1913.

Harlan A. Eveleth is taking a course in electrical engineering at the University of California.

Helen Patriquin is working as stenographer for the Dry Goods Economist Concern in Boston.

Sherman Peppard is a bookkeeper at the Menotomy Trust Company.

Oliver Wood is at Burdett College, taking a business course.

1914.

Alma Whelply is not at Salem Normal School, but is working for Herbert F. Odell as stenographer and typewriter.

Adella MacMillan is stenographer at Meyer & Sniffin Co., Devonshire Street, Boston.

Grace Woodend is stenographer at the John Hancock Co.

Mary Robertson is at Bryant-Stratton, studying secretarial work.

Louise Lyons is at the Salem Normal School this year.

Alfred Viano is studying at Brown Nichols.



ENGLISH CLUB NOTES.

The Christmas meeting of the English Club was held on the evening of December 21, 1914, in the hall, under the leadership of Miss Morgan, '15, and Miss Bell, '15. Since it was near Christmas, and many were home for a vacation, the Alumni of the Club were invited, and the program consisted of Alumni talent.

Miss Morgan, '15, opened the meeting by a cordial welcome, after which Mr. Mitchell expressed his pleasure to see so many present. The musical part of the program consisted of solos by Hilda Stewart 14, Ethel Eggleston '13, and Elton Mansell '14. A memorial to Alice Burt '12, was read by Alice Dickie, '16. Katherine Read, '13, reviewed some of the most interesting Club meetings of the past. Albert Wunderlich '14, spoke of his former experiences of the Club, and Jeremiah Crowley '14, enumerated the advantages to be gained by membership in the English Club. Dorothy Black '14, entertained those present with two amusing readings. Louise Bateman '13, gave an exhibition of rythmic dancing in Greek costume. After the singing of the school song, dancing and refreshments were enjoyed.

MARGARET A. BELL, Sec.

THE DEBATING CLUB.

The following officers have now been elected: Vice-President, Hilda Stewart, and Secretary, Gertrude Fleming.

On Monday, December 19, the first public debate of the club was held. The question was: "Resolved, That the suffrage should be granted to women on equal terms with men." Margaret Bell and David Crockett took the affirmative, and Grace Morgan and Marion Anderson the negative. The rebuttal was taken by David Crockett and Marion Anderson. The judges were Miss Magner, Miss Randlett and Mr. Epstein. The decision was unanimous in favor of the negative. The School Orchestra very kindly furnished music.

The recent meetings of the club have been devoted to a discussion of the coming debate. A practice team, composed of Marion McLellan, Helen Bartlett and Gertrude Fleming debated upon the negative against the boys who were to debate against Cambridge.

LITTLE BO PEEP CLUB.

According to the custom adopted last year by the A. H. S. Boys' Glee Club of carolling at Christmas time, the club again sang this year on Christmas eve with equal success.

The course of the expedition was practically the same as that of last year, and the carollers numbered the same, namely thirty.

From the high school we set out bravely "toting the harmonica," i. e., carrying the well-known organ. Many were those who volunteered to carry it at first, but soon their attitude was greatly changed.

Our singing at first was truly boisterous and husky, but soon its volume strangely lessened, until Mrs. Colman's residence was reached. Here, however, we assumed our former melodious attitude. We wonder why?

The welcomed invitation of "Boys come in and have some cider," was gratefully accepted. After the cider had disappeared we entertained our hostess and friends with one or two current songs.

Having been thus revived, we set forth again boldly. We visited the remotest corners of the "hill," endeavoring to heighten the spirit of Christmas. Thus we roamed about for an hour and a half, when we finally reached the Homer's residence.

Our carols were answered here by the beautiful playing of two old hymns on the cornet by a nearby resident.

Then we fulfilled the request to "Come in and have some refreshments." Here we seated ourselves while our hostesses, the "ladies on the hill," served us bountifully. This being over, we furnished a few selections as "Tipperary."

Following our cheers of thanks to the "ladies on the hill," we sorrowfully disbanded, conscious of having helped to revive cheer both to the public and to ourselves.

Rodney C. Hardy.

The debate between Arlington and Cambridge took place in Arlington High School Hall on January 22, 1915. The question was: "Resolved, That the members of the President's Cabinet should have a voice in both Houses of Congress." David Crocket, Herbert Philpott and Leo Kelley of Arlington, debated upon the affirmative. Alfred Tutin, Walter Myers and Frederick Whitman of Cambridge took the negative. Arthur Dallin, Arlington, and Lawrence Geyer of Cambridge were the alternates. The rebuttal was taken by Leo Kelley and Frederick Whitman. Mr. Scully, Superintendent of Arlington Schools, acted as presiding officer. The judges were Mr. Carver, Principal of Lexington High School; Mr. Avery, Principal of Somerville High School, and Mr. Collins, Principal of Quincy High School. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. The musical program of the evening was furnished by the Arlington High School Orchestra.

The day for the club meetings has been changed from Monday to Tuesday, at 4.30. All who are interested are invited to attend.

Gertrude Flemin, Sec.

The Dramatic Club held its first play entitled "The Arrival of Kitty," Friday evening, February 5, in the School Hall. It was considered a great success by all who saw it, and netted about forty-eight dollars for the A. A.

The cast was as follows:

William Winkler ....Lawrence Adams
Aunt Jane, his sister...Margaret Bell
Jane, his neice .....Margaret Munch
Bobbie Baxter .....Charles Reed
Benjamin More .....Walter Whilton
Ting, a bell boy .....Kenneth Read
Sam, a colored porter .Harold Peterson
Kitty, an actress ...Katherine Sawyer
Suzette, Aunt Jane's maid,
Ruth Scully

Much praise is due to Charles Reed, President of the club, who coached the play, as he surely showed his talent in this line.

Margaret Munch, Sec.

MEHR KUNDE VEREIN.

Donnerstag, den 17ten Dezember um funfzehn Minuten nach drei wurde das erste ordentliche Begegnen des Mein Kunde Vereins fur das neue Jahr behalten.

Vor einigen Wochen in der Klasse wurden die neuen Offiziere gewalt wie folgend:

Praesident—Herr Leon Snow.

Vize Praesident — Fraulein Ruth Crosby.

Scatzmeister—Herr Daniel Hall.

Sekretaer—Fraulein Alice Read.

Zuerst sangen wiralle, "Die Wacht am Rhein." Dann stellte Herr Leon Snow uns den Sprecher, Herrn Professor Marshall L. Perrin vor, der ein deutscher Professor in der Boston Universitaeist Er sprach uber die deutsche Weinachtsfest. Es war sehr interessant und es kreute uns sehr ihn zu horen.

Als er aufgehort hatte, sangen einige Studenten, "Stille Nacht" Diese Studenten waren"; die Franlein Bateman, Quimby, Richardson, Bell und Herren Mansell, Kelley and Ross, Nachher sangen wir, "Oh Tannenbaum."

Die Versammlung war ganz gut aufgewartet und wurde um halb fuenf gesetzt.

Alice G. Read, '15, Sekretaer.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS.

Le Cercle Francais avait une rare occasion d'entendre un parfait francais quand Madame Guerin, l'officier de l'instruction publique et de l'Academie Francaise a donne sa conference de Marie Antoinette dans Cotting Hall, lundi Apres-midi. La lectrice a presente avec eclat chaque epoque dans la vie de la reine, paraissant dans la robe de cour de la gaie, jeune dauphine alors dans ses superbes robes de couronnement et successivement, dans le costume de la petite bergere du "Petit Trianon"; dans la sombre robe qu'elle a porte devant ses juges et dans la pauvre robe usee dans laquelle elle est allee a la guillotine.

Le Cercle Francais et ses amis qui ont entendu Madame, lundi, ont trouve son francais clair et musical, si facile a comprendre, et l'actresse—lectrice elle-meme so charmante que nous esperons que nous aurons l'occasion de l'entendre encore l'automne prochain quand elle reviendra a cette partie du pays.

Gretchen King, Secretaire.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

On Monday, December 21, after the regular rehearsal, we enjoyed several selections rendered by Mr. Rasely of Boston.

More than half of the members went carolling, Christmas eve. We sang mostly for the old people and those who were ill. After singing for nearly two hours at the Center, we tramped towards the Heights, singing at one or two places on the way. We sang at Mr. Mitchell's home, and were invited in for refreshments, which were indeed refreshing. After a short rest, we parted, each one feeling that her own Christmas had been made happier by the little pleasure she had tried to give to others.

Mildred Bolster, Sec.

A. H. S. ORCHESTRA NOTES.

On Friday, December 18, the orchestra enjoyed a social evening at the home of Miss Porter.

The Mendelssohn program was:

Piano solo, "Songs Without Words," Mendelssohn
Evelyn Chamberlain.

Violin solo, "Songs Without Words," Mendelssohn
Louis Weiner.

Life of Mendelssohn,
Louis Patriquin.

Sunday concerts in the Mendelssohn home,
Vida McCarthy.

Letter relating incident in Mendelssohn's life,
Edith McBride.

Musical games and refreshments were enjoyed by those present. A Christmas tree, presided over by Louis Patriquin as Santa Claus, concluded the evening's entertainment.

On the evening of January 22 the orchestra furnished music at the debate between Cambridge High and Latin School and Arlington High School.

The orchestra played at the Seniors' reception to the Juniors on the evening of January 29.

On February 5 the orchestra fur-

nished music at the Dramatic Club play.

The day of rehearsal has been changed from Tuesday to Monday at 4.15, in the hall.

EDITH MCBRIDE, Sec.

JUNIOR CONFERENCE CLUB.

Purpose—To share and make more interesting the literary work of the English Club to its Junior members.

Author chosen for study—Mark Twain.

Regulations—Show interest, be sociable, and work.

Meetings—Every other Thursday afternoon, in upstairs teachers' room.

Officers—President, Josephine Baker; Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, Nora Johnson.

To every Junior English Club member interested in us or in Mark Twain we extend a cordial welcome to our next meeting.

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the following exchanges: "The Pioneer," Reading, Mass; "The Argus," Gardner, Mass.; "The Enterprise," Keene, N. H.; "The Clarion," West Roxbury High School, Boston; "The Cambridge Review," Cambridge, Mass.; "The King School Review," Stamford, Conn.; "The School Life," Melrose, Mass., and "The Pomposetticut," Stow, Mass.

"The King School Review"—We like your idea of having a continued story. Some more School Notes would improve your paper.

"The School Life"—You have two splendid stories in your Christmas issue. The arrangement of your paper might be improved.

"The Pomposetticut"—A fine paper for such a little place!

"The Clarion"—Some poetry would make more of a variety in your literary department.

"The Cambridge Revew"—You have an excellent Athletic Department, but why not enlarge your Literary Department?

Teacher—"What tense is 'I am beautiful?' "

Pupil—"Past."

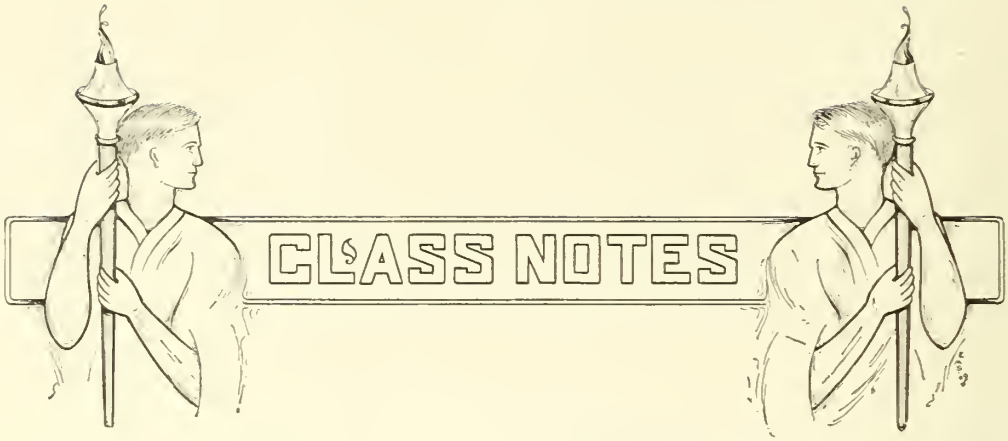
Angry Teacher (shaking a pupil)—"I believe Satan has hold of you."

Pupil—"I think so, too."

Sunday School Teacher — "Why, Johnnie, do you know where little boys go who don't put their collection on the plate?"

Johnnie—"Yes teacher, to the movies."

An elderly lady from the country went to the ticket office to inquire how often the trains left for Philadelphia. "From two-two to two-two," replied the ticket agent.



1915.

English IV.:

Miss R.—"Is there anyone else absent?"

Answer—"Miss I-w-n."

Miss R.—"Why, that's funny, I didn't see her!"

On February 1, Mr. Gordon took a group of fifteen chemistry students to the factory of Walter Baker & Co., Milton, and saw chocolate manufactured from beginning to end. Here they had a very enjoyable trip, and received some delicious samples.

On February 8 another group went to Lever Bros.' Soap Works in Cambridge. They, too, had a good time, but the Baker manufactory seems to be the more popular place. We wonder why!

Mr. G. (after a recent test in physics)—"On the papers of two boys sitting adjacent to each other, the problems are done the same way, but are wrong. I wonder how that happened."

Pupil (in back of room)—"Great minds run in the same channel."

Miss R—d's motto (instead of Safety First) is "Stand First."

German 1.:

Miss R—tt—"Have you done your your sentence, D-l-in?"

D-l-in—"I looked them over."

Miss R—tt—"You mean you overlooked them."

Miss Magner claims to have seen mistletoe but once. (A good record, eh?)

During book inspection:

Miss B—k—"Master R-t-s-n, the condition of your book is in inverse ratio with your knowledge of geometry.

French VII.:

Miss L.—"Do you know the poetry that was given out for the home lesson, K-rl-n?"

K-rl-n—"I know it, but I can't start it."

Miss L.—"Oh, then you're not self-starting?"

K-rl-n—"No, I'm on the old style."

German II.

Mr. P. (translating)—"To my home in Himmel" (?)

Miss Sawyer states outright that we never eat dogs! We disagree with her. How about C. Lebuque's Cafe?

Teacher (speaking of world's advancement)—"What do we enjoy today that the people knew nothing about one hundred years ago?"

Pupil—"The movies."

Latin IV.

Miss L. B-t-m-n—"Does this mean that the men committed suicide by jumping into the fire?"

Miss R.—"Yes."

Miss B-t-m n—"I think they had very poor taste."

(Perhaps she would prefer McCar-

thy's remedy. He tells us in Chemistry that arsenic is good for dy(e)ing.)

Student—"How can you tell that sound travels faster in water than in air?"

Other Student—"Holler to another fellow under water!"

1916.

We are all very glad to welcome back Misses Edith Davis and Florence Coolidge to our class of 1915, and hope that the remainder of this year may be one of happiness and good luck for them both.

Junior Algebra:

Miss B-k-r—"Let x equal length of the dog."

Miss B-ll-k (interrupting)—"Please don't let y equal the length of the hare (hair)."

Heard in English III. B.:

Teacher—"Are you making an ice-boat?"

M-gg-ie—"Yes, it's all made, but it isn't quite finished yet."

French III.:

Miss L-ttl-d—"Use the verb 'dire.'"

K-l-n—"All right dire!" (dear).

Chemisty III. A.:

One Pupil—"What's in soap to make it soapy?"

His Bright Neighbor—"Soap."

Chemistry III. A. (pupils correcting their test papers):

M-sh-ll—"Is it right if you said yellow and meant brown?"

Latin III. A. (abesse non neminem—"Someone is absent, therefore no one is here." According to C. F. H. A.'s translation.

Chemistry III. A. (again)—After Mr. G-d-n had explained that a tincture was a substance dissolved in alcohol, St-v-ns mumbled in an undertone, "I saw a tincture of man last Saturday evening."

"Well," says C—, "you know B— is naturally stupid."

"Yes," is the comeback, "and C— is unnaturally stupid."

Heard in a discussion in English:

"Well, would a young lady of the present day write a letter to her friend?"

Another Brilliant One—"No, she'd telephone."

German II. A.:

We are instructed to use "dir" only to persons whom we know well. We are thankful for the instruction.

In Chemistry we learn everything from "how to boil cabbage in seven minutes" to "what to do on finding a burglar in the china closet."

To those of the Junior class who have not class watch fobs: Berquist has the above on sale. They are quite attractive, and all should have them. Never mind if you haven't a watch, put one in your button-hole.

German III. A.—M-s-l translating "Konnt ihr mit mir Euch in dies stille Thal entschliessen," "Could you yourself with me in this quiet valley shut up."

Said on the Car:

Miss C.—"Are you going to college?"

Miss Q.—"Yes, B. U."

Miss C.—"No, I shall probably go on with music."

Miss L-tt-l-d (to class)—"It is artificial and a mile long."

Mr. Scully (appearing on scene)—"Are you referring to me?"

Because of speaking low when translating, Miss Magner came to Sun—n and turned him around so that he faced the class.

Sun—n (translating)—"Go way, you idle dream, that haunts me."

Miss O-g-e (plaintively, to instructor)—"May I ask you a question?"

Mr. C—s (coquettishly)—"Oh! this is so sudden."

Juniors, are you aware of the fact that a new club has been started among you, and is well on its feet by now? The "Junior Conference Club" is its name. See Club Notes for information concerning it.

1917.

Miss R.—"Go to the office, Ed—ds!"

Ed—ds—"I wasn't whispering."

Miss R.—"There's too much of you anyway."

What's the matter with being tall, Miss R.?"

Miss Allyn—"State the theorem over again."

P-b-dy—"I can't."

Miss Allyn—"You just stated it. State it once more."

P-b-ry—"I read it out of my book before."

Miss R.—"Miss M-ss-ck, get up and recite."

Miss M-ss-ck (in scarcely audible tones)—"I can't speak."

This is recommended for a good excuse in emergency. Try it.

For Sale—For modern designing of Paris styles apply to R. S., office, Room 10, tel. 23.

Miss H.—"Why aren't you singing, little girl?"

Miss D-y-s—"I—I—th—thought I was."

She was doing the best she could.

English H, C.

Edw—ds (complainingly), — "That home lesson's too long."

"Miss Porter didn't ever give them so long."

Miss M—sh—"Look at this. These are the assignments she told me to give."

Confusion reigned.

Miss R.—"Gracious, where is that obnoxious odor of kerosene coming from? Oh dear, I think there has been some anarchist around here, don't any of you notice anything?"

B—ks (in the middle of a translation)—"Oh, I know! I put kerosent on my shoes last night to take out the squeak."

Let's hope he doesn't receive an anarchist's sentence.

Latin translation—"Caesar diligently preserved the women and children."

Now wouldn't that jar you?

Mrs. W.—"What is completeness?"

Mr. K.—"That means being all there."

Pupil (translating)—"Caesar existimavit—Caesar existed."

I wonder if she thought we had our doubts.

Mrs. W. (discussing Ivanhoe)—"Miss C., what is a humorous remark that Wamba made?"

Miss C.—"He said it was too bad that Athelstane couldn't be at his own funeral to help eat the eats."

Miss C. sat down in confusion.

Miss R. (after translating Latin)—"Is it clear?"

Ch—lin (looking out the window)—"No, the sun isn't shining yet."

Miss R.—"There seems to be lots of brilliancy in the room, though."

Sm—th—"Some of it doesn't come from suns (sons), either."

Miss C—o reads a fifteen-page composition and immediately Mr. R—d requests a window to be opened. Evidently he needed air after such an unusually lengthy piece of work.

Miss Fl—g—"Are there any more questions?"

Miss Fl—g (noticing a small hand in the back of the room waving in the air) "Have you a question to ask?"

Don-v-n—"No, just something to say."

1918.

In Algebra:

Miss A. (solving literal equation)—"Cancel your "i's" and what will it make?"

Pupil (who had been dreaming)—"It'd make me blind."

Mr. B. (translating)—"I was born when four years old."

Miss R. (translating)—"The man was killed tomorrow."

Mrs. W.—"Translate 'Pueri fugerunt.'"

Miss M. (hesitatingly)—"Well, fugerunt means to flee. Oh! Yes! 'The boys flew.'" (I hope not too high.)

Miss B.—"What is a barometer?"

Bright Pupil—"A musical instrument."

Helpless Belgium

Through no fault of their own, and because of a war in which they have no interest, the 7,000,000 people of Belgium are on the brink of starvation—in fact most of them are now in the "bread lines." They must be helped, for the world owes them a debt.

"Give, America, give! Raise the greatest monument to Pity ever built. Let it be a star in the sky of all your future that you rescued from this miserable fate the old, the little ones, the strong, of a whole nation whose only sin was that it stood firm to serve mankind. Let it be a golden memory that you succored and uplifted them, keep the breath in their bodies and in their souls faith living; faith that humanity, the sweet humanity which alone can warm and sanctify our lives, is not a spent and driven ghost, but still flesh and blood, and a comrade in the dark."—John Galsworthy.

Send clothing or food supplies to New England Belgian Relief Headquarters, 426 Boylston Street, Boston

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The mother of a family that has just moved to a small Oklahoma town was being sympathized with by a visitor because of the distance of the house from the creek which furnished the water for household purposes.

"It must be quite a tax upon your strength to carry water for the Saturday night bath for your large family," the visitor suggested.

"Oh, no, I don't mind," was the cheerful reply. "Besides, I gave 'em all a good wash before we left Texas."—*Ex.*

GETTING IN ON IT

A Scotchman came upon an automobile overturned at a railway crossing. Beside it lay a man badly smashed up.

"Get a doctor," he moaned.

"Did the train hit you?" asked the Scotchman.

"Yes, yes. Get a doctor."

"Has the claim agent been here yet?"

"No, no. Please get a doctor."

"Move over, you," said the Scot, "till I lie down beside you."—*Ex.*

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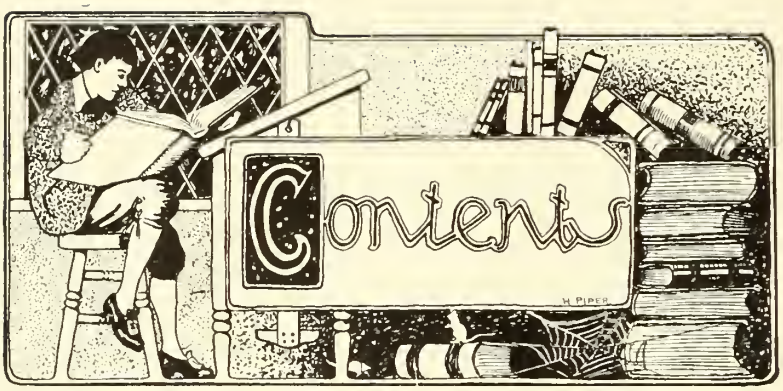
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EDITORIALS

The coming interclass debates demand the interest and support of every student. They will furnish the material from which we must draw for future interscholastic debates. Debating, as a major activity, has come to stay at A. H. S. Therefore, let everyone who is able to make a place on the class teams.

If you have never had a chance to speak on a public platform in the midst of a heated argument upon which you have been previously prepared, you have missed much. It is more than exhilarating. Opposition sets you firmly on your feet, and makes your mind act with ease and rapidity.

Coupled with this is a feeling of responsibility. You are one of a team of three who represent the school. When you take your place by the speaker's stand and address your audience, you notice how the faces are divided into two distinct parts,—one of unfamiliar faces betokening satisfaction at the efforts of their representative, but at the same time heartily agreeing with Macbeth when he said, "To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus!"—the other of good old familiar faces, full of confidence and at once inspiring. How wonderful it is to have loyal support!

Let everyone be watching for the dates of the interclass debates. Then make his class team, or at least be pres-

ent at the contests to give his loyal support.

The future of debating in A. H. S. is dazzlingly bright. Its object shall ever be that expressed by Foster: "To train citizens who shall be, first, keen and deep and sound thinkers; second, leaders of men, public-spirited, fearless, efficient, but, above all, honest."

Poets have often pictured life as a tragic drama, with its rising action, its climax and its falling action. Sometimes our public school education follows this form of drama too closely. It should be all rising action, and the climax should not come till the very day of graduation. As for the falling action, it should never set in.

There are only a few more weeks of school, and there may be some of the seniors who are beginning to relax in their work now that the goal is in sight. Yet the runner puts forth his greatest effort when the goal is near. Let us, then, make this final spurt with a burst of speed, and in this moment of effort let us try to make the graduation number of the "Clarion" the best ever!

SCHOOL NOTES

The chemistry instructor has planned several tours to manufacturing plants. A group of pupils visited the Walter Baker Chocolate Co., where they saw chocolate made in the most satisfactory manner. The Lever Bros. Soap Factory showed practical applications of chemistry. The methods of making ice cream and an ammonia plant were seen at the Davis Ice Cream Co. Ginn Publishing Co. gave a lesson in bookmaking. The entire process of making stoves was shown at the Walker Pratt Stove Foundry. Ward Corby Baking Co. displayed the superiority of their bread, and at the Union Glass Works many interesting methods were shown.

April 20 and 21 about thirty members of the United States history classes went to the Cadet Armory. There the guns, shot, uniforms and old buttons furnished entertainment.

The German ocean liner "Kronprinessen Cecilie" is held in Boston Harbor. April 16 and 29 it was visited by the German classes. Everyone became German for the afternoon, and, after going over the liner, the war was discussed in German.

The annual concert was given April 30 by the Glee Club and Orchestra. Nearly one hundred took part and made the affair a great success.

RUTH MITCHELL, '15.

HONORABLE MENTION

1915.

Her Reward ..... Marion McLellan
The Stampede ..... Russell Smith

1916.

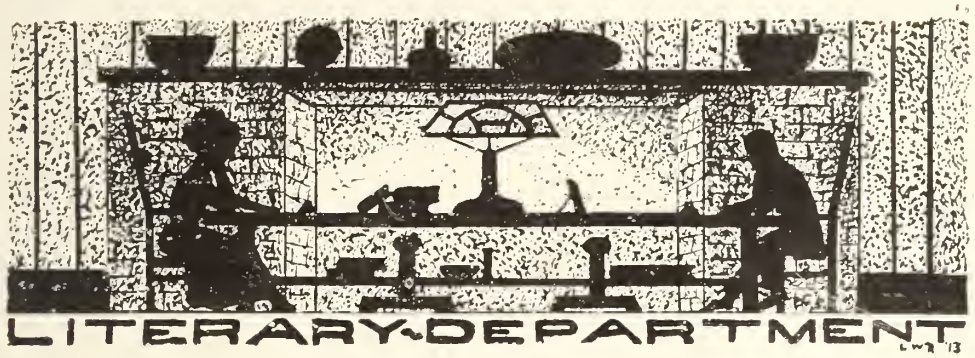
Doctor Lawrence's Decision,
Marion E. Allen
In the Firelight .... Josephine D. Baker
The Coming of Spring. Mildred Gleason
Central ..... Dorothy Lovewell

1917.

A Dream and the Results,
Julia Currier
Turkey Hill ..... Marion L. Horton
His First Appearance. Louis Patriquin
Shep ..... Madeline Stone
A Spring Day ..... Esther Sweeney

1918.

The Value of Education. Muriel Buckley
Corporal Gluck ..... Dorcas Clarke
Peter Plunkett's Adventure,
Doris Jakes
The Mascot ..... Edward Keefe
The Gift of His Heart,
William E. Severance



SWEET SUN WORSHIP.

The red of roses paints the eastern skies;
Black crows caw lazily
Their scornful, lusty wake! wake! wake!
While morn dawns merrily.

The star of morning twinkles white
Against the turquoise blue,
And chanticleers proclaim the day
With "cock a doodle doo!"

The sun sails high above the earth
And burns the mist away,
To cast a benediction bright
Upon the coming day.

The waves make curt'sy to the sky;
The fishes of the sea
Send rippling circles heavenward
To vouch fidelity.

The dancing ships dip up and down
While oceans sound their cry
Of everlasting strength and life
Reflected from on high.

The east now fades arbutus pink;
The gray sea gulls in air
Are swooping to the white-capped sea
From high in skies so fair.

The fragrant wind blows o'er the earth
Sweet music through the trees,
And robins join their songs
To concords of the breeze.

The sparrows and the chickadees
Awake for breakfast hours,
With cheery, noisy chatterings,
They rouse the fairy flowers.

Then lovely flow'rets open wide
Their tender, dewy eyes,
To greet the smiling of the sun
And azure of the skies.

The pussy pussy willow elves
Are bowing to and fro,
With Quaker quaintness picturesque,
Their piety to show.

The columbine pays reverence
To sun, his Lord and King,
Then rings his magic bells to call
The fairies out to sing.

The Preacher Jack stands forth and speaks
Of Sister Leaflets Three,
Which shade his pulpit, you, and me
Faith, Hope and Charity.

The modest fern fronds hide their heads
Communing with their thought;
But later beauty they'll reveal,
Superb and all unsought.

Then by the laughing, singing brook,
Anemones we find,
Which scatter wide their passioned love,
True flowers of the wind.

The lovely horse-shoe violets
Make all the grassy hill
A starry carpet velvety
For happy Jack and Jill.

But in a shady, quiet nook,
Their mission brother grows;
On wings of loving sacrifice
Exquisite perfume blows.

A garden spider comes to life,
And spins her dewy webs,
Then generously gives her work
For fairy elvin spreads.

Grasshoppers green jump here and there,
With never grief nor care,
And kneel before their mecca orb
In humble, trusting prayer.

The dandelion proud, unfolds
Its yellow circles keen;
It tries to imitate the sun,
In all its golden sheen.

Dutch tulips open wide their hearts,
Expressing their delight
In flaming sunset colorings,
Their loving tributes bright.

Now let us mortals all join in
With nature's triumphs, too,
And raise an overwhelming shout
To Heavenly skies so blue.

Let thanks arise to God on high
For night and day and light:
Please may our feeble prayers find
Some merit in His sight.

The graceful swaying daffodils
In chorus flash their gold
In pretty yellow pinwheel whirls,
By which their hopes are told.

The crocuses demurely pop
From out the lawn so green;
A kinder dash of willing love
I never yet have seen.

A butterfly flits everywhere
In dainty blessedness,
And in the sunlit flower cups
It finds pure happiness.

The squirrels scamper round the wood,
And scold at everything;
While in the town the breakfast bells
Are sounding ting-a-ling.

The barnyard, making one grand din,
Is raising all its voice
To praise the shining heavenly sun,
And make us all rejoice.

Wild creatures of the mystic wood
Are making their sweet say
In far-off orgies to the day,
In their peculiar way.

MORAL:

We'll turn our faces to the sun,
With gladness in our hearts;
With strengthened heavenly faith sincere
We'll do our earthly parts.

Our God is dazzling truth itself,
So let's enroll our name
To conquer perfidy and shame,
In search for holy fame.

DOROTHY ALLEN, '16.

HIS CHANCE.

Oh, the lure of the great, glorious city, with its brilliantly lighted, noisy streets, and crowds which never cease to come and go! The many, many lives that are wrecked when the vices of that mysterious realm beckon—"Come!" And who in all that kingdom cares when the victim yields?

But, far beyond the gates of that great city, dwells a more peaceful, happy land, where the wonderful hills loom up to meet the heavens; where men are truly happy, and boys and girls run barefooted, bareheaded, in the tall, grassy meadows, or cool their feet in the gurgling brook; where, at night, all is calm and sweet, the only lights among these friendly hills being the tiny, twinkling stars.

Each evening, when the soft shades

of night are beginning to fall, a tall, healthy lad may be seen driving the cows from the pasture. And, toddling beside him, his little sister, begging for a ride on "Ivanhoe's" back, "'cause he had the longest horns." But the boy is not content.

When darkness had enveloped the hills, and the lad and his father sat alone on the broad steps of their humble home, resting from the long day's labor, the boy turned to his father with a pleading expression on his face.

"Dad, won't you please let me go? If you only knew how I want to see the city! I want my chance at the world like other boys, dad."

"My boy," replied his father, laying his hands gently on his son's shoulders, "wait until you are older. Then it will be time enough and right for you to have your chance. Your brother went to the city just ten years ago. He never came back. If he had been older it might have been different, but he, too, was young like you. Wait awhile."

"But I can't. It seems as if I must go and see what the city is like. Oh, how I want my chance!"

"If you want to go as much as you say, son, mother and I, nor anyone else, can keep you."

"Then I may go?" the lad eagerly responded.

"Yes, you may go," his father answered slowly, as if pronouncing a verdict.

Two weeks later a boy dressed in a countrified suit, and carrying an old-fashioned handbag, descended the platform of the train. He had stepped into the great city. Walking along the crowded streets, full of noise and confusion—things for which he had always longed—the lad vainly endeavored to find in that great kingdom the small hotel to which he had been directed.

Suddenly he felt a hand laid heavily on his shoulder, and, turning, startled, looked up into the face of a strange man.

"Laddie," said the stranger earnestly and not unkindly, "it is easy to see that you are fresh from the country. Go back before it is too late. I left my comfortable home among the hills about ten years ago, and came to this great city, as you have, to seek my fortune. I was too young. It was hard for me to earn a living, and consequently I came under the influence of men who were not what they should have been. Wealthy? Oh, yes, I am what men call rich. How did I make my money? Not honestly. Oh, no, I am not a good man, nor a happy one. Look around and see the men with whom I am associated. Go back, lad, before you, too, fall into the clutches of this city."

"Go back now?" questioned the surprised boy, wonderingly. "Why don't you ever go back?"

"Go back? Me?" The man laughed harshly. "No, no, lad. Don't you understand? I tell you the city has me in its clutches. It won't let me go. Come, there is a train leaving shortly for the hills from whence you came. Come."

"But how—how do you know where I came from?" inquired the boy, who seemed to be in the power of the stranger.

"I know, lad, I know," replied the man quietly; then: "come, now, follow me back to the station." Wonderingly the boy obeyed.

That evening, as the father sat on the broad steps of the little home among the hills, he heard a familiar voice cry out: "Dad—oh, I say, dad—I've come back to wait until I'm older and stronger before I go back to the great city."

Elizabeth Hoxie, 1918.

FIRST EXPERIMENT — CHEMISTRY OF LIFE—BUILDING OF CHARACTER.

Object: To build a good character.

Apparatus: Good principles, good associates, clear head, will power.

Chemicals: Unselfishness, oxide of self-control, concentrated kindness, courage hydroxide, splinter of dislike, crystals of purpose.

Procedure: 1. Place 25 c.c. of self-control in a test tube and hold the mouth of the tube to the flame of ridicule. Result?

2. Collect half a test-tube of hydro-goodness and insert the splinter of dislike.

3. Take one of the good principles and see if it is soluble in half a bottle of bad public opinion.

4. Hold a little hydroxide of courage in the flame of sudden danger and see if the test will work.

5. Put 10 grams of purpose crystals in an Erlenmeyer flask with enough persistence acid to cover the crystals. Apply the heat of will power to the flask. Collect the gas which is liberated in a test tube.

Results: 1. The flame does not consume the oxide and has no effect upon it.

2. The splinter does not burn brilliantly but is consumed with a quiet flame.

3. The good principle is not soluble but floats on the top of the liquid.

4. The hydroxide burns brilliantly and with a steady flame.

5. The liquid in the flask bubbles violently and the gas of success collects in the test-tube.

Conclusion: As is shown by the foregoing experiment, a character is built by the uniting of certain gases and liquids mentioned above. The character must be firm and insoluble. It is a very important element, being the foundation of all compounds of life.

Ruth E. Gleason, '16.

SPRING.

As we walked toward the woods we could tell that spring had come, for everywhere about us on the open fields boys were playing ball. The foliage on the trees had just begun to peep out through the tiny buds, and encompassed by the trees could be seen a clear, sparkling, blue lake, now bereft of its icy coat.

When I first entered the wood everything looked cold and barren, and no music filled the air. After a moment I began to look more closely about me. Here and there birds were fluttering to and fro, chattering gleefully of the new homes they were building in the tall trees about us. The trees seemed to be making every effort to shelter the little nests, bursting their buds open and stretching their tiny leaves as much as possible. Down among the small grasses little flowers tried to force their faces up to be welcomed by the big, laughing, golden-faced sun. Hearing a small tinkling noise we hastened along to find a little brook rolling noisily down the hill as if he were rejoicing at the loss of his winter roof.

Upon leaving, I had a joyous, happy feeling that made me realize the glory of a spring day, when everything begins to wake and things resume new life. In my final look I saw not the desolate wood of an hour before, but a world full of life, joy, happiness, and a splendor that was magnificent to look upon as the most costly article that could be bought.

Winifred C. Shedd, 1917.

FIGHTING AN OFF-SHORE GALE.

It was just after dinner that Carlton Markham, U. S. S. Castine, and I, started from the West Southport steamer landing in our 18-foot Atlantic dory with no other intentions than to cruise around and go outside the harbor.

It was what one might call a perfect day. The sun shone with great intensity and there was not a sign of a cloud in the sky, but a cool breeze blew steadily from shore, dulling the effect of the sun and giving slight motion to the water.

We headed straight for the open sea, and soon the smooth waters of the inner bay gave way to a heavy ground swell, when the boat first dragged then shot ahead as if pushed by some invisible hand. I noted that the tide was with

us, and also that we were travelling at the respectable rate of twelve miles an hour. I told Carl.

"Say," he returned, "I guess you never saw any speed-boating. Why, man, the scout cruiser Chester can travel twenty-seven and five-tenths miles an hour. Ha! ha! Twelve miles an hour with the tide. Pretty crude! Say, the Birmingham—"

"Never mind the Birmingham," I sang out. "Just cast your weather eye astern and look at that big white cruiser following us—I mean chasing us." Just astern, that is to say about two hundred yards, was a cabined cruiser, which looked to be a thirty-five footer. We watched in silence for two full minutes, then we realized that they were gaining on us, and that they were directly in our wake, and we imagined that we could hear some one on the other craft yell at us. As yet no direct challenge had been made either by us or by any one on their boat.

"Now," said Carl, "I'm going to show you, as well as them, that a little seamanship taught by Uncle Sam is worth something. I'll bet," he continued, "that they've got five times the horsepower that we have, but I'll give 'em a go." So saying he took the tiller, and I obeyed his every command. I regulated the oil so that it flowed steadily with just the proper amount, filled the gasolene tank which was nearly empty, and every few minutes gave him an idea how much they were gaining.

Carl proved his worth, for it took our larger opponent exactly thirty-five minutes to overhaul us and come abreast. The craft proved to be the Neptune III. of Bath. She was thirty-seven feet long, and had fifteen horsepower, compared with our four horsepower.

Several people were aboard, and the man at the wheel, a tall, gray-headed old gentleman with a merry twinkle in his eye, in full yachting regalia, greeted us saying: "You gave us a good rub for a while, and she's a worthy little boat. Say—oh! no wonder you did, with a U. S. N. sailor aboard. Ah! that explains. Well, we must be off." So saying he pulled in the throttle, and waving us a farewell sped away toward the nor'west. We shut off our power and looked around to get our bearings.

During the race we had travelled straight out eleven miles, and I noticed a heavy swell on. Not only that, but what an hour ago had been a soothing breeze, was now a strong wind. At that moment the sun sank behind a cloud and it grew very dark. The wind increased to a gale, and I realized that we were in for it. Turning to Carl, I said, "Hadn't we better put in at Five Islands? You know its getting dark, and this wind is fierce. I've got friends over there."

"Never mind your friends. If I think we need to put in, we'll put in, but for the present we buck right into this. Get that?" Thereupon I said no more.

The engine showed signs of missing fire, and Carl quickly discovered that the spark plug had loosened in some unexplainable way. This he tightened, and with good results. We put the spray-hood up, took down our flags, stowed away all the cushions, put tarpaulin over the battery box, and away we went into the teeth of the gale.

The sky grew very dark now, and the ever-increasing wind tossed us about relentlessly. The spray pounded our spray-hood unmercifully, and frequently one of us would get a shower bath. We were now, Carl said, about six miles out from Five Islands, and about three nor'east, and about sixteen from the Westport landing. To me at that moment it seemed like a hundred.

Night was now upon us, and through the inky darkness nothing in any direction could be seen. We plunged on, however, now diving right into a wave, now rising to the crest, only to drop into the trough with a sickening sensation. It was this dropping that raised havoc with me. It seemed as if we were dropping about fifty feet each time. I noticed about an inch of water

on the floor, and knew that we were shipping it.

"Carl!" I said suddenly, "I'm getting seasick. If you know where you are, and have got your bearings, go ahead, but I think this is our last cruise." As I said it a large wave smote the bow, and the water poured over the side by the gallon. There was now about four inches of water in the boat.

"Look here," he answered, "I know where I am exactly. If you think this is your last cruise you might as well jump overboard now, and have it over with." I couldn't see his face, but I knew he was fooling with me, even at such a time. "And," he concluded, "I'm master of this boat, and if you don't shut up and go for'ard, I'll plug you, quick." At this remark I laughed and obeyed orders.

The wind was blowing furiously, and it became a task to keep upright in the boat. The water poured in steadily now, and we noted that we had a foot of water, and that the gunwale had sunk a few inches. To make matters worse, the engine began to miss and back-fire, which was the worst thing that could possibly happen.

No word was spoken. I had no idea where we were, nor what minute we might capsize. We were both drenched long since, and in spite of the fact that it was early August my hands and feet were numb with cold from the continual in-pour of water. Time seemed to go slower than I had ever remembered it before. The boat was now half full of water. I lay in the bottom, not caring when it ended or how. I knew we were moving, as I could feel the water drenching me at each plunge of the bow. To me it was miraculous. Here we were, in this raging storm, with the boat two feet deep in water and the engine going, that was the wonder of it all.

Suddenly the engine gave a few fitful explosions, and died entirely. I raised my head to see what had happened, and as I did so the bow struck something with great force, and we stopped still, though the boat rocked dangerously.

"Well, I made a poor landing, but guess it'll do, considering." It was Carl. As he said this he jumped onto the wharf and made the boat fast.

"Are we here?" I said, not knowing hardly what I was saying.

"Here!" he shouted. "Yes, we're here. You run along up to the house. I s'pose they're all crazy about us. Well, beat it. Don't stand there and freeze!"

I reached the cottage a minute later. It was then one o'clock. All was quiet. A minute later Carl appeared. "Say," he said, "guess they thought we stayed at Five Islands all night, cause they're all abed. Whew! If they could have seen us an hour ago. Well, we'll quietly get to bed. I've been in a good many storms in my day, and this storm's not the worst by a long way, but it was the worst I've ever been in in an eighteen footer. We did our best anyway. Good night, kid."

He said, "*we* did our best." I tried to think what I had done to help him bring us safely home. I was too tired to move, and soon fell asleep thinking what a fine seaman and what a game fellow Carl was and what a miserable showing I had made as a seaman.

GEORGE JARDINE, '15.

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

Along a dusty road, early in the fall, a weary traveller, followed by a donkey, plodded. The weather was hot and the bright clear sun shone like brass. The road was full of sharp rocks and very steep, for it ascended a mountain of considerable size. All along the path dusty grass and golden rod tempted the donkey, and an occasional hitch of the halter was necessary to remind him where he was.

At last, as the rays of the sun began to slant and turn a rugged red, the top of the mountain was reached, and a great picture was unfolded. To the west bathed in that ruddy glow the slope was gradual, and melted away into little green patches of gardens dotted by tiny farm houses. Around these were smaller brown specks, graz-

ing herds, and returning teams. To the north and east the mountain fell away rapidly, leaving a high precipice that had its bottom in a wild region of rocks and scrubby bushes, that joined the fields, making a contrast of the brown and green.

As the traveller gazed he beheld, wheeling in narrowing circles, a great bird. At last it darted precipitously, and then in a moment rose again with something white in its talons. The naturalist, for such he was, quickly fetched his field glasses from their case, for something in the size of the bird and vast sweep of the wings atracted his attention. Through his glasses he could see a half-grown lamb struggling in the clutches of the eagle. He watched the bird eagerly. Perhaps it was the great eagle, the terror of the country children, that he had been told about over the cider of a country tavern.

Circling, the bird rose till he was high above the mountain top. Then, remaining almost stationary, he scanned the country. He saw nothing alarming, for the little gray donkey and the dusty khaki clothes of the naturalist faded into the sombre rocks around them. Then, wheeling, he fell rapidly, till he was opposite the face of the precipice and lost to sight. In a moment strange sounds arose, and the traveller, peering over the edge, beheld on a small ledge, in a nest of sticks, a group of half-fledged eagles feasting greedily on the lamb, while the old eagle watched. Here was a chance. His purpose of travelling had been to secure a specimen of the rapidly growing extinct animals for the museum. To secure the old birds alive was out of question, but would not the young of such a large parent be also large themselves? They probably would. At any rate, a new eagle was needed at the museum.

As the eagle would probably remain with the young all night, the naturalist decided to camp on the top of the mountain. He pitched his tent in the shadow of a huge rock, and tethered his donkey. The night was clear and still, and the tired man slept soundly. He awoke early, and, on looking, found the mother eagle gone. Now was his chance. He quickly tied a knotted rope to a tree, and fixed it so it would not chafe on any hard rock. Then, fetching a willow hamper, he strapped it on his back, and lowered himself by a rope.

The descent was quite easy, for the jutting rocks gave a good foothold. Gradually he worked his way down till he was on the ledge with the crying eaglets. He hastily thrust three in the hamper, and began to ascend, for a black spot far away frightened him. The ascent was harder, for the eagles were heavy. On a little ledge he stood still for a moment to get breath. As he looked back, he saw almost upon him a great eagle, approaching like an arrow with great sweeps of his wings. With feverish haste the naturalist climbed the remaining space and ran to his hut that he had constructed against the rock. Near the door was the little donkey. The animal must have thought a cyclone had struck him, for the naturalist seized him and pulled him into the hut.

The eagle, drawn by the cries of the eaglets in the hamper, rushed to the shanty, and savagely bit and tore at the brush on the roof. When a hole was made in the roof, the eagle was promptly poked away with a pole. This could not keep up forever. The roof was becoming torn to pieces. Reaching his hand in the hamper, the naturalist pulled out a struggling, fighting, scratching eagle, and, pulling aside the brush that served for a door, he threw it as far as he could. It fell near the edge of the cliff and flapped over, crying loudly. To rescue this, the parent bird flew away, and a breathing spell was left to the traveller. He hastily threw a pack on the donkey, seized the hamper, and rushed madly down the slope, dragging the poor donkey after him. Over stumps, over rocks, not once gazing at the beautiful moss or the scarlet-turning leaves, or even glancing at the great view he had so admired on coming up, they went. His only thought was to reach the forest. He

might abandon the young eagles. No, not after all this trouble. He might leave the donkey, but he would not desert his faithful friend. All or none would be safe. Soon the trees became thicker, till the naturalist was pulling his donkey between mammoth pines and over a carpet of soft pine needles. Here he stopped to rest. The eagle approached him now to rescue the other young. She dashed at the pine tops, but she could not penetrate them. The trees were too close together for her huge wings. If she came slowly, a blow from a cudgel awaited her. This was not the eagle's manner of warfare. She wanted to sweep in open ground and be quickly away. Nevertheless, the eagle kept doggedly on. At last hunger and fatigue drew her away. She went slowly at first, to see if her victim would venture forth. But the naturalist remained under the friendly pines all day, and at night he picked his way to the village. At last he was safe.

Both the young eagles lived, and at the museum grew to be great birds, rivals of their parents. The naturalist is now an old man, but at the mention of eagles he unconsciously looks up in the air with dread lest his exploit be repeated.

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF THE MOVING PICTURE INVESTIGATION.

From the day when the "Junior Conference Club" first began the moving picture investigation, its members have been bombarded with such questions as: "Why are you doing it?" "Are you going to abolish the moving pictures?" "What good is it going to do?" etc. Doubtless there are many others who have silently questioned—why? It is with the intent to answer such questions that this is written, although all the results have not yet been tabulated for publishing.

First, we undertoook this work not only to please our honored superintendent, but also because the subject interested us. We have no intention of attempting to abolish moving pictures, nor anything of that nature; but, as we stated in each room where the investigation led us, we are "neither for nor against the "movies," but simply investigating." Just what will be the entire result we cannot yet tell; but we expect to learn from the tabulation just how the moving pictures affect Arlington, and also their effect on individuals.

Although we have not yet finished the tabulating, we desire to give a short outline of our work up to this time. In the first place, our superintendent suggested such an investigation to the "J. C. C." at a conference on January 15th. He informed us that it had been tried in other towns with great success, and it would please him very much if A. H. S. would investigate the Arlington schools. We of the "J. C. C." seized upon the idea but were disappointed to learn that he had offered the first chance to the seniors. The latter, however, very busy in preparing for "exams," did not care for the plan, and we were left in sole possession.

Our honored superintendent drew up a sample questionnaire. After we had picked over these questions, discarded some and added others, we made two copies: one for the fourth to the eighth grades, simplified; the other for the ninth grade and the high school, in its original form. The next step was to find out the number of pupils attending Arlington schools from the fourth grade through the senior class, and we discovered that we needed about twelve hundred copies.

By the first of March the slips for the grades were printed, and on Thursday, March 4th, the eight "J. C. C." members, accompanied by two seniors, who proved a very great help, carried on the investigation in the Cutter Grammar School. As this was our first school, two girls were assigned to each room; one read and explained the questionaire, the other walked around the room and answered the children's questions. In each room, we took care to state that we were "neither for nor against the 'movies.'" We were cordially treated in the Cutter School, and en-

joyed a visit to the fourth and eighth grades. When we left, we decided that the work was much more interesting than we expected.

On the next day, March 5th, two of our members volunteered to "do" the Parmenter School. The writer was not present, but those who were there said that they had a most enjoyable time, afterwards visiting in some of the rooms.

On Monday, March 8th, we went to the Russell. By this time, we considered ourselves quite adept at the trade, so each had a room to herself. The Russell children had no trouble in filling out the slips, but were inclined to ask foolish questions.

On Tuesday, March 9th, we walked up to the Heights to the Locke. Here, as in all the other schools, we found it necessary to draw lots for the fourth grade, because we all wanted that grade more than any other.

The last grammar school—but not the least—was the Crosby, which we visited on Thursday, March 11th. Unfortunately, the slips gave out, and we found it necessary to skip several grades until one hundred slips could be printed.

We began the High School—a much harder proposition—on Wednesday and Thursday, March 18th and 19th, by "doing" the Freshman class. They considered it a great joke, as did most of the A. H. S. students.

With the exception of the Freshman class we left the investigation in the hands of the English teachers, instead of going ourselves to the different rooms.

Friday, April 2nd, saw the completion of the active part of the investigation, which has carried us into many and various rooms and grades. We have had experience in investigating every grade from the fourth to the Freshman class, and experienced a great deal of pleasure. Although this part of the work was finished, we still had to tabulate all our slips.

This tabulation, although it is not yet finished, has proved most interesting, and a few of the results of the investigation in the High School have been prepared, which may prove of interest to Arlington High School students.

Taking the four classes together and making allowances for absences, the total number of pupils who answered these questions is four hundred and seventy-eight. Of this number, four hundred and forty-nine attend the "movies." One hundred seventeen attend in Arlington alone; sixty-seven in places outside of Arlington, and two hundred and sixty-one in both Arlington and other places. Seventy-three generally go in the afternoon; one hundred and thirty-four prefer the evening; while two hundred and twenty-nine go both in the afternoon and in the evening. Three hundred and two pupils do not attend the "movies" regularly, but only occasionally; one hundred and twenty-seven go regularly once a week, thirty-two go twice a week; five three times a week, and four go more than three times a week.

Eighty-eight Seniors attend the moving pictures, out of a total of ninety-one. Sixteen attend in Arlington; twelve in other places, and sixty in both Arlington and other places. Nine students spend their afternoons at the "movies"; seventeen their evenings, and fifty-two both afternoons and evenings. Fifty Seniors go once in a while; twenty-seven once a week, and nine twice a week. The Senior class contains no students who go more than twice a week, thus standing at the head of all the other classes.

In the Junior class one hundred and nine of the one hundred and seventeen students go to the "movies." Twenty-seven go in Arlington; nineteen elsewhere, and fifty nine both in Arlington and elsewhere. Twenty-one enjoy the pictures in the afternoon; twenty-nine in the evening, and fifty-six both afternoons and evenings. Sixty-five go occasionally; thirty-five go once a week; five twice a week; one three times a week, and one more than three times a week.

The total number of Sophomores who attend is one hundred and twenty-five of the one hundred and twenty-nine pupils. Thirty-three attend the theatre in Arlington; twenty-one theatres elsewhere; and seventy-one both in Arlington and other places. The afternoons usually see fifteen sophomores at the "movies," the evening sees forty-one, and both afternoons and evenings see sixty-nine. Seventy-nine go occasionally; thirty once a week; ten twice a week; two three times a week and three oftener.

In our largest class—the Freshmen—one hundred and twenty-seven out of one hundred and forty-one attend the moving pictures. Forty-one go in Arlington; fifteen elsewhere, and seventy-one in Arlington and elsewhere. Twenty-eight make use of the afternoon to see the "movies"; forty-seven the evening, and fifty-two both afternoons and evenings. One hundred and eight attend occasionally; thirty-six once a week; eight twice a week, and two attend three times weekly.

The results so far have proved most interesting to us, and we hope soon to be able to give an account of the investigation in the grades, and the rest of the questions for the High School.

Noran E. Johnson, '16,
Secretary "Junior Conference Club."

A HERO OF THE GREAT WAR.

It was on one dark, autumnal evening in Eastern France that a cyclist, clad in a military attire, glided silently on through a long expanse of wood on the road to Vesoul. Vesoul was occupied by the German army, but a strong detachment of Allied troops had recently arrived in the vicinity, and on that very night the place was to be surprised and inevitably captured, while the Germans knew nothing of the impending danger.

The fate of the city rested on the cyclist, who was even then steadily pursuing his way through the lines of the enemy. This German, Max Schwartz, was accompanied only by a dog, belonging to the army. The animal kept up with its master by means of an easy trot, and whenever the master stopped to listen, which was very often, the dog stopped also and seemed to strain every sense to locate the whereabouts of an enemy.

Max Schwartz had evaded the few guards who were stationed on the inner side of the troops, and was now practically in their midst. As the ground was wooded it was naturally shunned by the soldiers of the English and French, but nevertheless Schwartz kept a watch on the road ahead.

Presently he saw a light. Drawing nearer he perceived that it belonged to a sentinel, and that it was here that the woods ended abruptly, and the vast stretch of meadows, which led to Vesoul, began.

Leaving the dog with his cycle, Max threaded his way silently through the trees, until he came to a spot which was a considerable distance from the road and bordering on the meadow.

He found to his dismay that he stood within five yards of another sentinel, and that, what is more, the edge of the clearing was dotted by lanterns, by each of which stood a soldier.

Max Schwartz went back to his wheel; down-heartedly he seated himself on the grass and pondered over his terrible situation. Max realized that the freedom of thirty thousand soldiers of his Fatherland depended on his success, and for that reason he could not fail.

A plan! Yes, and a feasible one! Max went quickly to work on this new scheme of his. He fastened a note to the dog's collar which read as follows:

"Headquarters of German Infantry, Vesoul. Your city is in danger. I follow bearer of this note immediately (but by the Dijon road), with particulars.—M. S."

The highway on which he then stood was the Langres road, and the Dijon road he knew to be only a few yards to the right for it joined and crossed the Langres road about a mile ahead.

"Go!" he commanded quietly to the faithful dog, pointing towards the black road and the sentinel. The ani-

mal followed instructions and trotted off down the road ahead.

He knew by instinct that the soldier was an enemy, and so started a detour through the woods. Quickly the master seized a stone and threw it in the direction of the dog.

"Who goes?" called the sentinel, on on hearing the thud of the stone. The dog, frightened, burst through the undergrowth and out into the open. The soldier raised his rifles and fired. The dog fell with a snarl, and rolled over dead.

The sentinel, even in the dim light, could not fail to discover the paper. He read it.

"'Immediately' and 'by the Dijon road,'" he exclaimed to himself, and hurried off in that direction to intercept the expected German.

This was the chance for which Max Schwartz had waited. He jumped onto his wheel, and in a few moments rode out into the great clearing, and half an hour later entered Vesoul itself.

The attack was met and withstood, through the timely warning of Schwartz.

When the enemy had retreated from its walls, the citizens and garrison met in the market place, where they heard the story of Max Schwartz's ride to warn the town. They promptly presented Schwartz with an Iron Cross and gave three loud, ringing cheers to the memory of the dog who gave his life for his country.

Ernest W. Spaulding, '18.

THE DOVE PRINCE.

Many years ago, in an oriental country, lived a king who had one very beautiful daughter. Her name was Princess Olivia. It was her favorite custom, on sunny days, to stroll among the beautiful gardens surrounding her father's court.

One day in the middle of summer she was taking her usual walk when she came upon a cluster of lilies. One of them especially attracted her attention, it was so pure and white. While admiring the flowers, she thought what a contrast its spotless white would make against her raven tresses. So she plucked the lily, and as she did so a white dove flew up from the broken stem and the lily disappeared.

Presently the dove spoke, "Oh, unfortunate princess, thou hast taken the life of a prince destined to be thy future husband. Could I have but lived three years longer in thy father's garden the charm which held me as a lily would have been broken, and then I could have claimed thee as my bride."

The princess was frightened at first. She started back and could not speak; but now, growing calm, she asked, "Is there no means of setting you free?"

"Yes," replied the dove, "but it is a hard task. You must neither laugh nor speak for three years. Shouldst thou speak one word and it lacked one hour of the three years I should perish because of that. I fear, princess, that thou couldst not perform so difficult a task."

"I can and I will," answered the princess fervently, "whatever it may cost."

So saying, she turned toward the palace, following the flight of the dove as she went.

At dinner the king spoke to her, but she answered not. His jester performed in her presence, yet she paid no heed to his comical tricks. All attempts to make her speak or laugh proved useless. At last the king, enraged at his daughter's obstinacy, ordered her to be taken to a lonely tower situated on some high cliffs overlooking the sea.

"Here you may think it over," he said, "and one year from today I shall return to give you another test."

Each day the beautiful white dove visited the tower and brought news of the happenings in her father's kingdom, thus helping her to bear the punishment.

The year passed quickly, and the king came to the tower with his jester, but his daughter remained silent and unmoved. So he left her for another year.

That year passed, and again he came

to the tower, and as before the princess neither spoke nor laughed.

The king was beside himself with wrath, and said: "One more year will I give thee and, then if thou are still immovable, I will cause thee to be cast on to the rocks which thou seest from this tower."

With this he was gone. The time passed quickly, and again the king returned. This time he brought with him several of his courtiers, who were clever and humorous, and every chance was given her to appease her father's wrath. It lacked but a quarter of an hour of the three years, yet Princess Olivia remained firm and silent.

The king ordered two of the guards to seize her. They were dragging her to the solitary window, where for the past three years she had patiently waited for the dove, when a flutter of wings was heard and the dove flew in the window. No sooner had it touched the floor than its form changed to that of a prince, clad in white silks and velvets.

The king and his followers stood aside in wonderment. Princess Olivia went to the prince, and, leading him to her father, explained her stubbornness, and begged forgiveness.

The king was greatly pleased with the young prince, and gave his daughter his blessing, along with half his kingdom.

A short time afterward a great festival was held to celebrate the marriage of Princess Olivia and the "Dove Prince."

M. L. Bolster, '15.

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

Gregory Vale, a young artist, had sought the foot hills of the mountains in search of new impressions and inspiration just as Jack Frost was relinquishing his hold on the mountain streams and slowly disappearing from his winter quarters. The faintest of breezes stirred the dry leaves as he flung himself down beside a rippling, musical brook, winding through a glade. Budding trees on every side, tiny green shoots under foot, and here and there clusters of tiny pink and purple flowers, half hidden by the rustling leaves, breathed to the sky the joyous fragrance and magic touch of spring.

As he sat thus musing and dreaming, the balmy air soothed his spirit into forgetfulness, and suddenly he heard a rushing sound as of the whir of tiny wings, now here, now there, now near, now far. Puzzled and yet charmed by a seeming mystery, he listened, and as it came close behind him he turned and beheld a radiant vision of ethereal beauty, her every movement a flash of sunshine, glinting to and fro; a very angel from heaven, he thought, as he gazed on the apparition. Flashing here and there, borne on fairy wings she flew, touching the ground, the trees and bushes until each as if touched by a magician's wand sprang into life and beauty. Tiny patches of green carpeted the earth, shy violets and the fragrant May-flower at her touch blossomed into modest beauty; trees, large and small, budded into myriad tiny leaves at her command. Spell-bound he watched until in the distance she faded from sight.

Gazing bewildered on his surroundings he strove to collect his scattered senses and visualize his dream. Then, fired with a new energy, a fresh enthusiasm, he picked up a brush and palette, and slowly but steadily there grew beneath his hand that dream so rare and beautiful. And men in all the world, who later saw it hung, proclaimed the "Spirit of Spring" a masterpiece, indeed.



HOCKEY.

Since the last issue of the "Clarion" our hockey team has completed its schedule, and baseball has taken the centre of "the stage."

On February 22nd our boys battled with our ancient rivals from Melrose, before a huge throng of excited spectators at the Boston Arena. The contest, as usual, was marked by clean, clever and speedy "puck chasing." Arlington displayed the best form of the season, and after a desperate struggle lasting two over-time periods, they succeeded in holding Melrose to a 2—2 tie. By agreement, it was decided to play it off at a later date, as both teams were somewhat fatigued by the forced play. The date selected was March 5th, and a large number of Arlington enthusiasts journeyed to the Arena to see the play-off. Arlington's enthusiasm ran high until the Melrose "champs" got busy, and tallied after 14 seconds of play. From this time on the spirit gradually faded, and at the end of the first half, with the score 2—0 against us, Arlington lost hope. However, our boys came back strong in the second half, and put up a gallant fight, and, although Melrose caged another tally, they were given a "stiff" battle, and were well played out at the final gong. The score at the end of the game stood—Melrose, 3; Arlington, 0.

The season thus ended with 7 victories, 3 defeats and a tie, in 11 games played. Arlington tied Rindge for third place in the Interscholastic League race.

BASEBALL.

On Monday, March 29, fifty promising candidates reported to Coach Fred O'Brien's call at the Athletic Field. All came prepared for work, and from every indication a fast "bunch" of "ball tossers" will represent Arlington on the diamond this year.

The opening game with Newton, April 10, was cancelled, owing to the lack of practice for both teams. The game of April 16 with Belmont was called on account of the wet and soggy condition of the diamond. Thus the opening game, by schedule, came April 19th, with Thayer Academy at our field "Skitch" Donnelly, our veteran southpaw, was on the mound for Arlington, and he surely lived up to his record, holding his opponents well in hand. Arlington showed up well for a green team, ad should improve rapidly as the season progresses. The game was full of thrills, and aided by the lengthy clouts of Robbins and Plaisted, Arlington rolled up a 14—6 score. It surely was an encouraging opening.

TENNIS.

As the popularity of this sport has made such rapid strides during the past year among our school attractions, the enthusiasts have made preparations for forming a team to represent the school. On Wednesday, the 21st

of April, a call for candidates was issued, and an unusually large number responded. Kenneth Reed, '16, was appointed manager, and he has arranged the following schedule: :

May 21—Lexington at Lexington.
May 28—Newton at Newton.
June 5—Somerville at Arlington.
June 11—Lexington at Arlington.

Although the schedule is short, it will nevertheless give the sport a thorough try-out, and we all wish the tennis teams success.

CHARLES REED.

ALUMNI NOTES

A new plan is being tried by the Alumni Department, that of sending letters to graduates asking for personal messages for the "Clarion." For this issue two answers to letters sent have been received, one from Theodore Bell, '11, and one from Edward Kelley, '13.

Please, if you have not received a letter do not hesitate to send in your message just the same, and tell us and your former classmates what you are doing now.

1909.

Mr. and Mrs. Steel of Madison, Me., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Martha, to Edward W. Higgins of Arlington. Miss Steel is a graduate of Framingham Normal School, and has been teaching at Norwood, Mass.

1910.

Miss Ruth Prescott's engagement to Mr. William Eustis of Newton has been announced.

1911.

Theodore Bell writes:

"About all I can say of my four years at A. H. S. is that they were very pleasant ones, and I was sorry when they were over. As I have had no other school experiences, I shall always look back to A. H. S. in the same way as college men look back at college.

"At present I am a clerk in the office of Jackson & Curtis, brokers and dealers in investment securities and bonds.

"I am in my Freshman year at Boston Y. M. C. A. School of Commerce and Finance, a business school of college grade, where courses are offered in business administration and professional accounting. The latter course prepares men for the certified accountant "exams," which, in this State, are extremely difficult.

"I entered the school last September, and elected the course in business administration. The courses are very good, and they also require from six to twelve hours a week of study.

"Besides my business and school activities, I am also a member of the Medford Boat Club—have been for five years. At the last annual meeting I was elected to the House Committee. I am also a member of the "American Canoe Association."

1913.

Thomas O'Keefe returned this week from a trip to England. He went across on the "Devonian," and visited a number of cities during his week's stay there; among them were London and Liverpool.

Edward Kelley writes us:

"Since I left school I have been employed by the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, first as a draughtsman in the construction department, and am now surveying for the same department. I am also taking a course in electrical engineering at Lowell Institute, at the close of which I intend to join my brother, Walter, A. H. S. '10, in Argentina."

Katherine Read is a reporter on the "Radcliffe News." She has received further distinction as an "honor" pupil at college.

1914.

Florence Teele is working in Dr. Thomas' office.

Gladys Kimball, whose engagement to W. Draper Swan was recently announced, was given an aluminum shower by a number of her classmates.

ALICE G. READ, '15.



ENGLISH CLUB NOTES.

On March 9th a meeting of the English Club was held in the hall, under the leadership of Dorothy Bateman, '15, and Mildred Bolster, '15. Miss Bateman, the presiding officer, opened the meeting with a cordial welcome, after which Mrs. Wood made several announcements.

The subject of the afternoon was "Maids of All Nations." David Snow, '17, represented a hero traveller, and in reviewing his tour, each country was represented by members of the club.

Japan was spoken of, and Gean Lufkin, Julia Currier, Nora Johnson, Mary Plaisted and Florence Davis presented a Japanese parasol drill.

Rose Wanton, dressed in yellow, gave a poem in Greek, thus representing Greece.

Anna Hooker, as a Turkish maid, recited a selection with Turkish setting.

Next came Holland—Ruth Mitchell. Ruth Crosby, Ruth Gleason and Alice Read gave a Dutch dance.

The French girl, Gretchen King, dressed in Paris fashions, recited in French.

Dorothy Quimby charmingly sang a German love song.

Edith McBride, an Italian flower girl, spoke of Italy.

Spain was represented by Marion Allen and Miss Alice Porter who entertained by a guitar and mandolin duet.

The Egyptian queen, Katharine Kennedy, arrayed in her spangles, recited "The Egyptian Princess."

Priscilla Watts, in green and white, danced a little Irish jig.

Hilda Stewart, in her kilt, sang a Scottish song.

Katharine Sawyer, in English riding costume, recited an English poem.

Returning to the United States, Mildred Bolster, the original Indian maid, recited from "Hiawatha."

Finally, Margaret Bell, the American girl, led the audience in singing the "Star Spangled Banner."

The meeting was then adjourned.

March 30 the English Club held a declamation contest, under the leadership of Marion Anderson, '15, and Gertrude Fleming, '15. The object of the meeting was to choose candidates to send to the New Hampshire State College, to take part in the interscholastic declamation contest on May 7th.

Those who survived after the many tryouts were Doris Jukes, '18, who recited the "Black Horse and His Rider"; Florence Lennon, '17, the "Drowning Singer"; Jessie Smith, '18, the "Soul of a Violin"; Herbert Collins, '17, "A Plea for Cuba"; Margnerite Lamson, '16, "King Robert of Sicily"; Gean Lufkin, '15, the "Decision of Little Pât"; Anna Hooker, '16, "Toussaint l'Overture."

The judges, Miss Hicks, Rev. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Bean, awarded first honors

to Anna Hooker; second, William Severance, and third, Lina Edwards.

Ruth Woodend, '15, played a delightful piano solo, and Hilda Stewart, '14, sang several selections.

The meeting was then adjourned.

MARGARET A. BELL, '15, Sec.

THE DEBATING CLUB.

On Tuesday, February 23rd, at a meeting of the Debating Club, trials were held for the positions on the team to debate with Lexington. Herbert Philpott and Leo Kelley were chosen. On Thursday trials for the third position were held, and William Power was chosen.

At a meeting held on Wednesday, March 17th, a debate was given upon the question, "Resolved, That the resources of the United States Army and Navy should be strengthened." The affirmative was taken by Herbert Philpott, William Power and Leo Kelley. The negative was upheld by Herbert Collins, William Robinson and William Kirlin. The rebuttal was given by Herbert Collins and Leo Kelley. Hilda Stewart was the presiding officer.

On Friday evening, March 19th, in the High School Hall, the debate with Lexington High School took place. The question was, "Resolved, That the resources of the United States Army and Navy should be strengthened." Herbert Philpott, William Power and Leo Kelley, of Arlington, took the affirmative, and William Martin, Winthrop Dean and Francis Dean, of Lexington, took the negative. The rebuttal was given by William Martin and Leo Kelley. William Kirlin of Arlington and George Emery of Lexington were the alternates Mr Alton F. Tupper was presiding officer. Mr. C. J. Emerson, principal of Stoneham High School; Mr. Lorne B. Hulsman, principal of Melrose High School, and Mr. Elbert C. Wixon, principal of Winchester High School, were the judges. The judges decided in favor of the negative side.

GERTRUDE FLEMING, Sec.

A. H. S. ORCHESTRA NOTES.

On the evening of March 19th the orchestra played at the debate between Lexington High School and Arlington High School.

To show their appreciation of recent past favors, the orchestra presented George Horner with a tambourine.

Because of the approaching concert, the orchestra will have several extra rehearsals.

EDITH MACBRIDE, Sec.

EXCHANGES.

We wish to express our thanks for the following exchanges: "The Index," Worcester; "The Reflector," Gloucester; "The Voice," Concord; "The Recorder," Winchester; "The Clarion," West Hartford; "The Review," Medford, and "The Review," Newton.

"The Clarion"—Your paper is neat and well-arranged. You have some fine articles in the literary department.

"The Index"—Where is your literary department? We consider that the important part of a school paper.

"The Reflector"—Some excellent editorials in your November issue!

"The Review"—A splendid paper, Medford! Your numerous cuts and jokes add a great deal to it.

"The Review," Newton—"Among Our Graduates," in the January issue, is very interesting. You have a fine exchange department.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"Have you no personals to put in your column of school notes?"—"The Pomposetticut."

"Your Christmas number was indeed well supported with good, appropriate stories."—"The Voice."

Senior—"You want to keep your eyes open today."
Freshman (innocently)—"Why?"
Senior—"Because you would look like a fool with them shut."—Ex.

Young Lady—"How kind of you to bring me these flowers, Mr. Johnson. I think there is a little dew on them yet."
Johnson (uneasily)—"Well, yes, a little; but I will pay it tomorrow."—Ex.

Freshman—"What shall I do for my week end?"
Senior—"Put on your hat."

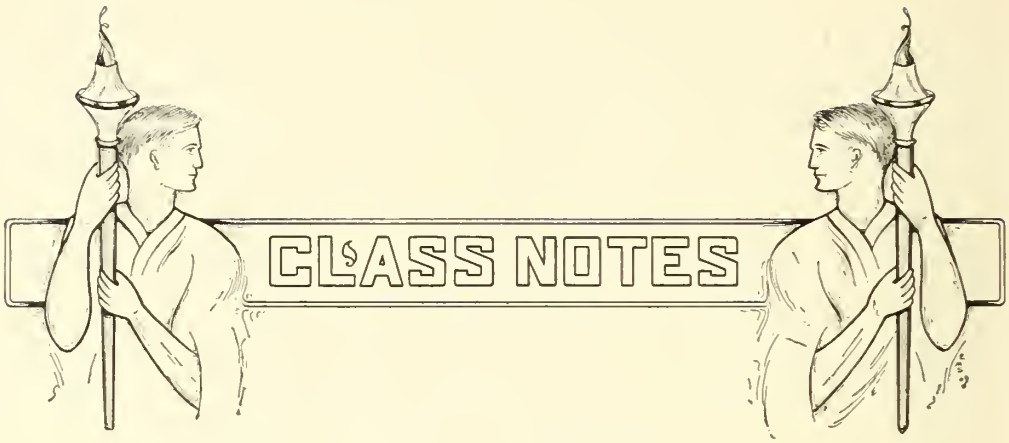
A school paper is a great invention,
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.—Ex.

"An atom is a little thing,
As small as small can be;
'Tis smaller than a needle's point,
'Tis smaller than a flea—
I never saw one in my life;
But when I was in school,
They told me 'twould take two of them
To make a molecule.

"Just think of something so minute
That on an inch of paper
Ten thousand million can be placed,
Along with ageaus vapor!
The shape of them was never known,
Nor was the color either;
In fact, that it is all a myth,
I am a firm believer."

One day a man went to the dentist's, and when he returned his friend asked him if he had a goood time.
He replied: "No, I was bored all the time I was there."

Pat met Jeff in the street, and Jeff said; "Pat, what cher got that string tied on yer finger for?"
Pat said: "My wife put it there so I wouldn't forget to mail her letter."
"Have you mailed it?"
"No; she forgot to give it to me."



1915.

English IV.:

Miss P.—"Dallin, what are storied windows?"

Dallin (hesitating)—"Storied windows are ones that have panes—er—they are paned—"

Miss P.—"Well, hurry, or we'll all be pained."

We are very sorry to lose one of our most valuable and interested members, Grace Morgan, but we are sure she will be a splendid addition to whatever school she attends hereafter. At the last news, she was in the midst of the Pacific, on her way to Honolulu, where she is to reside.

German:

When Miss Magner began saying "Mein Mann," things began to loook suspicious. Everyone is asking, "Who is he?"

French—III. Period:

Translation—"She left the window blushing." Some window!

III. Period:

Teacher—S-th, can you say, 'our sisters'?

S-th—"No, sir (nos soeurs).

Teacher—"Correct."

And S-th is wondering yet!

Young Damsel (reciting)—"A prairie schooner sailed up the Missouri."

I. Period:

Mr. C-ss—"Relating Chinese characteristics, he remarked of their delicious puppy stew."

Class (disgusted)—"Ugh!"

Mr. C-ss—"Well, can you think of anything more disgusting than a hen to eat—but "Oh you chicken!"

Mr. C-ss—"What makes a customer have good will toward a proprietor?"

Star Pupil—"Legal stamps."

Mr. Cross—"Where did they hang John Brown?"

Timid Miss—"In effigy."

(We all wonder where that is.)

French II.B:

Miss L.—"How do you say 'even though.'"

Class (in unison)—"Dut-elle."

Our Shining Light—"Do tell!"

Latin IV.A:

Translation—"Loosing his mind, he took up his arms." How sad. Furthermore, "He ceased speaking, and drew his foot with his voice!" Such translations are hard to equal.

From the Cambridge-Arlington debate:

C-r-tt (in rage)—"One instance I read in 1884—"

Even after hearing C-r-tt debate, we doubt his statement.

1916.

The Juniors, once upon a time,
Had no singing—it was sublime!
But now we're back and no more fooling,
For we have to sing the "Miller's Wooing."

Miss L-d—"K-n, I guess I'd better let you take the class."

Voice—"Some class!"

The "Junior Conference Club" has been carrying on a moving picture investigation in the Arlington schools, from the fourth grade through the high school. Very interesting results have been found. For further information, see special article in this number of the "Clarion."

English III.A:

Miss Porter—"Who was Tennyson, K-g?"

King—"He was a noted writer until he died."

Through the courtesy of Miss Heard, the Seniors and Juniors were invited to the hall at recess to receive the "Miller's Wooing." Sounds good!

Don't forget to support the school lunch counter, Juniors!

Chem. III.A:

Little drops of water.
Little grains of lead,
Gathered in your system,
Soon will kill you dead."

German II.A:

Miss M-g-r (in a brief review of French history)—"Now, let us start at the beginning. Who are the first people we hear about?"

Voice—"Adam and Eve."

1917.

Miss J.—"If the frogs' back legs were in the anterior portion of the body, what difference would that make?"

Miss G.—"Why, he'd have to go backwards."

Miss J.—Why were the lowest forms of animals created first?"

Young Scientist—"Oh, they were improved upon as time went on."

Mr. R., in Com. Geo., warns class of a future test.

"And I will hold you just as close and as tight as I want to!"

Considerable uneasiness followed amidst the girls, until with blushes and excuses, he explained what he meant.

One of the boys is asked a question. His reply: "I can't hear because there is a boy standing up in front of me, and I can't see through him."

Pupil (translating)—"If I go to bed I will not remain there."

Some people *do* have nightmares.

Miss F.—"Their shields were in the shape of square triangles."

We shall have to look them up in the museum.

1918.

In Greek History:

"We have been informed that the ancient Greeks used Fords to cross the river."

In English:

Teacher—"What was Stevenson's best work, and when did he write it?"

Pupil—"Stevenson wrote his best work in 1886, which was "Kidnapped."

In Physical Geography:

"When is the moon full?"

Quick response—"When it spends its last quarter."

Here is a puzzle. Solve it, please.

"Is a Sophomore who takes Freshman algebra a fresh Sophomore, or a soft Freshman?"

T.—"Where is your report card?"
J.—"At home."
T.—"Go home and get it."
P.—"Nobody home."
T.—"I thought so."

Mr. R.—You're holding that pen too tight. You should hold it loosely."

Miss S.—"Why?"

Mr. R.—"Because you'll squeeze the sap out of the wood if you aren't careful."

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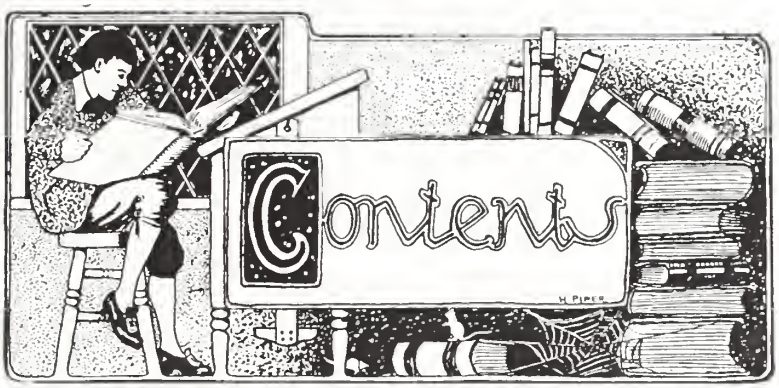
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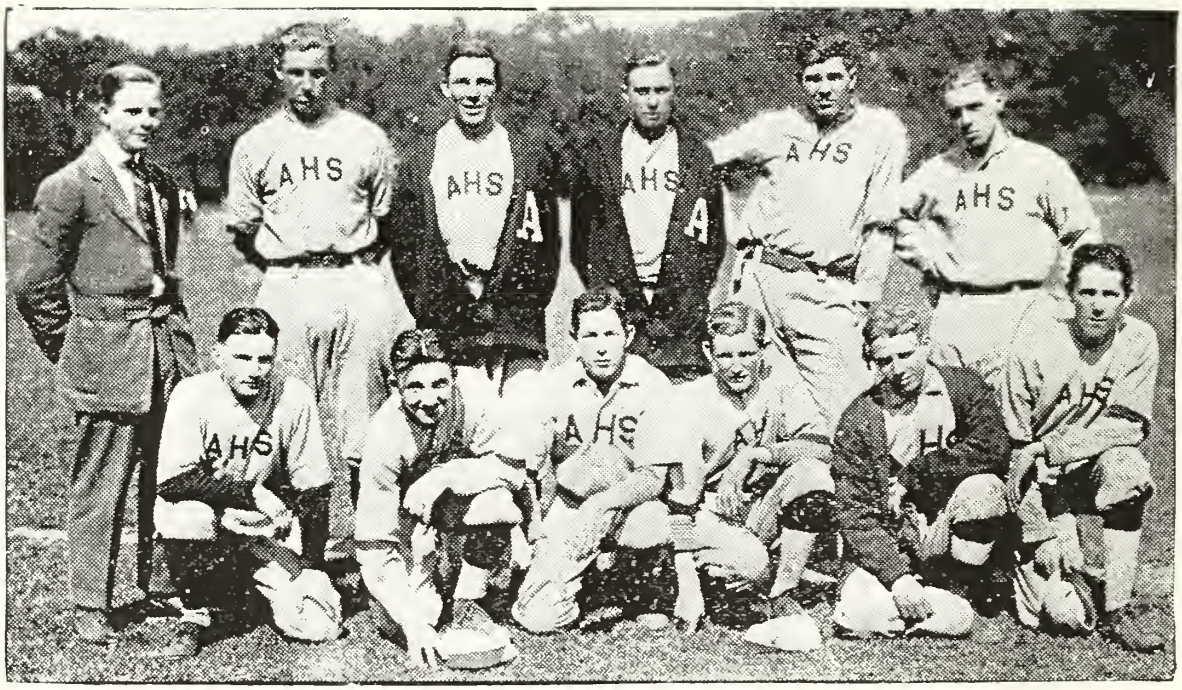
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BASEBALL TEAM



CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

(ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER)

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EDITORIALS

We, Seniors, thought that we were the only ones who would have feelings of regret this June. But alas! every schoolmate is sorry at one moment, and glad at the next to have Mr. Mitchell, our old-time friend and helper, go to take the enviable position as principal of Lynn Classical High School. We are sorry that he is leaving us, but glad that such an honor has been conferred upon him through the unanimous vote of the school committee of the city of Lynn, entirely unsolicited on his own part.

During his six years of progressive work in our school his policy has ever been to develop the best in everyone. To this end he has fostered the development of numerous clubs and a close relationship between the teacher and pupil. How often has he exhorted us not to be among the number who receive a "Gentleman C" or have a "Macaroni backbone."

What we have lost is of great gain to Lynn. Our appreciation and gratitude for all that he has been to our school, its pupils and teachers, and to the town of Arlington, prompts us to extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for success in his new undertaking!

The school committee have been fortunate in securing Mr. Frederick E. Clerk, former superintendent of schools in Clinton, as Mr. Mitchell's successor. To him we extend a hearty welcome.

Our four years of high school life have passed, and graduation is upon us. How easy it is to recall in pleasant memory even our Freshman days as though they happened but yesterday. We remember with pleasure the happy relations with our willing teachers and the spirit of friendship among our fellow students. We must now bid farewell to one another and go our appointed ways, but we shall *never* forget dear old A. H. S.

The question which now rises before us is, "Where shall the next step be?" It will be into the business world or into college. Let us first look before we leap. It is easy to see that we are stepping from the known into the unknown, where experience is the great teacher. There we shall find ourselves not one of a few hundred, but one of many thousand. We must undertake that painful task of making new friends. Come what may, we may rest assured that, "In all our course through life, we shall meet all the people who are coming to meet us in strange places and by strange ways: what it is given us to do for them and what it is given them to do for us will all be done."

The passing *Clarion* staff have striven during our term of office to make our school paper at least better than preceding editions. We hope that we have. We also hope and confidently feel that the new staff will promptly and intelligently seize their duties and surpass our efforts. We are pleased to announce that by faculty appointment Dorothy Quimby will be the editor-in-chief and Stanwood Cook the business manager for the year 1915-1916. According to the custom, the other members of the board will be elected by their respective classes at the beginning of the next school year. So here's to the new board, may it extend the fame of the *Clarion* far and wide!



Graduation Exercises

Robbins Memorial Town Hall, Arlington
Wednesday Evening, June 23, 1915

Class Motto: *"Non est vivere sed valere vita."*

March, *"Marine's Inspection"*.....*C. B. Bennet*
A. H. S. ORCHESTRA

Prayer
NATHAN E. WOOD, D. D.

Chorus, *"Lovely Appear"*.....*From the "Redemption"*
SENIOR AND JUNIOR CLASSES

Salutatory
DONALD ROSS

June Rhapsody ..... *Mabel W. Daniels*
"The Crimson Twilight".....*M. Delany Tooker*
GIRLS' GLEE CLUB
Miss Florence Hale, Director

Class Essay, *"The High School Course as a Preparation for Leadership"*
HELEN C. NEVILLE

Sextette .....*From "Lucia di Lammermoore"*
SENIOR CLASS

Class Oration, *"Summits of Success"*
LEO A. KELLEY

College Medley .....*C. C. Robinson*
BOYS' GLEE CLUB
Mr. Gordon, Director

Address to the Undergraduates, *"The Future Leadership"*
DAVID CROCKETT

Medley on National Airs.....*E. Beyer*
A. H. S. ORCHESTRA
Miss Porter, Director

Valedictory, *"An Arch of Character"*
ALICE G. READ

Chorus, *"The Miller's Wooing"*.....*Farring*
SENIOR AND JUNIOR CLASSES

Address, *"Personality as an Asset in Life"*
Prof. MARSHALL L. PERRIN, Boston University

Presentation of Diplomas
ALTON F. TUPPER
Chairman of School Committee

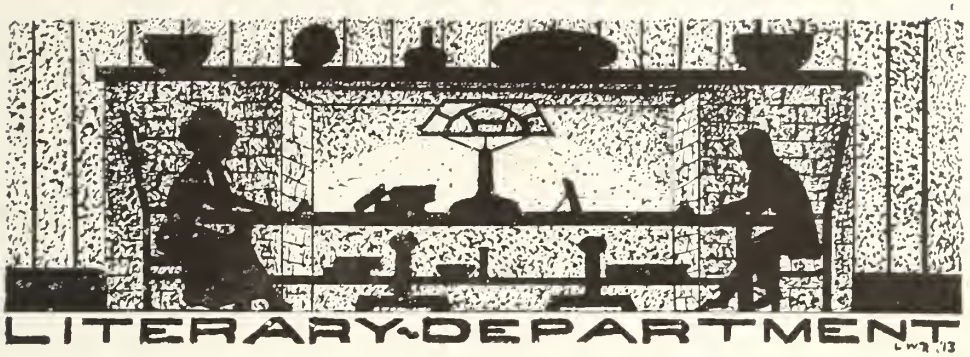
Musical Director, Miss BLANCHE E. HEARD
Accompanist, MILDRED GLEASON

Graduates

LAURENCE WILDER ADAMS
HENRY VAUGHN ALLEN
KARIN ALSEN
MARION FRANCES ANDERSON
WILLARD L. BAILEY
HELEN ELIZABETH BARTLETT
DOROTHY HAMMOND BATEMAN
MARGARET AMERO BAUDREAU
MARGARET ADAMS BELL
HUGH GEORGE BERQUEST
ROBERT DOUGLAS BLACK
MILDRED LOUISE BOLSTER
ELEANOR BREED
DOROTHY BROSNAHAN
MARY FRANCES BURNS
MABEL GERTRUDE CALLAHAN
FRANK EDWARD CARLSON
SALVADO CATERINO
ELINE ALBERTINA CHRISTENSEN
PAULINE CLARE
GERTRUDE KATHRYN CLIFFORD
DAVID CROCKETT
RUTH CROSBY
DOROTHY CURRIER
CHISTENA ZITA CURTIN
EDWARD RUSSELL CUTTER
ALICE GERTRUDE DAVIES
MARIAN S. DAWES
MARGARET J. DICKSON
ANNA MARION DONOVAN
SUSIE LOUISE DUFF
FIDESAH NAOMI EDWARDS
MINOT RUDYARD EDWARDS
AMY LILLIAN EKMARK
MILDRED EMERSON
GERTRUDE MARY FLEMING
JOSEPHINE BERNADETTE FLYNN
GEORGE OTIS GREENLEAF
DANIEL CLIFTON HALL
ROGER TRYON HALL
WARREN JAMES HENDERSON
OLIVE GOULD HESSELTINE
WILFRED CHARLES HURLEY
ELLA MARGARET IGO
IRENE RUTH IRWIN
IDA J. JENKINS
OSWALD W. JENKINS
KATHERINE ANNA KELLEY
LEO ALEXIS KELLEY
M. GRETCHEN KING
MARY JOSEPHINE KING
RUTH ELEANOR LYONS
CHARLES A. McCARTHY
JOHN THOMAS McCARTHY
MARION McLELLAN
MARGARET JOSEPHINE MELLY
WILLIAM JOHN MERRIGAN
RUTH MITCHELL
JAMES GOVAN MOIR, JR.
WINNIFRED PARKER MOXON
HAROLD LAMBERT MOXON
MARY AGNES MURPHY
HELEN CECELIA NEVILLE
CATHERINE V. OGILVIE
ELIZABETH KATHRYN O'HANLON
EDITH CHRISTINA OLSON
MABLE ELIZABETH PARRIS
A. HARLOD PETERSON
HERBERT CHARLES PHILPOTT
MARY HERRICK PLAISTED
WEBSTER PLAISTED
RACHEL POTTER
ALICE GERTRUDE READ
CHARLES REED
GLADYS RICHARDSON
CATHERINE AGNES ROBINSON
DONALD ROSS
FRANK ALBERT SAMUELSON, JR.
HELEN KATHERINE SCHEIB
WILLIAM HENRY SCHEIB
GEORGE OSWALD SINCLAIR
HELEN PAULINE SMITH
RUSSELL STORER SMITH
FRANKLIN RUDOLF SWAN
VERONICA FRANCES TOBIN
ROSE WANTON
ALICE THERESA WELCH
GLADYS M. WILLIAMS
BEATRICE OLIVE WILLIS
RUTH ELIZABETH WOODEND
FLORENCE EDNA WORTHINGTON

Post Graduates

LOUISE BATEMAN
HAROLD FRANCIS KIMBALL
ELTON MANSELL
HAMLYN NELSON ROBBINS
LEON ISAAC SNOW
I. HILDA STEWART
KENNETH THWING YOUNG



THE GRADUATION PARTS

SALUTATORY.

Parents and friends, it is indeed a pleasure to welcome you here this evening to the graduation exercises of the Class of 1915, the last class to graduate from the present High School building—the last class to graduate under the leadership of our honored principal, Mr. Mitchell. It is through his ever efficient guidance and interest that we have reached our anticipated goal, and I am sure that all schoolmates and friends will share with us in the feeling of sincere gratitude for his noble and superior influence in Arlington. Our heartiest good wishes will ever be with him.

From the time we entered the dear old school and were intrusted with her long established traditions and ideals, we have looked forward to this very evening as the final goal of our high school ambitions. During the four years which we have spent together, we have endeavored to uphold the high standard of the school and to live up to our class motto: "Life is not merely to exist, but to amount to something."

We have shared in all school undertakings; in debates, in declamation contests, in musical clubs and in intellectual clubs, as well as on the athletic field. Here, in comradeship, we have remembered that unity and teamwork are essentials to victory. In the future, whether in college or in business, we shall continue to strive for victory, with the realization that our high school preparation has given us confidence and assurance of successful results, since, "There is no impossibility to him who stands prepared to conquer." We have achieved many minor successes in the past, which will stimulate us to achieve many greater successes in the future.

During the past four years we have been laying the cornerstone of our arch of character, and you will later realize how our high school course has prepared us to make plans for the further erection and completion of this fitting memorial of our devotion to the Arlington High School.

As we look back on our four years of high school, there is a tinge of sadness in our hearts that we must leave the school we love and the teachers whom we respect and admire. But, whatever we may do in the course of our lives, we will endeavor to make the ones we leave behind feel proud that we are Arlington High School students. Our four years of high school life have been four happy years of educational benefit; four years of social fellowship and pleasant recreation; four years of mental and physical improvements. All of

which leads me, in behalf of the Class of 1915, to extend our gratitude to the school committee, superintendent, principal and teachers, who have directed our courses and led us within view of summits of success and to the citizens of the town, who make it possible for us to obtain this great benefit. We shall also strive in our undertakings to be a credit to our parents and friends, to whom again we extend a most fervent and hearty welcome.

Donald Ross.

THE HIGH SCHOOL COURSE AS A PREPARATION FOR LEADERSHIP.

Today is the day of organization. Everywhere we find evidences of philanthropy displayed in the charitable institutions, in the press, the labor unions and other similar organizations. But how many of us have ever stopped to think who is responsible, or to whom the credit is due for the good which has shown such power and influence? And when we read in the daily papers of the working men's unions, the societies for the uplift of the poor, the schools for the purpose of educating the masses many of whom would were it not for these free institutions, grow to manhood and womanhood worthless, illiterate citizens, how often do we consider the fact that behind each one there is but one head, one supreme leader? He it is who spurs those under his guidance on to the achievement of greater success, one mind which thinks and plans for the help of others, one hand which holds all in its grasp.

It is a wrong idea, held by many people, that high school is merely a place of learning. It is not that alone, though scholastic training is the fundamental reason why such schools have been organized. It is a place where the students come together as comrades working with each other and for each other, everyone for the attainment of his ideals. Here the teachers are our leaders, each class having that one head under whose guidance we are carried on to the fulfillment of our desires—namely, an education of such a nature that when we enter the world we may be able to become leaders. We must realize that everyone cannot be a leader of some institution; that is impossible, but it is possible to take the best that is in you and make it obey your commands, thus becoming a leader of yourself. James Russell Lowell has said: "Never lose sight of the reason why you have come to school. It is not that you may get something by which to earn your bread, but that every mouthful of bread may be sweeter to your taste as a result of that education."

We enter the school as freshmen in every sense of the word. From this time on we are inspired with the idea that the loyalty we bear toward the school is a thing not to be disobeyed. This early respect of loyalty will be carried into our future undertakings—in business, in college, in the home. In the many trials which come in our high school career, we learn never to shirk our duties, but remember that the honor of the school is for us to uphold, and so resist temptations that that name may never be marred.

Especially is this true in athletics, for where is there greater opportunity for showing our loyalty or disloyalty to our school than in the sports in which we enter? Here the captains of our various teams are chosen because of tactful, executive and resolute characteristics. Other organizations in our high school which are especially beneficial in fostering the accomplishments of a leader are the various clubs, where the participation in programs gives to the speaker confidence and presence before others—develops a lasting personality. These clubs also bring out and encourage the individual talent of many boys and girls, as, for instance, the musical schoolmates, or those especially interested in scientific directions, or furthermore, the linguists and writers.

During this school life we find happiness in realizing that other class-

mates have, after long and patient struggling, reached the top of the ladder, where the crown of leadership awaits him who has proved himself a success. This happiness will be greater if at such a time we can say that we were a help and not a hindrance to another classmate, for it is true that the more help one gives another the more will be returned.

School life should not be all work and study, neither should it be all play. It is desirable and in fact necessary, that we enter into all our studies with determination to win, but there must accompany this determination neither emulation nor procrastination. Either would quickly bring forth the destruction of our aims.

You may ask what use the high school course is to a pupil. Is it merely that he may have a knowledge of his own and foreign languages, ability to work out a problem in algebra, or to operate a typewriter? No! It gives us something which is of infinitely greater value: the foundation of success, so that after this training we may go out with the kit of educational tools by which we may build up and up to the top, becoming each and every one a leader in one of the many branches of life.

Helen C. Neville.

SUMMITS OF SUCCESS.

Gaze for a moment with me into that land of leadership, dedicated for all time to the world's famous men. Gigantic mountains rise boldly on all sides. There, sparkling in the brilliant light of a cheerful sun, loom the summits of success. Here is a peak typifying high attainments in art; there another seems to symbolize inspiring literature; and here again may rise a height of scientific discovery and invention. For each of the noble and worthy achievements of men we find a summit in our landscape.

There are times, however, when our vision is obscured by clouds of temporary failures. We lose for a moment that alluring prospect, only to see again when the clouds are cleared the summits, even more brilliant and enchanting. It would seem that men must have temporary failures that they may get a new start, have new inspirations, and more truly appreciate the real value of success.

Turning our attention to the valleys, we notice on one side a picture of contentment. Everything is quiet and refreshing in its verdant foliage, but ultimately monotonous in its very peacefulness. On the other side is a barren picture, full of discouragement and despair shorn of any attraction in its desolation. Sometimes we feel self-satisfied, or again, hindered by cumbersome barriers, when but an upward glance would renew our ambitions and fill us once more with strength to overcome all obstacles.

Fed by streamlets from the summits of success, flows the cleansing river of benefit to mankind. Tumbling and rushing at first with boundless generosity, the cheerful rivulets unite into one vast river of charity and service. In this river we may wash away past failures and taste of success itself.

As we gaze over this vast expanse of scenic vicissitudes in life, we are conscious of the inspiration which others have felt in the desire to climb over the rough experiences in life to heights of success, above the valleys of depression, beyond the clouds of failure to a broader outlook upon the opportunities for benefitting mankind. During our school days, how many men and women who have successfully reached these summits of leadership have we met? With just pride Arlington may claim not a few; in the present generation, as well as in past history, and it is of these contemporaries I wish to speak.

Among our citizens there is one whose works of art have gained world-wide recognition and admiration. It is he who has immortalized the American Indian, and of Cyrus E. Dallin Arlington may truly be proud.

Multitudes have endeavored to gain a prominent place in the world's litera-

ture. We realize full well the great honor conferred upon Arlington in claiming two literary geniuses for her own. These men are John Townsend Trowbridge and Nixon Waterman.

Not only in the realm of art and letters do we find worthy representatives, but also in public life. We call to mind an eminent lawyer, for years speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and later Governor of this Commonwealth, namely John Quincy Adams Brackett.

There is yet another field of achievement to be touched upon and that is the business world. One business man through strictest economy and diligent industry was finally blessed with a fortune by means of which he and others of his family have richly endowed our town. We are indebted to them for the old town hall yonder, for the splendid public library right next to us, and for this magnificent town hall in which we are assembled tonight for these graduation exercises. Daily we High School pupils are inspired by the beautiful park joining these two buildings. You all know the ones to whom I refer —the Robbins family.

What a group of leaders! What a forceful set of examples to Arlington boys and girls! The silent teachings of example are most powerful of all. Actions are more forcible than words. Fortunate it is, then, that we have been placed in the midst of a community where before our time, decisive steps have been taken by wise and strong men!

Let us, then, climb to the summits of success, nor cease nor rest in the valleys of self-satisfaction and despair, deluded by false clouds of temporary failures. Let us lift our eyes to those dazzling heights and feel their alluring grip. We hear the call of the sirens; not to utter destruction but to ultimate success!

Leo A. Kelley.

ADDRESS TO THE UNDERGRADUATES.

THE LEADERSHIP OF THE FUTURE.

Tonight we have gathered in this hall to commemorate the close of our High School careers. We leave behind us those who must take our places in this institution, and who must carry on the work which we have striven to accomplish. To them we leave the burdens we have borne, the tasks we have assumed, and the trust which has been placed in us to preserve the standard which our High School maintains. They must not merely carry on this work, but be the leaders as well.

Leadership is needed in the world today as much as in the days that have gone, and to the boys and girls who make the best use of their opportunities is opened the door to leadership; and never in any age has it been more easy than at the present for men and women to attain to that position without regard to circumstances of birth, race or religious belief.

The world demands and welcomes as leaders of the race those who are honest in purpose, clear in thought, forceful in expression, sympathetic, tolerant and steadfast.

Unfortunately, leadership in the minds of many is too often associated with purely militant activities. Although the world today is shaken by the mighty clash of arms, and out of the terrible conflict will appear men whose leadership upon the bloody fields of battle will make their names prominent in history; yet there is coming a time, and God grant that it may even be here now, when the place of greatest prominence will be given to him who, by his leadership, has brought to the sons of men the greatest measure of happiness. When that time shall come, the man who led hosts to victory in war will be forgotten, while a grateful people pay just homage to the memory of some earnest and efficient scientist whose quiet efforts have resulted in relieving

the world of pain and sickness, or, may be, an inventor whose genius has made it possible for all men, and not a few alone, to live with no more toil than is good for man, thereby enabling him to contemplate the beautiful about him, yea, even to think more deeply than he can think now of the things that make for life eternal.

In that day a greater place in the hearts of men will be given to the one who writes a song or a poem whose sweet tones or tender lines make all men kin, or to the leader of religion, or the economist who evolves from the tangled mess of human thought and theory, a rule of philosophy so radiantly clear and simple, as to be recognized and adopted by all as a means for closer union and a kindlier interest.

In that day no longer will wars exist, no longer will men and nations strive in lasting conflict for the mastery; but man will be so closely allied to man, that a civilization will come forth, so perfect in its organization, so harmonious in its workings, as to insure peace and happiness to posterity for all generations.

To you who now take up the work as undergraduates of the school is given the opportunity to equip yourselves for the great work ahead, and by your efforts lend a greater or less impetus to the movement for the upliftment of the human race, and for the ushering in of that era of peace and good will.

David Crockett.

VALEDICTORY: THE ARCH OF CHARACTER.

This evening marks the completion of four years of High School work. How quickly the time has passed! Perhaps we have not accomplished all that we hoped for, but I think we all agree that these have been happy, useful years. To be sure we have met perplexties and troubles which come inevitably to all who labor; but these very difficulties, when overcome, establish the corner-stone of our arch of life, the arch which grows, stone by stone, with our growing experiences.

No worth while work can be accomplished without much time and earnest toil, nor can we build our arch of character without pain, disappointment, defeat and patient effort. But, "to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and true success is to labor," said the beloved Robert Louis Stevenson. How fully he must have realized the value of his words, for was not his character built by loving and painful labor? Can we not realize this, and do we not appreciate our "own blessedness," from our efforts during these High School years, and from the influence of our teachers, our helpers and friends? I believe we do, and I am sure each of us, through work and service has already many stones for the firm foundation of his ultimate aim, —an arch of noble character.

Our first stones have already been laid, huge and roughly hewn, but solid enough to uphold the fairest and most majestic arch that our high hopes and ambitions can imagine.

And now, with our foundation securely laid, we may begin to choose the stones to continue our masterpiece; smooth and even they must be to fit firm and true; for the dignity of our structure will be measured not by size, but by inner strength. Then, as we proceed with the building, we must select polished stones to adorn our arch, and, as we build higher, we must choose those carved with the flowers of the graces of character, tact, kindness, cordiality and courtesy, and, when our arch is completed let us have, embodied in its structure, our symbols of faithful service, loyal work, and ideals attained. Thus we shall have, each for himself, a noble arch, and one which, in material form, each of us will be proud to claim as his own.

But tonight our building together is over, and we must say "farewell." Tomorrow each goes his separate way, and our High School days, "beneath old Cotting's banner," are over. However far away from one another we are

in the days to come, may we always remember that, "when all have done their utmost, surely he hath given the best, who gives a character erect and constant," and let us continue to build our arch ever higher and more beautiful.

ALICE G. READ.

THE FIRST CORPS CADET ARMORY.

As we approached the Armory, we might easily have imagined ourselves back in mediæval days,—in the age of strongly fortressed castles, drawbridges and moats,—for the large stone fort, with weathered gray walls, massive door, and iron-barred windows was very suggestive of this period. But the trolley cars and autos passing by, and the infant skyscraper directly opposite, soon dispelled any trace of this fancy, and brought us back to the twentieth century and the realization that we had come to see the wonders of the Armory.

We are fortunate, indeed, in having a first lieutenant of this organization for a teacher in American history as also class advisor, and it is through his kindness that the Seniors have had the privilege of enjoying this Museum of American History relics.

When the heavy door had swung to behind us, we went to the Gun Room, where hung long rows of numbered rifles, and is used for meetings of the corps. After each member of our party had examined a rifle, we were entertained by an exhibition of the loading and sham firing of one, and also the use of the bayonet.

Then we proceeded to the second floor, to the Foyer. We found this to be a veritable treasure trove of valuable and famous relics of days past. The objects were of such wide and varied interest that it would be impossible to relate more than a small fraction of what we had seen. (This was true of all parts of this interesting building.) As we entered the Foyer, a sunburst of guns, captured at the seige of New Orleans in 1815, greeted the eye. The suits of armor were some of the most interesting things. Especially was this true of the Japanese armor. This suit, worn by a member of the Samurai class of the Plover Clan, in 1831 A. D., was made of a closely knitted fabric, exquisitely embroidered in bright colors, and fashioned like a dress. A brass pointed hat, with long strings, a fan, and a long, two-handled Samurai sword completed the outfit. The hilt of the sword was made beautiful by skilful laquer work. What a contrast was found in the dull gray metal of the mediæval and Arabian armor, of which we saw two excellent specimens. Some pikes, used by the colonists of 1620 in defence against the Indians were examined with interest. These were long, wooden poles, tipped with sharpened metal ends, and had been used effectively, no doubt, when muskets ran short. A case containing letters and documents of historic value, among them autographs of George Washington and John Hancock, some old-fashioned surgical instruments, and a collection of rare old swords, proved worthy of close inspection. This was also true of a cabinet which held a collection of medals of many nations. These were of varied designs, bearing ribbons of many hues, and among them we noted specimens of the Victoria Cross, the Iron Cross of Prussia, and French Legion of Honor, so often referred to now in the war news.

Then again we followed the winding stairs to the rooms of the Loyal Legion, an organization composed of commissioned officers who served in the Civil War. Here we found many interesting relics of the war days. Some of the most impressive were the original Barbara Freitchie flag, a block of stone from Fort Sumter, an old slave bell used to call the "darkies" from the field, a machine used to draft men to the war, and a complete collection of "shin plaster" currency.

Gen. Sherman's hat was the most interesting relic in this department. A plain black felt hat at first sight, it

took on new interest when we learned that it was the identical one worn by the general on his march from "Atlanta to the Sea." A collection of small shell from the various battle fields of the Civil War, classified according to the battle, was found, arranged most uniquely. We also saw specimens of all kinds of ammunition, varying from cannon to "canister and grape."

Passing over the stairs to the different rooms connected with the Loyal Legion, we discovered many rebel flags, captured during the war. One was a battle flag of the Confederacy, another, the battle flag of the 10th Louisiana "Tigers," C. S. A., and also Sherman's headquarters flag. The table on which the surrender at Appomattox in 1865 was signed was one of the two most impressive things seen in the Armory. The other was the original secession document of South Carolina, that paper which was of such tremendous significance in those days preceding the war. How odd are the workings of fate! To think that this paper should have found its way to the very heart of the city in which abolition, at the time it was drawn up, was most extreme.

So, as we examined these interesting relics, so closely connected with the great struggle, and the building up of our nation, the pages of our history became living pages, and not dry records of the dead past; and the actual sight of the instruments of war, brought to our minds the realization of the value of the peace we now enjoy, and the heartfelt wish that it might never be disturbed.

MARGARET MELLY.

Honolulu, H. I., May 18, 1915.

My Dear Classmates:

Miss Porter has suggested that you might be interested to hear a little of my trip and of Honolulu.

But first I want to send you my very sincere congratulations for your graduation and my best wishes for the future.

When we left Boston, we went first to Montreal. It is an interesting place because it is old, but after one has visited the churches and gazed at the monuments and read the French signs, then it is time to travel on. From there we went to Niagara Falls. The train stopped on the bridge which spans the Niagara River for thirty minutes while the customs officer went through the train. We were neither in Canada nor the United States. From the bridge we could see the rapids and whirlpools, and about a mile up stream the mists from the Falls.

I had a great feeling of awe as I stood by the iron railing at the Falls and saw the water slipping over the precipice a sheer hundred and fifty feet, thundering and filling the air with mist.

Our next stop was in Chicago, but as we arrived there on a Sunday and in a snow storm, we decided to go to Colorado Springs, which is a little south of Denver. We stayed two days at Manitou and enjoyed every minute. Manitou, which is about two miles from Colorado Springs, seems to be at the very bottom of Pike's Peak and of the other mountains which guard it on three sides.

We walked through the Garden of the Gods one afternoon. The earth is of red clay and the rock of red sand stone, which is worn away into queer shapes by the rain and wind. There were red toadstools and red armchairs and pinnacles and a steamboat with many decks and a huge rock about fifteen feet square balancing on a base three inches thick. Spring was just arriving in Colorado when we were there, and the grass and the leaves of the trees were a vivid green and formed such a contrast to the red background.

The journey from Colorado Springs to Pueblo was mainly through the mountains which were covered with snow. We were persuaded by a train agent to purchase some amber glasses to save our eyes from the glare of the

sun on the snow. Later I went through several cars to the end of the train in order to stand on the rear platform, and I had to laugh, for every single person gazed at us over the rims of round amber goggles.

After leaving Pueblo we saw the wonderful scenery of the Royal Gorge. The train passes through a narrow valley, the sides of which gradually grow steeper and steeper until you cannot see the sky at all, only the small river Arkansas and the rocky walls of the canyon, which are colored most beautifully. We were sorry when it grew dark, but one generally feels glad when the porter begins to make up the berths.

It was very warm the next day crossing the sandy plains of Utah, and we were glad to change trains at Salt Lake City. We had an afternoon there, which we spent going over the grounds belonging to the Mormon Church. One building, in which are held the public services, is built in the shape of an egg. It has the best acoustic properties of any edifice in the world. Standing at one end of the building one can hear the slightest whisper from the other end. There are no corners anywhere, either in the walls or the furnishings, even the seats have rounded edges. The entire building was put together with leather thongs which have hardened, and prove better than nails. The large central building, which is called the Tabernacle, is made of huge pieces of granite. Each stone is numbered, so that in the event of a repetition of their former expulsion the Mormons could rebuild the Tabernacle in its present form. The cost of the building is estimated at four million dollars—not in money, but in labor and gifts.

We left Salt Lake City at night, and the following day crossed the desert. It was rather a monotonous ride, and we were glad the next morning to see the orange groves and roses of Pasedena. We spent two days in Los Angeles reveling in the palms and fruit and flowers. A rather disagreeable accident hastened our departure. A thief entered our rooms at the hotel and took my handbag. He couldn't have had time to look into it or he wouldn't have taken it, for the only thing that it contained that I valued was my class pin.

We stayed about ten days at San Francisco, visiting the Exposition and all the old places that I remembered, for I lived there before the earthquake. The exhibits were splendid, and I wish every one of you could see it all.

On the sixth of April we left San Francisco for Honolulu. About ten minutes before we sailed little rolls of colored paper were gven out, and these were held at one end and then thrown to friends on the wharf. Some one got the other end, and there was a splendid tangled mixture of red, green, blue and yellow strands. The Hawaiian Ukulele players sang Aloha Oe (farewell) and then one by one the streamers snapped and we were off.

I will not dwell upon the six days following, but will only say that we had rather a rough voyage!

Everyone seemed glad to see the extinct crater of Leahi (wreath of fire), or as it is now called, Diamond Head, which is the first point of land to be seen. As we were docking, twenty-five or thirty native boys swam out and dived for coins.

The afternoon of our arrival we went out to Waikiki Beach, surf-riding. It is wonderful sport. About five or six people get into a narrow outrigger canoe, and paddle about a half mile from the shore, and wait for a large strong wave. When the right one is sighted, everyone paddles hard. The wave catches up and bears the canoe on its crest very swiftly in to shore. The Hawaiians also use surf boards, but they are dangerous and very hard to manipulate.

We went to the Aquarium one day and saw the fine collection of Hawaiian fish. You can hardly believe your eyes, to see pink fish, and blue fish with old rose stripes, and little flat fish that look like convicts, striped with black bands, and horrible looking squid with suction-like fingers.

There is one very beautiful custom that I must tell you about. Whenever a boat leaves the islands for the mainland, or for Australia or Japan and China, everyone who is able turns out to say goodbye to the passengers. It doesn't really matter whether they know anyone or not. The native women make leis (wreaths) of magnolia blossoms and of various sweet-smelling flowers and leaves, and one buys as many as possible and decks the departing friend, twining them about the neck and arms and all over the hat of the victim. Then the old Royal Hawaiian Band, which has been in existence from the days when Hawaii was a monarchy, plays several lively tunes, and everyone is gay; but as the boat slowly moves away the old favorite Aloha is played, and that creates rather a sad feeling.

The people here are all so hospitable, and they seem to cling to their friends, and really, more and more, I am beginning to feel that it *is* the friends we have that really counts.

I hope that you will always consider me your friend and classmate.

GRACE H. MORGAN.

BIOGRAPHY OF KEWPIE.

Kewpie, like Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "wasn't born at all—he just growed." His first abode was in a factory, where he "growed" with thousands of brothers and sisters. Here he was merely one common, ordinary individual among numerous others. However, the increase in his popularity is quite marked, for from this lowly station, where he had remained unobserved, with a few of his kin, he became an object of admiration in Filene's store, where he stood aloft, decorated with neckties, bonnets or furs, beaming upon the Christmas shoppers. When this honorable duty was fulfilled, he retired behind the scenes into a stuffy little office.

Thence he made the greatest journey of his life, through the crowds and jams of Harvard Square, until he finally reached A. H. S., safe and sound except for a crack in his neck. He was immediately attended to, and after several treatments with glue, mucilage and paste, he was pronounced out of danger, and soon recovered.

Having been fitted out with proper apparel for his debut, he was left alone in a private apartment to rest before this great event. But not much repose did Kewpie receive, for some jealous admirers in 1914 class kidnapped him, and for a whole night he dwelt in the dark depths of "no one knows where." What fate he might have suffered in the hands of such wretches we hate to imagine, but his visit was very short, for his guardians were frightened into submission by cruel threats, and returned him wholly unharmed.

Kewpie seemed fated, for only about an hour before the performance one of his hands was so seriously injured that the fingers had to be amputated. However, our brave little martyr insisted upon appearing at his "coming out" party, and so on the memorable night of February 13th Kewpie was unveiled amid thundering applause. The remainder of the year he boarded on Jason Street, and lived a life of ease and luxury. The next time he was invited to appear in public was on February, 1915. It was evident that he had remembered he was now a Senior, and should appear more dignified. His plump little figure could hardly be recognized in a black cap and gown, and he looked bewitchingly through tortoise shell glasses. "So wise and yet so young," was certainly the way Kewpie appeared, for although his dress made him seem quite venerable, he couldn't change that expression of roguish terror so quickly.

He presided at the Senior Social, but again fell prey to evil hands—this time to younger ones. For three months his whereabouts were wrappd in mystery, and great were the fears of the Seniors lest he be absent at the May class social.

Friday morning came and no Kewpie. Friday noon, finally Friday night, and still no Kewpie. All hopes of ever seeing our little mascot were abondoned.

But in some strange manner he escaped, and at quarter of eight there he stood on the platform, with arms outstretched, ready to welcome us.

After the social he returned to his home on Jason Street, where he can abide in safety until called upon again for service. His last public appearance this year will be at the alumni banquet on June 24th.

He wishes now to forgive all his cruel abductors, and especially the class of 1916, for he feels that their misdeeds were caused by their youthfulness and inexperience.

Kewpie's young life has indeed been marked with undeserved misfortunes, but through all his troubles and tribulations he wears that eternal smile, and is ever ready to welcome his classmates of 1915.

DOROTHY BATEMAN.

THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1915.

Five days before the ides of September, a group of frightened, green little Freshmen, who were to be known as the class of 1915, approached the historic portals of this school. Although reticent, timid, and perhaps (whisper it) stupid during the first few months of our sojourn in these lofty, awe-inspiring halls, we soon found ourselves, so to speak, and became celebrated as the most brilliant, ingenious, witty, talented and intellectual class that ever graced this school.

After several months we became acclimated, but unfortunately we were regarded as the scum of the earth by the upper classmen and faculty alike. Both seemed to think that

"Seniors were made for great things:
Sophs were made for small:
But it is not recorded
Why Freshmen were made at *all*."

We were even denied the franchise, and the class of 1915 was obliged to go through the whole year without the guiding hand of a president to protect it and aid it in its difficulties. Not only that, but were excluded from nearly all school affairs, to our own great disgust, and the supreme satisfaction of the foolish Sophomores, the arrogant Juniors and the learned Seniors. We were trod upon even as the proverbial worm, and, like the worm, whenever the opportunity presented itself, we turned upon our tormentors, and showed them that our class was *not* to be despised.

Of our course of study as arranged by our principal I need say nothing at all. The mere fact *he* arranged it speaks for itself. Our teachers, one and all, labored stupendously to instruct us in the various branches, but to what avail I cannot say; the class must speak for itself.

Our Sophomore year began much more auspiciously than the previous one. We were not compelled, this time, to stand in the drizzling rain from 8 till 11 A. M., only to be told that we were not wanted until the next day; nor were we herded together into the Assembly Hall, like so many stupid sheep, to be sent out later among strange pupils and teachers.

By this time we had learned to perform a great number of seemingly impossible things. For instance, "to pass on the sides and remain seated in the center." Through that harsh teacher, Experience, we had also learned that it is most expedient to "keep our eyes open and our mouths closed, and to look straight ahead," when passing Room 9.

Of course, by our Sophomore year we had become well acquainted with our classmates, surroundings and teachers. Also, we were allowed to hold class meetings, and to elect our class officers and advisor.

For our president we elected that most erudite scholar and astute statesman, Leo Kelley. For vice-president we chose Dorothy Bateman, who performed the duties of that office most efficiently. Next, John Thornton, a thoroughly upright and honest young man, was chosen as custodian of the class funds, which at that time amounted to nihil. Truly John deserves great praise for safeguarding our interests so well. Our business transactions

were, of course, multitudinous, and Ruth Lyons, our secretary, had an arduous task. Our meetings were always stormy and proceeded very swiftly, and, therefore, our secretary deserves much credit for keeping our records so well. Mr. Gordon was chosen class advisor, and he filled this office beyond our *greatest* hopes. I think he came to as many as two of our class meetings.

Little more need be said of that year, except that, to our great disappointment, we were not allowed to select a distinctive class pin to be worn by our class. From time immemorial it had been the custom for Sophomores to select their class pins, and, of course, we had had fond dreams of a pin of such beauty and originality that it would quite surpass the pin of any former class.

Now for our year of years. As Juniors we came into the limelight, and wonderful to relate, have remained there ever since. At our annual election Leo Kelley was re-elected captain of the ship of 1915. Willard Bailey, class clown, instigator of strikes and the one original trouble maker in the class, was elected vice-president. He succeeded very well in his official capacity, and little wonder, since President Kelley was always on hand, and Willard had nothing to do but to get into trouble. Percy, otherwise Jasper Johnson, all-round athlete and track team standby, was chosen as guard of our treasure. Percy proved very efficient, although his methods of collecting class dues resembled those of a loan shark to a startling degree. We chose as class scribe, Dorothy Bateman, who had made an admirable vice-president the previous year. Hers was a more difficult task than that of her predecessor, for we now had something really worth while to discuss, and we surely *did* talk.

The great event of the year was the Junior reception, which was a most successful affair in every way. Our circus rivalled the most famous performances of the Ringling Brothers, or of Barnum & Bailey. Our clowns were the best in the world. Their pranks were so ludicrous, their costumes so ridiculous and their jokes so funny that many of us slept little that night, our sides were so sore from laughing. Our trained animals were the finest in captivity. We had an elephant, a tiger and a bear, to say nothing of a ferocious African lion, and a jabbering, chattering monkey. Our elephant was the most up-to-date specimen ever seen in any circus in any country of the world. He danced and performed innumerable tricks of a trying and difficult nature. After seeing him, we readily accepted the statements of learned scientists that the elephant is the most intellectual of all brute beasts. I wish I had time enough to narrate the other interesting and educational features of this glorious evening, but I must pass on to our Senior year, after expressing our gratitude to the class of 1914 for the very pleasant evening they gave us on the occasion of their Senior Social.

And then, at last, came that year to which we had looked forward since the ninth grade. Although it was long in coming, it was only too swift in passing. At last we were SENIORS, although we really didn't feel nearly so important and proud as we had expected. Of course our greatly superior knowledge elated us to a slight degree, but then why shouldn't it? I think there surely never was, and probably never will be, a class which knows the Constitution of the United States so well. We had also attained great proficiency in passing notes and all ways of communication.

The first affair of importance was the parents' reception. This was but another opportunity for our class to show its superior grace, wit and accomplishments. Of course it was the very best ever held, and was greatly enjoyed by everyone. However, there were one or two very peculiar things that have never successfully been solved. What in the world became of all the Nabisco wafers, and what was done with the fruit left in the bottom of the punch glasses? Perhaps it will be better for

our reputation if these mysteries never are discovered.

The year had commenced amid scenes of strife and turmoil. The suffragettes wished to re-elect Leo Kelley, since he is an ardent supporter of the cause. Donald Ross, renowned for his athletic powers, and a bright and shining light in mathematics, was the other candidate. After a long and heated struggle, which rivalled the present war in ferocity and bitterness, Donald Ross was elected president. The Honorable David Crockett, the silver-tongued orator of the class, whose inspiring presence and fiery arguments have held my an audience spellbound for hours at a time, was chosen vice-president. James Moir, a member of the Lilliputian tribe so well described in "Gulliver's Travels," was chosen lord high keeper of the royal treasury. Despite his diminutive stature, James proved a live wire, and a most efficient business man.

As secretary we elected Grace Morgan, one of our most popular classmates. Unfortunately we were not allowed to have her with us for a long time, since Grace was called to far away Honolulu. Let us hope that it was not the great number of laborious tasks that we forced upon her frail shoulders that caused her to leave our midst. Of course we had to have another secretary, for no class can properly be conducted without one. Accordingly we elected Pauline Clare, noted for her penmanship. Pray do not think that by saying this we mean to cast any reflections on the chirography of our former secretaries.

The year would not have been complete without the Senior reception. Naturally ours was the best of its kind ever held. If you don't believe us, ask the Juniors. The really big event on our calendar this year was the Junior reception, the entertainment of which consisted of a minstrel show. It was a most successful affair from every point of view.

Now we come to our preparations for graduation. Very stormy and exceedingly lengthy were the debates as to what our feminine members should wear on that momentous occasion. Indeed the excitement was so great that even our class advisor, Mr. Cross, took part in the debate, and showed a remarkable knowledge of feminine wearing apparel. Gretchen King and Betty Willis were advocates of white skirts and middy blouses. Margaret Bell was at the head of the stand-patters, who wanted to do as all preceding classes had done. After a severe repulse at the hands of the insurgents, Margaret led her trusty cohorts to victory, so at graduation you will see a marvellously garbed aggregation of femininity.

The music for graduation was another bone of contention. Miss Heard had chosen the sextet from Lucia for the Senior chorus, but the Seniors thought it too difficult, and did not hesitate to express their opinions. We appealed to the Supreme Court, in the persons of the School Committee, and they decided in favor of Miss Heard. However, when Miss Heard, through her Herculean efforts, had taught us the music, we were glad that the School Committee had decided so wisely, and we were rather ashamed of ourselves.

Toward the end of the year we held our Senior social, and everyone who attended had an excellent time. It was really a good thing that there were no under classmen at that affair, for some of the sights would have had a demoralizing effect upon them. It would not have been well for them to see a prominent member of the Senior class lapping the stopper of a milk bottle, nor yet to see one of our male teachers walking about "licking the spoon" with which the fudge was made.

At last we have reached our goal. Graduation is near at hand. The deeds of the class of 1915 will never be equalled, except by their extraordinary exploits when out in the wide, wide world.

Gertrude Fleming, 1915.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE AIR.

Off we started in the Fordaero! Yes, we went in the small hours of the morning of Class Day to tour the heavens. As we were flitting along a few feet above the avenue, the sound of hammering reached our ears, and we saw Philpott on the roof of his house, attempting to drive nails into the shingles. We dropped the anchor, and soon found ourselves secure on the roof, for the anchor had caught in the attic window. Philpott sprang in, and the aero started its upward flight.

Reaching an altitude of about a billion feet, it was found that the gasoline tank was empty, and our Fordaero had been rising for some time on its reputation. But soon the reputation gave out, and we found ourselves thrown from the machine and rapidly descending towards the misty clouds.

Landing with a thump, a large hall stood open before us, which attracted our attention immediately, for we saw a number of people dancing to a most musical tune. They seemed to be learning a very difficult dance, which we soon learned was called the "Lawrence Limp," after the originator, Lawrence Adams. He invited us to join the merry throng, but a large sign, "Bound for Africa," took our interest, for beneath, inclosed in a gold frame, was Kathrine Ogilvie, waving farewell to her friends on the dock. She was going to give her services as a missionary among the Africans.

Going on, we came to a store filled with the most beautiful furs. The name was R. Hall & Co. So Roger had become a furrier, having received encouragement from the muskrats in Alewife Brook.

At that moment a woman passed us dressed in the latest of fashion and surrounded by an odor of Oriental perfumes. We recognized Gladys Williams, a living model of one of New York's fashionable shops.

Proceeding further, the words, "Secretary of War" greeted us. There was a man pacing back and forth, then sitting, and writing with his left hand in large, bold letters, then pacing the floor again. We looked on in astonishment until, to our surprise, he began to bite his right wrist. David Crockett! Dave had at last acquired a position of responsibility. It was here we met another member of our class, Miss Anderson, who was tutoring the Secretary's children in Greek, mathematics and music.

"Edison's Greatest Discovery!" These were the words the newsboy was shouting as we left David. On investigating, we learned that Mr. Edison had selected Ruth Lyons as "perpetual motion," and that question need be disputed no longer. Ruth was touring the country, receiving a fine salary.

Looking through the paper, this advertisement was most prominent: "Miss Amy Ekmark, hair curled, guaranteed for six months, whether rain or shine."

By this time we were becoming thirsty, so the sight of a soda fountain pleased us. The clerk, one of our present Freshmen, was very discourteous, so we called the manager. Out he came, with his immaculate frock coat, politeness personified—ah, Wilfred Hurley, at last general manager of Jaynes' Drug Stores. He was very hospitable, and, having quenched our thirst, suggested we visit the neighboring moving picture house, which we did, for a sign outside read, "Here Today, Mabel Callahan, the Famous Keystone Girl."

After the entertainment, we were stopped on the street by a very neat young woman, imploring us to sign suffrage cards. Marion McLellan! She had never lost hope nor given up her patience. Of course, we signed the cards.

The next was a picture of pity, for amidst the rows of white cots, in which pale and sickly children tossed and fretted, a sweet and patient nurse walked, tending to their many wants with many a pleasant smile. Meekly, thoughtfully and quietly she went about her duty. Who could it have been but Eline Christenson?

In contrast, there was a picture of gay-colored waists, cerise, orange, blue, green, purple, hung out on several lines to dry. Below was printed: "Christine Curtin, Experienced Dyer."

Just then a young man stepped up, presenting us generous samples of a new breakfast food called "Berquist's Brain Food." On tasting, we discovered it bore a great similarity to Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. How did that happen, Hugh?

Crossing on the other side of the hall, we saw a class, evidently preparing for Wellesley, for their teacher, Miss Alice Read, who, by the way, wore a very pretty ring on her left hand, was trying to impress upon them the importance of writing long lists of characteristics, adjectives of the five senses, obsolete words and the like. Our sympathies were with the students.

Next was an attractive shop, filled with home cooking, and on entering we found our Framingham Normal graduate, Eleanor Breed, trying earnestly to find a new way to fix *Ham*, for she had only thirty-four different ways, and Ham was her specialty.

While there, several small children came in to buy cake and sandwiches. They seemed to be in an unhappy mood, because their teacher had sent them out of the corridors. We inquired who their teacher might be, and were surprised to hear that Josephine Flynn was teaching school, still exercising A. H. S. principles.

Bang! Goodness, what had happened? We rushed out of the store, and found that it was only Winifred Moxon, who had just exploded a little hydrogen and oxygen in her new laboratory. She thought she had discovered some new element, but was mistaken, and she went sadly back to her room to labor on diligently.

Beyond was a large picture, entitled "The Book Lover." There, amid volumes, sat Mabel Parris, devouring (figurative, not literal) the words of Macaulay, Spencer, Milton and Shakespeare. Then the picture changed, and we saw her surrounded by a group of friends, listening eagerly to her stories. Mabel was, as in the past, very philanthropic and generous.

Next to this was a sign, "All Questions Answered." As we came near, a dark woman, in exquisite Grecian costume, appeared eager to respond to our inquiries. We asked her if she knew what Rena Tobin was doing, and, as she stuck her little tongue out, we immediately recognized Rose Wanton. Formerly she asked the questions, now she was answering them. She told us that Rena was leading lady in the Hippodrome, New York. We also asked her if she knew what Ida Jenkins was doing. "Yes," she said, "Ida discovered how to raise cucumbers, already pickled, and she made so much money that she was traveling the globe.

Resuming our walk, we came to a picture entitled, "Soldiers' Shirts a Specialty." There sat our Sister Susie Duff, sewing shirts for soldiers, such skill at sewing shirts our shy young Sister Susie showed.

Next was a picture of a business woman. She was editor-in-chief of a paper called the "Menotomy Daily." Although from Cambridge, she made a great success, and we were proud to hear that our new member, Helen Smith, was able to reach so high a position.

Here we were surprised to meet Helen Scheib. She said she had just returned from Berlin, where she was a teacher of English. We asked her why she returned, and were told that the new German president was a Republican, and, since she believed in the Democratic platform, she thought it better to resign from her position. We learned that, while Helen was in London, she was entertained most hospitably by Marion Dawes, who had become an English lady. How fortunate Marian was.

Leaving Miss Scheib we came to a newsstand, and in the first magazine we opened was an article on the "Teaching of History," by Catharine Robinson. Catherine had many criticisms of the present method, and suggested many

excellent manners by which it might be made more interesting to scholars. Again our sympathies were with the students.

It was here also that we saw a picture of Florence Worthington, the world's famous animal trainer. She was pictured among the fiercest of animals, but all were gentle and controlled under her mighty power. Beneath was an article saying that only kindness would appease the animals, and also told many hairbreadth escapes from the jaws of death she had experienced.

Last, but not least, a large placard, the "Would-Be Old Maids," took our attention. There, in twin cottages, lived the two man-haters of our class; the two who were always talking about the opposite sex, however, Mary Plaisted and Dorothy Bateman. Both were married, and living in perfect harmony.

A few steps brought us to the next hall. Immediately on entering, we were attracted by the cackle of hens and chickens. Upon looking in the direction of the sound, we saw, to our surprise, an old classmate feeding some chickens. This chicken farmer was Donald Ross. He had gained much fame and popularity at college; but soon after graduating he had settled down with his wife, a member of the class of 1916, on this quiet chicken farm.

The next scene was one of domestic tranquility. Here was Ruth Crosby talking with a young gentleman, whom we took to be her husband. We did not know the latter, but were soon informed that he was a graduate of Tufts College Dental School. In the background was a large shelf strewn with well-thumbed history books, which betokened her career, before her marriage, as a history teacher.

Now we came upon a farming scene. In the foreground were a few men pitching hay. One of them seemed very skilful at this, and upon closer inspection we saw that it was Warren Henderson.

The next sight was a large magazine, bearing the title, "Feministic Follies." At first we could not think what this had to do with our class, but on turning over a few sheets we read, "Editors, Ella Igo and Fidesah Edwards."

Suddenly the sound of music reached our ears. We hastened to its source, and found a brass band playing, under the leadership of a rather robust individual. The leader was a member of our own class—Russell Cutter.

A few steps further we came to a photographer's studio. Over the door were these words, "Greenleaf's Studio." Glancing in, we saw George Greenleaf, busily taking pictures. Near by was his wife, who looked decidedly like a member of the class of 1916.

Now we heard the click of typewriter keys, and we came upon two members of our class, busy at typewriters. On the wall was a sign, which said, "Public Stenographers, Margaret Melley and Alice Welsh."

Next we came to a moving picture theatre. As we entered, there flashed on the screen these words, "Gretchen King in "The Nightingale." From the hearty applause of the audience we judged that Gretchen was a great favorite with the movie-goers. Upon inquiry, we found that Gretchen had married; but the marriage had not necessitated the changing of her name.

We now came to a long row of billboards, which were adorned with the advertisements of some of the members of our class. On the first it said, "Girls, wear the Beatrice Willis Middy Blouse at your graduation." The second informed us that the Arlington Opera House was to soon open for its fifth season, under the ownership of James Moir. The next sign told us to trade at Charles McCarthy's Shoe Store, "the best place to buy shoes in Arlington." Another praised the good qualities of William Scheib's Electric Doorbells. The next said, "Re-elect Dorothy Brosnahan for Town Clerk!" The fifth sign told of all the new points and incidents brought out in Margaret Dickson's "Revised Edition of United States History and Civil Government." The last was

the advertisement of Oswald Jenkins, contractor.

After passing the billboards, the sound of music and wedding bells reached our ears. We hastened onward, and soon were before a large church, from which came the strains of the "Wedding March." We asked the cause of this demonstration, and were told that it was the wedding of the world's greatest cartoonist, Willard Bailey. Just then the bride and groom appeared. Willard still retained his rosy cheeks, which were the pride of his youth. When we saw the bride we knew why the *bells* had rung, for she was a certain member of our own class.

The next was a fishing scene. It was a trim little fishing schooner named the Edith M., under full sail, heading for a distant port. At the wheel was the captain, Vaughn Allen.

Now there appeared before us another classmate. It was Pauline Clare. She was continually humming a tune which seemed to have a familiar sound. We soon recognized it as one of our graduation songs, "The Miller's Wooing." We inquired why she favored that song, and found that she had become a Miller's wife.

Then we heard the sound of a piano, and we saw Mildred Emerson teaching a child the art of playing on the piano. The child was making rapid progress under such an apt teacher.

Again we heard the sound of music. We advanced, and found a dancing class. The instructor was showing the pupils some difficult steps, and as we drew nearer we recognized him as our classmate Webster Plaisted.

The next was a scene in the captain's cabin of the good ship Gov. Dingley. The captain entered, and we saw to our surprise that it was Robert Black. He had continued his tennis playing, and had held the championship many times. He had written many nautical works. His latest was entitled, "Wild Fishes I Have Met; or The Adventures of an Educated Sailor in Boston Harbor."

Now we came upon a scene on a Western ranch. It was during the fall round-up, and the cowboys were very busy herding together the steers. One among them attracted our attention because of his bright red hair, which even his sombrero could not hide. As he drew near, gracefully riding across the prairies on a large bay horse, we recognized our classmate, Russell Smith.

Once more we heard the sound of music. This time it was Amero Baudreau, who had become an opera singer, rehearsing one of her important parts.

Then we saw a young lady carrying a valise and running as if to catch a train. It was Mary Murphy who had become a traveling agent for a large concern, and she was kept on the jump most of the time.

We now came to a court scene. Here, to our surprise, we found Elizabeth O'Hanlon, who was the court stenographer.

The noise of machinery smote our ears; and we came upon a large factory with these words painted on it "Frank Carlson, Inventor." We stepped in, and found many people busy making such articles as wooden nutmegs and left-handed fountain pens. The inventor himself was busy in the draughting room conceiving new plans.

Now we heard the crackle of electric sparks, and soon reached a large wireless plant. At the key was an old classmate, Harold Peterson. His wife, another member of our class, looked on as he worked over an intricate piece of electric machinery. "Pete" had become the greatest wireless genius of the age, and he was continually turning out new devices to better the wireless.

We next came to a moving picture theatre. In front of the theatre was a sign which said, "Here tonight! The world's greatest moving picture comedian, Charles Reed! In a two-reel comedy entitled 'The Adventures of a Wild Nut.'"

We were now nearing the end of the hall, but there was one more door before us. On it we read, "Leo Kelley, Electrical Engineer." We stepped in, and found our classmate busy on some

plans; but he ceased his work as we entered, and was soon telling us of his career. He had become one of the leading electrical experts of the age. He had married a member of our own class. Just then he was considering an offer which had been made him of the position of Chief Electrician for the Swiss Navy. We saw that he needed time and quiet to consider this offer, so we left him.

Here we came to the end of the hall, and beyond stretched another one, where a lively class was seen, getting very much excited over some geometrical figures on the blackboard. The teacher's heavy braids of light hair attracted our attention, and we soon saw that she was Helen Bartlett.

In the next section a woman and several cats were shown, and below was the following ditty:

Kewpie was a Kilkenny cat,
And Katie Kelly caught her,
Katie tried to cure the cat,
Which cost her most a quarter.
For kitty caught a corking cold
While coasting 'cross a corner.
Katie learned to cure cats' colds
Concocting catnip chowder.

This is surely a worthy occupation, and most beneficial to the cat race.

The whiz of machinery reached our ears, and we looked in the next frame. There stood Daniel Hall, feeding white stockings to a cleansing machine. He had found the need of such a piece of apparatus while in high school, and cleansed thousands of white stockings daily.

Next, a great throng of people, shouting and clapping, and above the din an excited feminine voice. On closer observation, we saw Olive Hesseltine enthusiastically leading a Progressive convention. Though Roosevelt's picture behind her showed that he had aged tremendously, nevertheless she seemed as devoted as ever to his doctrines, and especially the tariff.

After this din, the sound of a piano was a great relief, and there sat Ruth Woodend, teaching a small Italian boy. We soon realized that the child showed great promise, due to Ruth's good teaching.

Upon walking along, we saw an old horse standing in the road, hitched to a rickety buggy. In large letters on the side of the wagon was painted, "Doctor Swan, Colic Doctor." It quite delighted us to see that Rudolph had risen to such unheard of fame.

A very strong and athletic appearing young lady next greeted our eyes. One could easily see that she had acquired this build in a gymnasium—possibly Sargent's. It was also apparent that she had secured a generous supply of will power by the appearance of the individual beside her. The young lady very much resembled Dorothy Currier. As this is a strictly Senior prophesy, we will go no further.

Here was a large bakeshop filled with pies, cakes, bread, and all manner of luscious pastry. In the midst of it all stood John McCarthy, in a cap and apron, looking as stocky as ever. He must have acquired his knowledge at La Breque's lunch cart.

A great mass of golden hair next attracted us. Above was a large placard advertising hair tonic. On hunting under the shining cover, we found Helen Neville. It did not seem that her hair far surpassed that of her school days, so we immediately doubted the value of the tonic; but Helen assured us that it had brought her millions.

It almost seemed as though school were in session when we saw the lunch counter in the corridor, and all the confusion. But there behind the counter stood Mary King, selling sandwiches to the hungry throngs.

We next saw a large Ford manufacturing plant. At first we saw no significance to this, but, after careful searching, we found, on one of the windows, "Manager-in-Chief William Merrigan." His training at the Menotomy Garage had surely benefited him in later life.

A magazine, apparently feminine, was opened, and on one page we saw the words, "All Love Affairs Immediately Attended To." Below was the

name of Gladys Richardson. We wonderd where she had secnred information in such matters to be able to aid others in perplexity.

The next picture showed an old depot wagon lumbering along a dusty road in the country. A funny old man, with big, steel-rimmed spectacles, was urging the horse along, and puffing hard at an old corncob pipe. Sure enough, there was Walter Whilton, transporting folk from town to town.

An English battlefield showed the ravages of war, and at one corner of the picture we saw Karin Olsen administering aid to the wounded.

The next was only a placard: "The Life of Mildred Bolster." "Play days, grammar school, high school, normal school, school teaching, everlasting happiness." Motto: "She always liked everything salted and peppered!"

Here we turned to the other side of the hall. First, a class of girls in a seminary was shown. We did not recognize any of the girls, but soon saw that the teacher was Minot Edwards. We wondered how this could ever have come about.

The next picture showed a large public library, and Gertrude Fleming acting as head librarian. She had graduated from college with honors, and then accepted this responsible position.

A barber's shop next appeared, and we were slightly surprised to see Frank Samnelson flourishing a razor in an experienced manner. He still retained his rosy cheeks and seemed to be enjoying himself, as usual.

A flock of carrier pigeons were shown in the next picture, and below was written: "Irene Irwin's World-Famous Carrier Pigeons." Irene had found a lifelong occupation.

"Dressmaker and Fine Seamstress, Miss Rachel Potter," was the title of the next picture, and there sat Rachel, industriously sewing a fine seam.

Again a broker's office appeared. It seemed to be successful, from all outward aspects, but one never can tell about such things. We soon saw that the owner of the establishment was George Sinclair. Dick looked well, and seemed to be as happy as possible.

The next picture showed an enthusiastic settlement class of children of varied nationalities. Mary Burns was acting as their teacher and seemed to be getting on famously. When we saw names written on the board such as Peter Manzo and Frank Bachagulupo, we wondered how it could be that she enjoyed it. However, she had shown a liking for such things in high school.

After this we found ourselves looking at a western city (we will omit the name). We were confronted by a female police chief, if that is the title she may have. She was controlling a wild and swarming mob in a loud, masculine voice. When she turned around, we found it was Anna Donovan.

The sweet tones of a violin reached our ears, and we saw Gertrude Clifford rendering a violin solo in the San Diego Opera House. Why, pray tell, did she bury herself out there?

A large store was next shown. One of the windows displayed the very latest things in neckties, while the other contained diamonds of every dscription. Above was written, Salvado Caterino. He always did show a liking for such things, but, nevertheless, his business seemed to be giving large returns.

The next picture showed Alice Davies acting as head stenographer in the First National Bank, Chicago. She was practically the only one who had realized the value of her high school training.

A train slowed down at a station, and Harold Moxon appeared. It seems he was made a traveling salesman for Cobb, Bates & Yerxa.

Next a large schoolroom was shown. Edith Olson was teaching a class in stenography.

The last picture carried us back to Sophomore days, when we studied "The Merchant of Venice." The scene showed Portia waiting while her various admirers came and examined the caskets to decide their fate. On closer observation, we saw that it was not Portia, but our friend, Grace Morgan. Grace al-

ways did like unusual, mysterious methods, but never before realized that she was so fascinated by Portia.

When we turned toward the doorway, we found that the opening no longer appeared as an exit, but was the stage in the new high school. There, at the back of the stage, stood Kewpie, in his cap, gown and tortoise shells, looking as learned as ever.

Slowly Kewpie disappeared, and we found ourselves descending earthward. We were at such a height that gravity had no effect. Gravity of the sky still held us, and after a short time we landed lightly on the grass before the high school door.

MARGARET A. BELL,
HERBERT C. PHILPOTT,
RUTH MITCHELL.



KEWPIE



This issue of the *Clarion* brings to a close all branches of sport. During the past two months our teams have been kept very busy with their respective schedules.

BASEBALL.

The regular championship season opened May 8 at Stoneham. Here our boys displayed good form, and by the wielding of the "big stick" pounded out a clean victory, 13—8, from Stoneham High School, contenders for the Mystic Valley League championship.

On the following Wednesday, May 12th, Arlington invaded Lexington and won their second league game of the week from the local high school boys, by the decisive score of 10—2. By schedule, Reading High were our next opponents, but "Ole Jupe Pluvius" would not permit the playing, and the date was postponed to June 19th.

On May 26th our haughty rivals from Winchester clashed at our field, and in an exciting contest our boys were victorious, 1—0. The game was the best contest of the season, and Arlington's victory was due mainly to the superb pitching of her veteran southpaw, Donnelly.

June 2nd, Stoneham played a return game at our athletic field, and Arlington defeated them for the second time, the score being 10—3. With five consecutive league victories "hung up," Arlington increased it one more, when on June 5th Lexington played its return game here, and was defeated in a fast game, 3—2. The work of the Reycroft brothers, as battery men, was of high-class order, and the victory was due to their untiring efforts to baffle the opposing batsmen. With the championship in sight, Arlington played their second contest with Winchester at their field, Wednesday, June 9th. Here they were greeted with the first defeat in league contests of the season. The contest was a pitchers' battle between Donnelly and Goldsmith, the latter winning by the score of 4—3. The loss of the game was due to the untimely miscues of the Arlington team. However, the championship is still at our door, and with any kind of a good showing against Reading on the 19th of June it should be a welcomed guest at our new High School in the fall. Between the league contests Arlington played some of the strongest teams in the vicinity and its suburbs. The scores of the contests are as follows: April 24th, at Arlington, Arlington 8, Winthrop 3; May 5th, at Arlington, Arlington 1, Rindge 14; May 15th, at Arlington, Arlington 7, Chelsea 5; May 22nd, at Arlington, Arlington 2, Mechanic Arts 8; June 7th, at Arlington, Arlington 4, Woburn 17.

Away—April 28th, at Concord, Arlington 4, Concord 6; May 31st, at Gloucester, Arlington 5, Gloucester 6.

Altogether our team has proved a big success, and much praise is due to the coaching of Fred O'Brien, whose skill in this line is well known.

national airs during the Memorial Day exercises.

The orchestra has been invited to furnish music at the alumni banquet on the evening of June 24th.

At present the orchestra is rehearsing for the graduation.

EDITH MACBRIDE, Sec.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

Our instructor, Miss MacIntosh, left Boston, Monday, June 7, to return to her home in Wyoming for the summer. Although the Senior members would have liked to have her with us graduation, their good wishes went with her for the best of vacations.

Miss Florence Hale, a friend of Miss MacIntosh, is to conduct the graduation music, and we have enjoyed our rehearsals with her.

MILDRED L. BOLSTER, Sec.

THE DEBATING CLUB.

The Inter-Class Debates were held Thursday, June 10, at 3 o'clock. The question was: "Resolved, That the Federal Government should own and operate all the telegraph lines." Miss Connor, Mr. Epstein and Mr. Lamson were the judges. Leo Kelley was the presiding officer.

The first debate was between the Junior, affirmative, and the Sophomore, negative. It was won by the Sophomores.

Affirmative	Negative
Leonard Collins	Herbert Collins
Chester Berquist	John Lyons
William Robinson	Charles Smith

Rebuttal — William Robinson and Herbert Collins.

The second debate was between the Freshman affirmative and the Junior negative. The decision was in favor of the Freshmen.

Affirmative	Negative
Malcolm Johnson	Laurence Pierce
Mary Barry	William Barry
Cecelia Freeman	William Kirlin

Rebuttal—Malcolm Johnson and William Kirlin.

The third and last debate was between the Sophomore affirmative and the Freshman, negative. This was won by the Sophomore affirmative.

Affirmative	Negative
Albert Surrette	Marguerite Kenney
David Snow	Katherine Bixby
Elmer Lowe	Raymond Reed

Rebuttal—David Snow and Marguerite Kenney.

Since the Sophomores won two of the three debates, the championship of the school goes to the Sophomore class.

Miss Ruth Woodend, '15, played several piano selections during the intervals between the debates.

GERTRUDE M. FLEMING, Sec.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

On April 30 the Boys' Glee Club presented their part of the joint concert of the two glee clubs and orchestra. Of the numerous pieces sung was a medley of old songs and a popular selection accompanied by slides.

Among the memorial exercises in the hall on May 28 was a selection by the Glee Club, "To Thee, O Country." In answer to an encore, the school song was sung.

The Boys' Glee Club is also to sing at the graduation exercises this year, as formerly.

THE MUSICAL CLUBS' CONCERT.

The following is the program given by the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs and Orchestra in their annual concert on May 21:

1. La Mexicain .....Edw. Burch
   Orchestra.
2. Marching Song .....H. Trotere
   Boys' Glee Club.
3. Butterflies .....Mildenberg
   Girls' Glee Club.
4. The Storm-Fiend .....J. C. Macy
   Boys' Glee Club.
5. Charming Spring....Mendelssohn
   (Violin obligato by Miss Gertrude Clifford.)
   Girls' Glee Club.
6. A Day in the Cottonfield.Carl Boun
   Orchestra.
7. Amaranthus.....J. F. Gilder
   Hungarian Dance .....J. Brahm
   Orchestra.

8. The Crimson Twilight .....Corker
Kentucky Babe .....Geibel
9. College Medley ....C. C. Robinson
Boys' Glee Club.
10. Greeting to Spring.....Strauss
Quartet—Misses Pauline Clare, Dorothy Bateman, Anna Hooker, Margaret Bell.
11. A. H. S. Field Song. W. W. Wonson
Boys' Glee Club.
12. Sari Waltzes .....E. Kalinan
Orchestra.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

We feel that the club has been a great success this year, and regret that we are to lose so many of our talented members. However, there will be chances for new candidates next year, and hope for another equally successful season.

MARGARET E. MUNCH, Sec.

1915.

"Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more."

Hugh Berquist—"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."

Marion McLellan—"True as the needle to the pole and as the dial to the sun."

Elizabeth O'Hanlon—"A joke's a very serious thing."

Margaret Bell—"She's slim and slight and very bright; her eyes are blue."

Russell Smith—"I do know him by his gait."

Willard Bailey—"Scoffing cometh not of wisdom."

Russell Cutter—"Men are but children of a larger growth."

Herbert Philpott (Clarion Manager)—"Tho' this may be play to you, 'tis death to us."

Harold Peterson—"Man, false man, smiling, destructive man."

Gertrude Clifford—
"For if she will, she will,
You may depend on 't,
And if she won't, she won't,
So there's an end on 't."

Ruth Mitchell—
"From you, Mouse, your troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river."

Dorothy Currier plus (?)—"Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own."

Olive Hesseltine—"Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof."

Eline Christensen — "Few people have courage to appear as good as they really are."

Marion Anderson—
"For she can so inform
The mind that is within us that neither
Rash judgments nor the sneers of selfish men
Shall e'er prevail."

Leo Kelley—
. . . "And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Donald Ross—"The first and foremost man of all this world."

Christine Curtin—"Live to be the show and gaze of the time."

Dorothy Bateman—"Man delights not me, nor woman either."

Margaret Dickson—"Anything but history, for history must be false."

Mabel Callahan—"I just can't make my eyes behave."

Ida Jenkins—
"She would not with peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon her face her own."

Mary Plaisted—"All nature wears one universal grin."

Mildred Bolster—"One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill."

Alice Read—
"You can't sit up with the midnight owl
And expect to turn out with the barnyard fowl."

Frank Samuelson—"The very pink of perfection."

Marion Dawes—"She's as calm as the face of a clock."

Wilfred Hurley—"Always prepared" (?)

Margaret Melley—"There's no nonsense about her."

Catharine Ogilvie—"Frailty thy name is woman."

H. Robbins and W. Plaisted—"For you and I are past our dancing days."

George Greenleaf—"Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Pauline Clare—"Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings."

Charles Reed—Rather than be less, cared not to be at all."

Catharine Robinson—"Is she not passing fair?"

Rudolph Swan—"Would he were fatter."

Walter Whilton—"I am not in the roll of common men."

Anna Donovan—"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

Ella Igo—"Ye have many strings to your bow."

Ruth Crosby—"O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er."

Roger Hall—"A man of mark."

James Moir—
"And wisely tell what hour of the day
The clock does strike by Algebra."

Gertrude Fleming—"That soft Latin which melts like kisses from a female mouth."

Mabel Parris—"My book and heart must never part."

Robert Black—"Hitch your wagon to a star."

Dorothy Brosnahan—
"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a woman, simplicity a child."

Katherine Kelley—"Your heart's desire be with you."

Florence Worthington—"Peaches and cream."

Grace Morgan—"Our Gracie's awa', awa'."

Amy Ekmark—"Curly locks, curly locks, wilt thou be mine?"

Irene Irwin—"How sweet and fair she seems to be."

Rena Tobin—"Feminine vanity, that divine gift which makes women charming."

Gladys Richardson—"As merry as the day is long."

Gladys Williams—"And fashion's brightest arts decoy."

Fidesah Edwards—"Beauty's ensign is crimson in thy cheeks."

Mildred Emerson—"A still and quiet conscience."

Helen Neville—"A maiden fair, with shining hair."

If you don't like your quotations, don't blame the editors. They didn't write them.

THE FACULTY.

"When they are wanted,
They seldom can be found,
And when they are not,
They're always around."

—Ex.

EXCHANGES.

Freshman—"How long can a person live without brains?

Sophomore—"I don't know. How old are you?" —Ex.

"Are you from Providence?"

"Yes, are you?" (R. U.)

"No, R. I." —Ex.

"Why does a tall man eat less than a short man?"

"Because he makes a little go a long way." —Ex.

There was a young chemist tough
Who insisted on mixing some stuff;
He heated a vial,
And after a while
They found his front teeth and a cuff."

—Ex.

Excited Tourist (beckoning to cabby) —"Hey!"

Cobby—"Look here, mister, stop kiddin' my hoss!" —Ex.

Bill Collector—"Is Mr. White in?"

Roommate—"Awfully sorry, but he's out."

Bill Collector—"Is Mr. Brown in?"

Roommate—"No, he's out."

Bill Collector—"Suppose I wait for them by the fire."

Roommate—"No, that's out, too."

—Ex.

We were glad to welcome another number of the "School Life," Melrose, Mass.; also the "Mirror" from Waltham.

"I wouldn't drink out of that cup," interposed little Johnny to the well-dressed young man who had been introduced to his sister the night before. "That's Bessie's cup, and she's very particular who drinks out of it."

"Ah," returned the young man draining the cup. "I feel honored to drink out of Bessie's cup. She is your sister, is she not?"

"Not much, Bessie is my dog."

—Ex.

Irate Diner—"Hey, waiter, there's not a drop of real coffee in this mixture."

Waiter—"Some little bird told you, I suppose?"

I. D.—"Yes, a swallow!" —Ex.

Teacher—"What made the tower of Pisa lean?"

Pupil—"It was built in time of famine." —Ex.

"What would you think if you saw a German flag waving over Paris?"

"I should think the wind was blowing." —Ex.

Politeness is like an air cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully. —Ex.

ALUMNI NOTES

On June 24th the second annual banquet will be held by the Arlington High School Alumni Association. This promises to be even more successful than the one held last year, and it is hoped that every alumnus who possibly can will attend.

This year we hope to have Hon. Henry C. Ide, principal of Cotting High School, 1868-'69, to address us. Since he was in Arlington, Gov. Ide has been United States Commissioner, Chief Justice of the Samoan Islands, Governor-General of the Philippine Islands and United States Minister to Spain.

Surely here is someone whom we should all be very glad to hear speak to us, so let every alumnus come for "auld lang syne," 1915 will be well represented. And let us have the biggest, best reunion possible.

1907.

Dorothy Bullard, a graduate of Wellesley, who is now teaching there, will be married in August to Mr. Joseph Worthley, a Rhodes scholar.

1911.

Roger W. Bell has been elected captain of the University of Maine track team.

1912.

Phyllis Crosby was graduated from Sargent School of Gymnastics this June.

1913.

Mildred Crocker is employed as a stenographer in the Preferred Accident Insurance Company, Water St., Boston.

Marion Bullard is teaching in a village school at Whiteface, N. H.

1914.

Florence Teele's engagement to Mr. Walter Sargent of western Massachusetts was recently announced. Miss Teele has been working for Dr. Thomas of Arlington since she left school last June.

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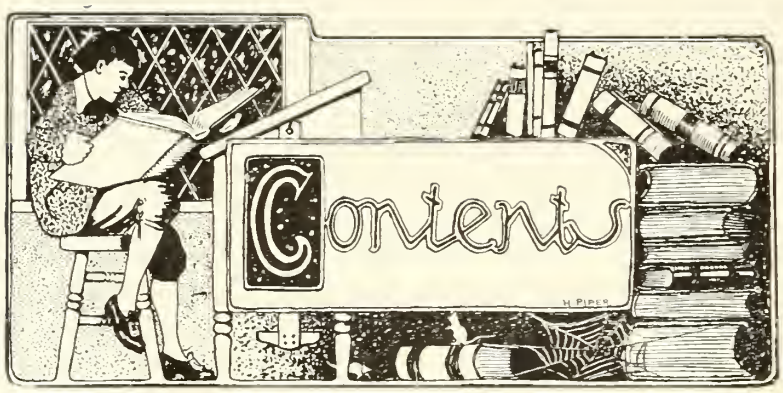
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EDITORIALS

As we stand on the threshold of another school year, we surely realize that the outlook is brighter than it has ever been before. The new building with its every convenience in equipment, the spacious assembly hall with the red "A" placed lofty on its gray background — these inspire us to higher ideals and nobler purposes.

We extend a hearty welcome to our principal, Mr. Frederick E. Clerk, who comes to us from Clinton. Already he has won a place in our hearts, and our most sincere wishes are that he may find us responsive to his leadership.

Our welcome includes the new teachers, and we hope that in us they will find earnest students devoted to our high school and to all for which it stands.

It is the aim and purpose of the "Clarion Board" to make this the best year in the history of our school paper. Let us all subscribe and realize that individually we share a great responsibility in the success of the Clarion.

And now Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, let us all unite our voices and

"Give a cheer now for our high school,
For whose honor never fear;
While we lift on high our banner,
And for A. H. S. still cheer!"

D. Q.

The "pupil" is found in all classes. You will hear him asking, if he is interested enough to ask, "I wonder if they will win tomorrow?" or "Do you think they will have a good glee club?" He has the habit of not considering himself a part of the school. You never see him on the athletic field, or hear his voice in debating. He doesn't belong to the clubs or sing in the Glee Club. In short, in the high school vernacular, he is a "dead one." Are you one of these?

A new year lies before you. Make it a year of broadening for yourself, a year of advancement for Arlington High. Enter into things and make "Improvement" your motto. You can never realize the true spirit of Arlington High until you become a part of her. And to become a part of her you must help fight her battles. All can not be captains or stars, but all can be boosters. You can have a part in some one of the many activities which Arlington High offers you. The new school has a place for every one of you. Now, in the beginning of this new year, get busy, find that place, and fit into it. Let it never be said that you were a "dead one" in 1915-16.

L. E.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Well, we are all here in our new building—Freshmen, Sophomores Juniors, Seniors, 650 of us—a larger Arlington High than ever before—larger in teachers and students, larger in experience and greater in spirit. Let us keep up the comparison; let us do bigger things and do them better than ever before; let us add to the momentum which has gained for the Arlington High School the position and prestige she now holds.

The entire school meets every Tuesday and Thursday in the Assembly Hall for devotional exercises.

Mr. Epstein has organized a class in public speaking which meets Wednesday afternoons from 2:30 to 3:45. It is greatly enjoyed by the members and others are urgently requested to join.

Mr. Clerk has arranged a series of lectures to be given for the benefit of the high school pupils. They will be delivered by various men of the leading professions who will present their line of work to the students.

On Friday, October 15th, many of the girls of the Household Arts Department, together with their relatives and friends listened to an interesting lecture given by Professor Morton. He and Mrs. Morton demonstrated the advantages of using the "Cold Packed" method in canning fruit and vegetables. After the lecture the girls gathered on the platform and photographer Doane took a picture of the large group.

Friday, November 12, Mr. William Orr, Commissioner of Education, will speak to the pupils on the opportunities and advantages of the teaching profession.

The following month, December 3, Mr. John T. Russell, of the New England Branch of the Travellers' Insurance Company, will present some aspects of the insurance business.

On the evening of Tuesday, October 26, many pupils and their friends were present at the lecture on northern China. After a few words by Mr. Scully, and two selections by the Girls' Glee Club, Mr. Clerk was introduced. He spoke briefly about China as a whole and then showed many pictures which he himself had taken while in that country. The route followed passed through Hongkong, Tientsin and the Goby Desert. The entire lecture was most interesting, and we are deeply grateful to our principal for giving us this opportunity to see and learn more of the world. The evening closed with the Field Song by the Boys' Glee Club, which was followed by a hearty cheer for Arlington and the cross-country team.

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

The first Girls' Glee Club meeting of the year was held Wednesday, September 22, at one o'clock in Room 15, for election of officers, and the following were chosen: President, Katherine Kennedy; Vice-President, Julia Currier; Treasurer, Katherine Lowe; Secretary, Gean Lufkin, and Librarian, Winifred Shedd. The tryouts for new members to fill the places of those who graduated last June took place the next week, and the candidates selected were: Rose Fermoyle, Helen Donnelly, Marion Hopkins, Helen Sampson, Katherine Bixby, Ruth Cathcart, Mildred Frizelle, Kathleen Hart, Madelyn Kennedy, Lillian Main, Louise Marshall, Ethel Mellen, and Alice White. Mertis Banks, Evelyn Lake, Ruth Scully and Gertrude Viano were re-admitted.

At one of the meetings Miss McIntosh read a letter from the Boston Woman's Suffrage headquarters, inviting the girls to sing in a chorus composed of several other organizations in Mechanics Hall at the meeting following the parade on Saturday, October 16.

The day for weekly rehearsals was at first agreed upon as Monday, but as this date conflicted with the field hockey practice it was changed to Tuesday.

The club has been preparing to sing at the dedication of the new high school building.

Gean Lufkin, Secretary.

A. H. S. ORCHESTRA NOTES

The orchestra has not yet elected the officers for this year.

One meeting has been held, at which a committee consisting of Miss Evelyn Chamberlain, Miss Vida McCarthy, Harold Morse, Laurence King and Howard Ladd, was appointed as judges for the tryouts.

As a result of the tryouts four new members were admitted: Miss Doris Peele, '18, 'cello; Robert White, '16, 2d violin; George Saunders, '16, 2d violin; Miss Clare Kelley, '19, 2nd violin.

Miss Prescott has been secured as a leader.

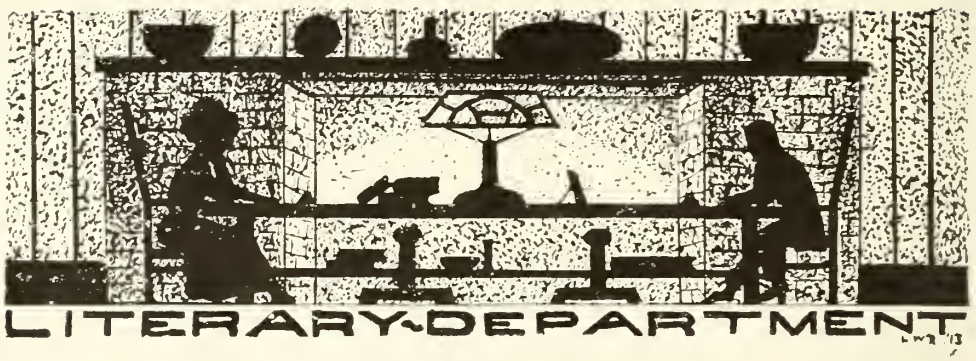
Edith MacBride, Secretary.

ENGLISH CLUB.

The English Club will soon be organized and a meeting will be held in November. Plans for a Christmas meeting are now under way.

"S. C. C."

The Senior Conference Club has been organized and the following officers elected: Mary Hayes, President; Dorothy Quimby, Secretary. Plans for definite work are being made.



ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL 1915.

In order to thoroughly appreciate the new Arlington High School, it is necessary to go there every day as a pupil. Indeed, we can never forget our good old school with its traditions, victories, and happy memories. It is for us to leave with this new school even happier memories of excellent scholarship, true friendship, and school spirit.

We have a great incentive for all these things in our new building. Who can enter her thirty-eight big classrooms with their broad windows, her wide, airy corridors, her gymnasium, lunch room, household arts department, and above all her exquisitely simple hall, without feeling a great pride and an overwhelming ambition to be worthy of our school?

Let us promise ourselves that Arlington High School will not be second or third best, but that we shall set the standard for every high school in New England. Then, when we sit in our assembly hall for the last time, looking up at the red and gray A, high over the stage, remembering all that it stands for, we shall feel in our hearts, each and everyone, that we have done our little part in making that A the talisman for even greater honors.

Helen A. Donnelley, '16.

THE MIGRATION OF THE ARLINGTONHIGHITES, A. D., 1915.

In the early part of the twentieth century there thrived in the Empire of Arlington a certain province known as the Arlington High.

Under the rule of its Emperor Scully, and its Satrap Mitchell, it became the most famous of all the provinces as a seat of learning, good government, and athletic achievement.

The people were divided into four classes according to the amount of learning they had acquired. These were beginning with the highest in order, the Senites, the Junites, the Sophites, and the Freshites.

The Senites were the most educated, but the hardest to discipline—for they became so learned and proud that they often tried to govern like their masters. Having served the province successfully they were sent away at certain intervals of time to colonize and serve elsewhere. The Junites, the Sophites, and the Freshites in turn were ad-

vanced to their respective places, each time with a prouder and bigger feeling about themselves. The place of the Freshites was supplied with those selected from the other provinces.

What kind of people the Arlingtonhighites were can be easily determined by their works. In these the national character and person are so clearly delineated as to leave no doubt. Their works were sufficiently numerous and varied to satisfy all curiosity respecting their characteristics and ideals.

However great the diversity of the aim, occupation and personal appearance of the subjects may have been, the purpose of their superiors was one, the development of manhood and womanhood of the highest type. So the years passed on and the province grew, not only in art, learning, and athletics, but in numbers until the populace was so overcrowded that the good Satrap appealed to the Emperor, who with his great love for the Arlingtonhighites, sent his armies and laborers into a spacious but barbarous country to the northwest. The soldiers met with some resistance but succeeded in routing the inhabitants who fled in all directions.

Then the laborers set the day of the finish at September 8, A. D., 1915, and went to work tearing down the old buildings and constructing the new.

The work went on rapidly, and there were rumors that the buildings would not be completed on the day set. Such was the case, for the day of completion was the 13th.

The day came, the most famous in the history of the province. The triumphant people passed through the gates and found their way into the large Assembly Hall, where they awaited the directions of their superiors.

Then came the nobility upon the platform with all the pomp and splendor of the times. Emperor Scully in the tenth year of his reign addressed his subjects and introduced the new Satrap Clerk.

The Satrap assigned to each his or her dwelling and gave orally the code of laws which were to govern the new province. This code has proved Satrap Clerk a famous lawgiver of his time, because these laws have remained in force until the present time.

The inhabitants now having reached their new homes, a brief description of this well-laid out province is in order.

The wall which enclosed the province was of enormous proportions having five gates. The most important of these was about the middle of the southern wall. The gate was only to be used by the nobility and the foreigners who came to visit this most beautiful province; although frequently the subjects of the Empire had occasion to enter with bowed heads because they had failed to return before the closing hour of the others. The female inhabitants entered by the western gate and the male by the eastern. We do not know, even to this day, the reason for this custom. The two gates of the eastern wall were used only for exits in times of urgent necessity.

The Royal Palace was to the east of the southern gate and the Satrap's Castle to the west. In the lower part of the valley were situated the gymnasium and work shops. The Senites and Junites occupied the valley on the level with their rulers, the reason probably being that they were the two highest types of people and deserved this

honor. The Sophites lived in the central parts between the highlands and lowlands, while the Freshites inhabited the highlands, being far removed from those other classes.

These sections were connected by beautiful highways. There were about ten cities in each of these sections, each section being ruled by a general and each city by a prince or princess. The cities were blocked off into streets along which were built the houses. The residence of each city official was built in such a position as to enable this ruler to overlook all the subjects.

So, this vast province has progressed and is progressing in its wonderful government, discipline, art, music, oratory, the sciences, and commercial enterprises under its ideal leadership and the co-operation of its people; and it is hoped that its natural ambitions shall never decrease by reason of its great prosperity as has been the case of many other nations.

William E. Severance, '18.

A. H. S. ON THE TELEPHONE.

"Hello! Is this Arlington?

"Well, I certainly am glad to be here at last, and such a time as I had coming. You can't imagine all the fuss there was. We couldn't seem to agree as to where I had better stay. Part of my family wanted me to locate on Academy and part on Summer Street, but finally I just took things into my own hands and came up here to Schouler Court

"How did I happen to choose that?

"Why you see the name sounded so appropriate, that I just couldn't resist the temptation.

"Do I like it? Well, I should say! And everybody else seems to also. I'm just beginning to get acquainted with people. We all have such difficulty finding our way around that it's rather hard to get to know them well. But I'm beginning to learn how to make people feel at home with me, and it's much easier now.

"What's that? No. I'm not really 'coming out" until later. You see they haven't finished fitting me out yet, and I want to be all fixed up before I appear formally in public.

"Won't some of my things be spoiled before then? Oh, no indeed. I'm being taken care of excellently. Why, they've even wrapped up some of my belongings in newspapers and string! Besides, some of them are only temporary, and more new ones are arriving every day.

"By the way, have you seen the notices about me in the Advocate? I'm so proud to have my name in the paper. My new director, too, has been mentioned. He says he has my best interests at heart, so I'm sure everything will turn out finely.

"Well, you'll all be here at my 'coming out,' won't you?

"Be good until then? Oh, yes. I couldn't help it. You see I'm being brought up by rule.

"So long until October!"

Marion E. Allen, '16.

THAT CLARION THEME.

I was sitting disconsolate at my desk, my pen idle in my hand, inviting sheets of white paper before me. I knew not what to write and no thoughts came to me. Gradually I grew sleepy and my thoughts were few, and less and less interesting.

Suddenly there stood before me a

tiny figure, a fairy he seemed, so little and dainty was he.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am called Inspiration," he replied in a little musical voice. "And I come to help those who are in difficulties like yours."

"Will you tell me something to write?" I asked eagerly.

"Come with me and see."

I felt myself growing smaller and soon I was his size. We walked across the desk and out the window, flying then through the air.

Soon we came to a great white roadway, lined with beautiful trees. Along the sides of this road were miniature buildings, and objects of all sorts, displayed on miniature green lawns.

"This," said my little guide, "is called the Road of Ideas. Surely we shall find something here."

The first building on the right proved to be a copy of the new Arlington High School. But Inspiration could not help me there, for I had used that idea not long before.

Next we came to a great fire place with the flames roaring and flickering upward, and comfortable chairs before it. But I saw no picture in the flames, and the fire stirred no heat within me.

"Look upward," said Inspiration. Above us were thousands of scarlet and yellow leaves, the sunlight scintillating through their gay colorings. Their beauty awakened no response this time and we passed on.

A bent and wrinkled witch with her black cat upon her shoulder, symbolic of Hallowe'en, was the next idea. But there stood beside her no new ideas of Hallowe'en, only a few ghosts and some large yellow pumpkins.

We passed many old, and a few new ideas but none of them appealed to me and none of them became fastened in my empty mind. Inspiration was becoming impatient.

"How's this?" he asked, pointing to a group of children playing "Farmer in the Dell." I shook my head forlornly, for I could see nothing unusual or interesting in their play or conversation.

"Listen!" cried my companion. I stopped and heard the sweet, plaintive notes of a violin. The player was a dark eyed Italian lad, who stood before the window of a sunny-haired little crippled boy. Surely there was romance there, but I did not see it.

We walked on down the seemingly endless road, passing books, famous people, beautiful scenery, conversations, and arguments. They all echoed dully on my brain. Nothing struck the chord of my mind which would send my pen racing across the paper. I was in despair. My time was growing short.

Inspiration called my attention to a fast flying train, speeding across plains and fields, through fertile vallys and dark tunnels. It slowed down, and near the platform of a tiny station stood a pony, beside which was the figure of a girl in short riding skirt and sombrero, a gay red kerchief about her throat, her black eyes fastened eagerly upon the train, waiting for—whom? I did not wait to see, but turned aside without interest.

At my left rushed a turbulent river, on whose surface floated a long graceful canoe, dipping and sliding among the rapids. I looked for an occupant but could see none.

"Put some one in it and send them shooting the rapids," suggested Inspiration.

"Oh, that's stale," I replied. He looked hurt.

I turned to my right and found myself facing a large mirror which magnified whomever or whatever stood before it. I gazed, and therein I saw The Idea. Before me, reflected, I saw the figure of my little friend. He was dressed in yellow velvet, touched with black and gold, a black pointed cap upon his head, a staff in his left hand. His dark eyes shone and welled with a deep inspiring light—for was he not the embodiment of all that was inspiring? His left hand, extended toward the great roadway with its medley of sights and sounds, seemed to invite those who had difficulties to untold solutions beyond.

"I have it!" I cried, "I will write of you and all that you have shown me here! I will tell others of this wonderful place, that they may have some haven of refuge when the password "Clarion theme" is announced.

Ruth E. Gleason, '16.

AUTUMNAL GLORIES.

What a delightful surprise awaits the lover of nature in the autumnal forest.

The woods are almost quiet at times, for the birds have already departed to their winter homes, urged on by the first touch of frost. Although their beautiful music is hushed, their busy friends the squirrel and chipmunk try to make up for lack of noise with their busy chatter.

Let us stroll through the forest this late October afternoon. Overhead is the brilliant blue sky, the azure curtain of the Indian summer. A certain awe fills us as we pass between aisles of lofty pines, elms, and hemlock, reaching their tall trunks heavenward like the spires of a cathedral.

Each tree is clothed in its most splendid robe, and the scarlet, green and golden tints against the dazzling blue sky, draw our attention as we pass through vistas of the rich colors.

The fir-tree in its evergreen garment scatters incense on the breeze, and appears stately and dignified by contrast with its gayer companions, while here and there the white robe of the birch adds purity to the scene. The nut-bearing trees very charitably scatter alms to the squirrels, and toss their heads in response to the constant chatter at their feet.

Goldenrod and blue asters seem to be earthly reflections of the sun and sky, while the sumach's garnet cloak is as soft as velvet. The milkweed pods are opening, and hundreds of tiny white fairies dance hither and thither in the air. From among the vines which cling lovingly to the old walls, red and blue berries peep out.

The little brook, refreshed by the autumn showers, once more tinkles out as it hurries through the grove, and in its tiny mirror reflects the vain willow, which sighs as it thinks of the approaching winter.

The sun has gradually been setting, and now it seems to bathe the forest in a shower of gold. From this golden glory finally emerge crimson bars, which announce to us that night has conquered day, and has barred the sun from her realm.

But even as we hasten to wend our way out of the forest, we behold just above the horizon the harvest moon. The sky is now deep purple and as the moon climbs higher into the heavens, it changes from a blood red globe

to a pale golden disk. The myriad stars shimmer coldly against the dark sky, and we feel that night is indeed queen, crowned with a diadem of stars, and clothed in royal purple.

Mary F. Hayes, '16.

BLACK MOUNTAIN IN OCTOBER

The glare of the sun was dazzling,
As I gazed from my window that day,
And the sight that met my sleep-dimmed eyes
Was a carpet, so brilliant and gay.

The frost-tinged winds from the North-land,
Blowing o'er mountain and lea,
Created this scene of beauty,
From leaf of bush and tree.

'Twould be hard to name the colors
To be found in that carpet rare,
For the Artist who mixed the pigments
Was the One of Infinite Care.

Ruth Scully, '16.

THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING.

"It's nothing but, 'learn this,' and 'learn that,' all the time from Friday until Monday," exclaimed a disgusted overworked high school boy. Down went the books with a slam and also a fist which proclaimed that henceforth the place for lessons was on the shelf.

The door opened and in came a hideous monster, with a head which resembled a waste basket, two ink-well eyes, and arms and legs of rulers. In both hands this terrible monster bore spears, which one would quickly recognize as pens in their holders. With an angry stride the fierce figure stabbed the lad until he shrieked with pain, then led him off past miles and miles of desks until he came to a huge castle built of books. He opened the door and to right and left, in fact, in all directions, were piled school books. With a warning growl the monster gave Johnny a book and indicated that its contents were to be learned; every time he raised his head he felt the sharp point of a pen in his body. Lesson after lesson, which he had skipped in the last week, he learned from beginning to end, until his head was whirling and his eyes were blurred. Then he was taken into the next room, where he was relieved of his knowledge.

A slap on the back brought Johnny back from the Castle of Knowledge and he, amid jokes about his afternoon nap, was lead off to foot ball practise. It is peculiar how Johnny so willingly learned "ich studiere" that night.

Marian A. Pierce, '16.

TACHE SANS TACHE.

Just a bit beyond the center,
Far back from the noisy car line,
Near the ploughed fields of the farmers,
Stood an awe inspiring structure,
Stood the new home of the high school.

Of red bricks was made the building,
Ruddy bricks with snow-white facings;
And two gently curving foot paths
Met a door of vast dimensions,
Met the main door of the building.

Within, wide and lofty hallways
Led to many-windowed class rooms,
Filled with desks of polished lumber,
Sometimes holding noisy pupils,
Sometimes silent and deserted.

Two large rooms, which seated eighty,
And were set apart for study,
Facing on the fields and pastures,
Held the busy—working students,
Held the many study pupils.

But the best room in the building
Was the great hall of assembly,
Where, above the lofty platform,
Shone the symbol of the building,
Shone the red A of the high school.

Norah E. Johnson, '16.

DADDY AND I.

My daddy tells me when he was young he was very, very good. As a baby he never cried when his mamma wouldn't rock him, but always went right to sleep.

When daddy became a boy he never went into the pantry to steal his mother's jam. He never "licked" the new "guy" that had just moved across the street. He never was sent up to bed without any supper. He never was caught behind the barn with his daddy's big clay pipe. He never passed his plate for "sweet stuff" twice or "licked" Bob Brown for stealing his best girl. He never was afraid when his ma took away the light and left him all alone at night. He went to school almost every day and of course he always knew his lessons.

But me! Poor me! I always get caught stealing the jam or the cake When my ma asks me to chop the wood, I always answer "Yes," then I beat it and tell her, "I forgot." I brought a pocket full of grasshoppers to school the other day and of course I got caught putting one down Betty Bixby's neck.

When father grew to be a youth he went to high school and from there to college. While he was at college he never took part in the rough capers of the boys there. Of course pa was the smartest one in the whole school.

How it happens that my pa is married is beyond my power to understand, because he tells me that he never had a girl or spent money on her for sodas and "movies." He never walked home from church with her every Sunday as I do. My pa must have been a saint, but you just leave it to dad.

Ethel M. Macdonald, '18.

ROUND THE LAKE.

It was late one autumn day and the setting sun had all but disappeared behind the hilltops. A bright canoe, paddled by a girl of some fifteen or sixteen years, appeared around the bend of the shore. Jean Walton, for such was the girl's name, was slowly and listlessly guiding the bark toward the eastern shore of the small, picturesque lake.

As a curve in the shore was made, there appeared high banks laden with perfumed flowers and brakes enveloping the girl in an atmosphere of balmy fragrance. This was where the Indian chieftan sold to the white man, the then sparsely settled village, Menotomy. In a daze of ancient memories, still the canoeist guided on her craft until the surging waters rushing over the dam brought back the realistic view to the dreamy paddler. On the curving road bordering the uneven shore of the lake were the remains of the old Middlesex Canal, now marked by a bronze tablet. Instead of the quaint country road of former times, a well-traversed highway met the

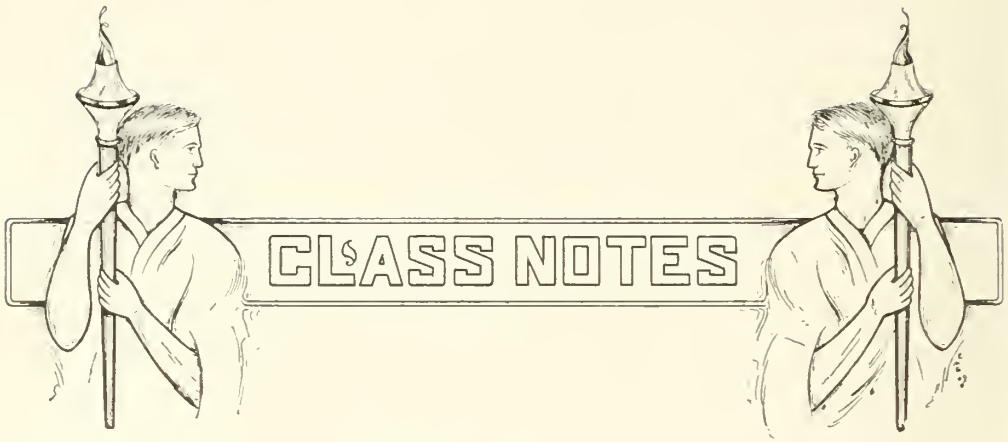
eyes of the girl. On around the curves and projections the paddler passed until the Medford Bridge appeared to view, over which, on that memorable night, rode Paul Revere on his way to Lexington.

The last bend was passed, and the sun had left but a faint glow in the sky. After pulling her canoe upon the beach, Jean lightly gained the crest of the hill, and like the sun, disappeared from view.

Marietta Bell, '19.

HONORABLE MENTION LIST.

Ambition's Fire, Dorothy Allen, '16.
Our Emblem, Marion Allen, 16.
A Driftwood Fire, Lawrence King, '16.
Echo Lake Walter Purcell, '16.
Bliss, Agnes Livingstone, '16.
An Eventful Night,
Corinne Danforth, '17.
Stranded on the Lake,
Robert Smith, '18.
The Story the Clock Told,
Madeline Thatcher, '18,
Storming the Pass, Nathan Wood, '18.
A Ski Ride on Red Mountain,
Thyra Upton, '19.
The Lost Pocket Book,
Ethel Roberts, '19.



1916.

After various class meetings, discussions, primaries and ballots, the class officers for this, our Senior year, were finally elected. Chester Berquist a second time gained the lead for the presidency, and Marguerite Lawson was again successful for vice-president. Ruth Gleason was chosen secretary, and William Barry won the office of treasurer. Congratulations to you all!

Miss Magner was once more elected as our class advisor. The class of 1916 wishes to express their appreciation of her kind and loyal services throughout the past three years.

English IV.-B.

Miss D. (reciting on one of the poems of the 9th century): "Little Pearl's father was walking along the river bank endeavoring to find a ford to cross the water."

Ed.: They certainly do have some remarkable properties, but we have never yet heard of one running on water.

History IV.-Rev.

W——ge. "The wedge-shaped cuneiform writing of the Babylonians was shaped like a wedge;" how singular! But wait! "They also wrote on six sided hexagonal columns."

French III.-A.

Miss L-tt-f-d to W-k-n-w, "Can't you speak louder so as to overcome the noise from the manual training room?"

W-k-n-w (proceeding huskily with translation) "In the name of heaven, keep still! Don't make such a noise."

Heard in Room 14.

Miss M-g-r.: "That little boy in the back seat; what is your name?"

Little boy (pompously) "Mr. Higgins."

Miss M. "But what is your first name?"

Little boy. "Mister."

History IV.

Mr. E-p-n, giving note books to class:

"You will have to provide your own shoe strings for these."

French IV.-A.

Bl-k, translating: "I don't know how to translate 'se mord'—the vocabulary says, 'bite.'"

Miss L.: "All right. Go ahead!"

Bl-k.: "Mother bit the lips of er-er."

At a recent class meeting it was learned that a surplus of nearly $35 remains in the treasury from last year. This will certainly be a great help during the year.

Latin IV.-A.

Miss W. (previous to translating): "Can you say twice seven is fourteen?"

Ed.: Although Virgil was no mathematician, perhaps he would not object.

THE ATOM.

The atom is a little thing,
So very, very small,
That with all kinds of microscopes
It can't be seen at all.
So if it is a little thing,
So very, very small,
Why do they make us study it?
Why should it be at all?

Commercial Arithmetic.

Mr. L——g. "Which way do the hands of a clock move, involutely or evolutely?"

Bright scholar from rear. "Resolutely, sir."

History IV.

Mr. E-p-n: "Kirlin, explain how a town meeting is conducted."

K-rl-n: "First the voters gather on the floor and nominate a moderator, who then goes up and swears before the town clerk."

And does Mr. E-p-n really wish all the girls to attend a town meeting?

Head in Latin IV. translation:

"The waves dashed to the skies."

"Aeneas' bones creaked with a chill."

English IV.-B., has the Pick of them all.

Senior Physics.

Mr. G., speaking of the difference in specific gravity between stout and thin men says: "You see I'm solid, and therefore, weigh more than people think I do."

Little Johnny Freshman,
Running to and fro,
Wondering and thinking—
"Where ought I to go?"

"Forgot my program card," he says,
"I've lost it anyway."
"Johnny will you ever learn?
Perhaps you will some day."

By a Senior.

1917.

The class of 1917 is the kind that does things. Their attendance at class meetings show it. The women have the vote anyway.

Officers:—

President, Walter Nix.

Vice-President, Dorothy Jordan.

Treasurer, Elmer Lowe.

Secretary, Evelyn Chamberlain.

We are glad to welcome eleven new members into our class, Helen Rice, Mary Hourihan, Priscilla Barnes, Esther Johnson, Alma Russel, Mildred Lands, Theodore Taylor, Rolan Jones, James Blue, Alfred Woodbury, Anton Steidle. A school can never have too many geniuses, especially when they can play football.

Miss D-v-s: "I can't see what the matter is with this phosphorus, it just won't light. I've tried and tried." Miss Ivedonit: "Ah! Let's see. Hm! Why, there isn't any phosphorus there."

We wonder how Ep-ei-n came to know so much about the moon!

Teacher—"Describe water."

Bright One—"It's a white fluid that turns black when you put your hand in it."

Seriously. Do the Juniors lack class

spirit? Why do some members go out when a class meeting is called? If individual plates of peach ice cream were to be handed out, there'd be a full house.

Miss L.—"St-v-n, turn around and face the front of the room."

St-v-n—"But when I sit around front I can't see the class.

Miss L.—"Sit in front of me and then you may see all the class you want." She didn't know why we laughed.

Miss M. to King, writing a declension and also making a serious mistake:

"King, what are you writing?"

King, very earnestly—"German."

When Mr. G——n told the class about the eel in the water pipe, a bright scholar asked what kind of bait they used to fish him out with.

Latin III.

Miss R.—"Adding 'olus' to any noun makes it a sign of affection, such as filius—filiolus, my dear son."

Smarty—"Yes, Miss Robertsonolus."

All those desiring vocal lessons apply to H. Epstein.

1918.

Great attention is now centered upon the class of 1918. As freshmen we unfortunately suffered a deprivation of many things which help develop a good sophomore. Yet, realizing those unfortunate circumstances, we should endeavor to overcome them with the superior conditions of this school year. This new building, together with our earnest and faithful faculty should be an incentive for success. So, let each one feel responsible for a share in making this year a splendid success; more school spirit, more class spirit, better discipline, and greater participation in school activities. Our objective for June, 1916—the best sophomore class in the history of our school. Strive, classmates, strive!

Class officers:—

President, Jordon Silver.

Vice-President, Priscilla Watts.

Secretary, Dorothy Roberts.

Treasurer, Parks Odenweller.

Class advisor, Mrs. Wood.

Nineteen eighteen heartily welcomes each and all of its new members.

The sophomore class extends its sincerest wishes for a very successful year to three of its members, Muriel Matteson, Elizabeth Wyman and Lucile Ballard, who have gone away to school.

Banana peels have nothing on the stairs when they are washed. They would make good rinks for the hockey team.

Mr. C—s—"This (meaning the building but holding up a pencil) is worth thousands of dollars."

Pupil—"It ought to have extra good lead in it."

R. Masters' greatest friend and standby seems to be "Ich weiss nicht," especially in German.

The electric clocks have been on a spree several times.

We have a class advisor
Who certainly is great;
For she makes us like the studies
That erstwhile we did hate.

Scratches that cannot be seen with naked eye, should not be reported by somebody with a magnifying glass.

Pupil (taking German) "Have you any home lessons to do?"

Second Pupil—"No, have you?"

First Pupil—"Nein." (Nine.)

Complete information regarding Wo-

man Suffrage will be given to any one inquiring of R. Stickney, Room 25.

1919.

Class officers:—

President, Walter Cooledge.

Vice-President, Harriet Johnson.

Secretary, Charles Daley.

Treasurer, Marietta Bell.

Class Advisor, Mr. Cross.

Seniors, you were Freshmen once,
This you oft forget.
You needn't be so stuck up
For we've that on you yet!
(See Senior class notes)

Miss F—gg—Tell me something about the bed."

Master H. (after thinking a few moments) "It has four legs." (Bright boy.)

Elevators would be a valuable addition to the high school for the use of the Freshmen.

"Where is Snow?" asked a teacher.

"Oh, said one boy, "he has the chicken in the box."

(We suppose he meant chickenpox.)

Miss F—gg (showing picture of Egyptians irrigating land) "What is this a picture of?"

Master W.—"The old oaken bucket."

After a certain boy had made much noise, the teacher said, "Save the furniture; we may need it after you are gone."

Miss F—gg—"What do you owe to the Hittites?"

Master H.—"I don't owe them anything."

The Freshmen had better show some school spirit soon (gentle hint for a class meeting.)

And last, not least, in each perplexing case,
Learn the sweet magic of a Freshie's place.



No wiser thing can be done to insure happiness and success in life than to take an active part in athletics. Brains and scholarship are very important, but unless accompanied by a healthy and strong body they do not give the pleasures they could. Life under modern conditions is a hard struggle, and for most people to succeed, requires, not only education and intelligence, but the ability to work strenuously.

One way to obtain the physical ability which will enable one to do this continuously, is by developing the body and securing a good healthy constitution.

Whatever branches of athletics one may take up, he should always bear in mind that to be a true athlete means to be honorable and manly, and to despise anything that is mean or underhanded.

When you are beaten, do not hesitate to "own up," and when you are victorious, do not be unduly boastful. Always keep in mind that athletic events are won by those who make the best records and not by those who are always finding fault.

FOOTBALL.

When Coach Long called out the football candidates, thirty-three men reported for practice, which was the best showing we have made in years The first game of the year was played at Brookline, October first, and was lost by a score of 7-0. The game was quite even throughout, the score being made in the last minute of play. F. McCarty punted from behind the goal line. Collier of Brookline received the ball, rushing through our entire team for a touchdown.

On the sixth of October the team went to Swampscott and played a fast game with the larger Swampscott team and were beaten 27-0. Arlington lost a good chance to score when they had the ball on the Swampscott 10-yard line. Very nearly the whole Arlington squad was used in the game.

The first home game was played the ninth on Spy Pond field against the fast Concord team. Both teams were evenly matched, but the strategy of our backs beat the Concord team, when Ryan scored in the second half by a brilliant end run.

On Columbus Day our team played West Roxbury on the home grounds. It was a clean fast game, with some sensational plays. Cousens, Caterino, and Ryan were the stars for Arlington. In the second half, the entire second

team was put in, Maguire starring. The final score stood 21-0 in favor of Arlington.

The eighteenth, Lynn Classical, Mr. Mitchell's school, was played. They looked like sturdy customers, but they were never in the running. Cousens was again the star scoring both touchdowns by long 40-yard end runs. McCarty kicked the first goal. The entire game was played in Lynn territory, Lynn never once making a first down by rushes. The score was 13-0.

CROSS COUNTRY.

The Cross Country team was called out by Mgr. Wm. Robinson this fall with the object of capturing once more the honors at Cornell. Many veterans responded, Peabody, Collins, Robinson, Saunders, O'Connell, Clare, Cameron, Morton and Hatfield being very promising. October 14th the Harvard freshmen were beaten in a run over the course, six out of the first ten finishing being Arlington men. A practice run was held with Technology the following Thursday. A lecture on China was given by Mr. Clerk in order to send the team to Cornell. One more victory will bring the trophy to our school permanently.

FIELD HOCKEY.

Inter-class teams have been formed with some of last year's players as coaches. For the Freshmen, Helen Hadley and Gladys Vail; for the Sophomores, Elsie Williams; for the Juniors, Ruth Scully, and for the Seniors, Betty Willis.

A Sargent Senior, Gladys Bassett, is head coach. Games have not been definitely arranged as yet, but some time in November games will be played with Lexington and Radcliffe.

EXCHANGES.

The editor's purpose is to make the Exchange Department of interest to every member of the school. We desire to make it more than just a printed page of the Clarion. We intend to keep the exchanges received from other schools on a shelf in the library, where they can be seen at will. The editor will post a list of the magazines and any special feature which may be of interest to students. If you care anything about the school, you will want to compare our paper with others, and see in what respects they differ. In this way we hope to make the Exchange Department of real value to everyone.

We have received during the last month, the following exchanges. "The Megaphone," Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.; "The Pioneer," Reading Mass.; "Trade Winds," Worcester Trade School, Worcester, Mass.; "The Clarion," West Hartford, Conn., and "the Enterprise," Keene, N. H.

"The Megaphone"—The athletic and alumni departments in your commencement number were enviable in their length and subject matter, but where was your Exchange Department?

"The Pioneer"—Your literary department was most interesting. We noted especially the poem, "Through Memory's Glass"—a revision of L'Allegro."

"Trade Winds"—An excellent little

paper with some fine jokes. Your serial story interested us.

"The Clarion"—Why don't you have a column of personal jokes and notes from each class?

"The Enterprise"—Your literary department might be improved, but otherwise your paper is excellent.

Customer, after having consumed a "hot fudge," to clerk in drug store: "How much is it?"

Clerk—"Ten cents."

Customer—"It ought to be fifteen cents.

Clerk—"How's that?"

Customer—"Because you would get it from me just as quickly."—Ex.

Good definition of aeroplane poisoning: One drop and you are dead.—Ex.

How dear to our hearts is the steady subscriber,
  Who pays in advance at the birth of the year;
Who lays down the money, and does it quite gladly,
  And casts round the office a halo of cheer.

He never says, "Stop it; I cannot afford it;
  I'm getting more journals than now I can read."
But always says: "Send it; all readers like it—
  In fact, we all think it a help and a need."

How welcome his check when it reaches our sanctum,
  How it makes our pulse throb; how it makes our hearts dance.
We outwardly thank him; we inwardly bless him—
  The steady subscriber who pays in advance.—Ex.

Flanagan applied for a position as carpenter.

"Have you had much experience?" asked the foreman.

"Indade Oi hov," said Flanagan proudly, "Oi've had twinty jobs in t'ree mont's, Sor."—Ex.

"Why Steven," scolded the wrathful mother, "why didn't you get the bacon I sent you for?"

"It was so greasy that it slipped my mind," replied Steven nonchalantly.—Ex.

Said A 2 B,
  I C U R
Inclined 2 B A J;

Said B 2 A,
  U'R mind I C
Shows signs of slight D K.—Ex.

Johnnie—"Pa, what's a board of education?"

Pa—"When I went to school it was a shingle."—Ex.

The graduating class of 1915 of the High School of Menasha, Wis., had this distinctive class motto: "The elevator to success is not running—take the stairs."—Ex.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The Arlington High School has representatives in over fifteen of the foremost colleges of New England. From time to time we hope to receive letters from some of the prominent alumni which ought to be very interesting. The class of 1915 being the one most recently graduated will probably hold the most interest for the students and outside friends. The following is a list of those who at present are taking a post graduate course:

Miss Mary Plaisted.
Miss Beatrice Willis.
Miss Marian McLellan.
Miss Catherine Robinson.
Miss Edith Olson.
Miss Gertrude Clifford.
Miss Gretchen King.
Miss Irene Irwin.
Miss Ruth Lyons.
Miss Margaret Dickson.
Mr. Lawrence Adams.
Mr. Wesley Clark.
Mr. Robert Black.
Mr. Willard Bailey.
Mr. Warren Henderson.
Mr. John McCarty.
Mr. James Moir, Jr.
Mr. Salvador Caterino.
Mr. Vaughn Allen.

Donald Ross, former president of the class of 1915 in its senior year, entered Mass. Agricultural College in the fall. His popularity seems to have gone with him for at the freshman elections he was chosen president.

Miss Margaret Bell, '15, who is at Bridgewater was nominated for president of her class but as yet we have not heard the result.

Miss Hilda Stewart, '14, a Canadian girl who has gone to school here for two years, entered Radcliffe to prepare for teaching.

Miss Florence Worthington, '15, is employed as stenographer with the firm of Beamish Bro. Bag Co.

Miss Dorothy Currier, '15, is attending Sargent's School for girls.

Miss Dorothy Bateman, '15, and her sister, Louise, who took a post graduate course in the high school last year are at Wellesley.

Webster Plaisted, '15, and Hugh Berquist, '15, are at the Lowell Textile School.

David Crockett, '15, vice-president of the class of 1915, is at Tufts College.

Leo Kelley and a number of other 1915 boys are at Technology.

Miss Ruth Crosly, '15, is our only representative at Mt. Holyoke.

Albert Wunderlich, a graduate in 1914, is at Maine.

Hamlyn Robbins, a graduate of class of 1914 after a post graduate course in the high school, entered Mass. Agricultural College this fall.

Miss Helen Bartlett is attending the Salem Normal School.

Gretchen King, '15.

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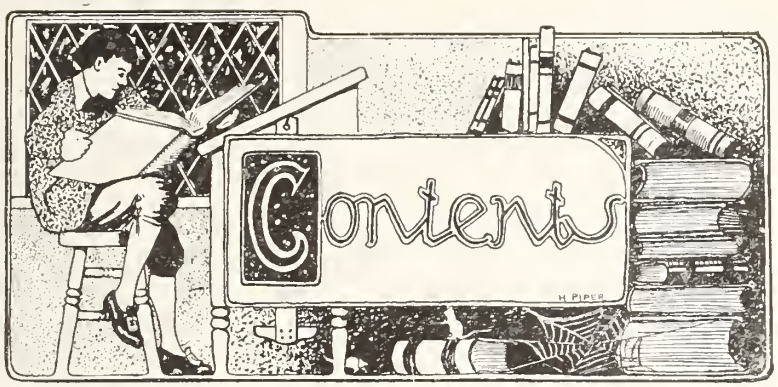
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FREDERICK EDSON CLERK

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OUR PRINCIPAL

Frederick Edson Clerk, principal of the Arlington High School, was born in Newark, New Jersey.

He attended the public high school of that city, and graduated in the class of 1899. During these four years, he received several honors. In athletics he won a prominent place, being a member of the basket ball team, captain of both the baseball and the track teams, and president of the Athletic Association. During the senior year, he was president of his class and editor-in-chief of the school paper.

In the fall of 1899 he entered Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut. In 1902 he left Wesleyan to attend Yale. Here again he was interested in athletics and was a member of three varsity teams—baseball for three years, track for two years, and for one year captain of the basket ball team. He belonged to the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, the Sigma Tau class society, and the "Mystical Seven." He received First Honors in history and economics.

After the completion of the college course, Mr. Clerk taught history in Eastburn Academy at Philadelphia.

In 1904 he was appointed assistant to Sir Robert Hart in the Imperial Maritime Customs at Pekin, China. The next year he went to China and remained in the government service for nearly two years. Return to the United States was made necessary by impaired health, which resulted from an attack of tropical fever.

The next three years were spent in teaching English in Newark Academy in his home city.

For two years following this position, he was principal of the Powder Point School in Duxbury, Massachusetts.

After devoting a year to teaching English in the Brockton High School, Mr. Clerk became principal of the Clinton High School.

A year later he was elected to the office of superintendent of the Clinton schools. This position was held for two years prior to his coming to Arlington.

Mr. Clerk was married to Miss Edith Louise Packard at Springfield, Massachusetts, November 25, 1907. They have two children—Edith and Frederick, Junior.

EDITORIAL.

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold.
'Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King.'
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing."

As we think earnestly about that first Christmas, there comes to each one a great feeling of joy and happiness, and each heart in some way responds to that song of "peace and good will." Perhaps to some of us it means friendship. Everyone has cherished friendships, and some of these are made during the years of school. And as we again approach this happy season of the year, let us forget ourselves and strive to make others happy. Then we will find the deeper joy and the true spirit of Christmas.

The Clarion is very fortunate in being able to present to its readers several special features in this Christmas number. Everyone will welcome the photograph of our principal and the brief account of his life. Our school is much larger than it has ever been in the past, and it seems that each issue of our school paper should include some special feature which will be of interest to every pupil.

The new cuts which appear for the Literary Department, Exchanges, and Class Notes were designed by Miss Hilda Prescott of the senior class.

Indeed, we are very glad to have someone who can help to make our paper more artistic and attractive.

The editor feels that every pupil of the Arlington High School should know the songs and cheers which mean so much to the school. In order that everyone may learn to know these songs, they have been printed in this issue. Let each one avail himself of the opportunity, so that we may indeed be "birds of a feather, all the A. H. S. together," and our "three times three" may rise high and loud for A. H. S.!

Now to our superintendent and principal, to every teacher and every pupil, the Clarion wishes a very "Merry Christmas."

SCHOOL NOTES.

The sixth period on Friday, November 12, all the pupils of the school listened to a very interesting talk, given by Mr. William Orr, Commissioner of Education, on the opportunities and advantages of the teaching profession. He has a broad understanding of the subject, and expressed himself in such a manner as to hold the attention of everyone.

An Arlington High School Civic Forum has been organized with Mr. Epstein as leader. The membership is limited to forty, of whom fifteen constitute the Senate. The meetings will be held the second Friday of each month, from 1.30 to 3 P. M. The purpose is "to promote a more widespread interest on the part of A. H. S. pupils in contemporary affairs of importance." All who are interested in this organization are requested to join.

At the regular Assembly, Tuesday, November 23, exercises appropriate to Thanksgiving were held. Owing to the absence of Mr. Clerk, the opening exercises were conducted by Mr. Cross. The Orchestra, under the direction of Miss Prescott, gave several selections, which were received with hearty applause from the whole school. Mr. Epstein read the Governor's Proclamation, and two very entertaining poems. The program was concluded by the singing of "America."

A series of musicales, under the auspices of the Teachers' Club, will be held during the winter months. They will be given on the evenings of December 14, January 11, and February 8. The very best artists will be present, and this is an excellent opportunity to hear some good music. Let us have a large number of A. H. S. pupils present, and show that we are interested in all school activities.

On Friday, December 3, the entire school enjoyed the second vocational lecture. This time Mr. John T. Russell of the Traveller's Insurance Company, addressed the pupils. He defined as the six requisites for success in any line of business—health, system for work, honesty, enthusiasm, perseverence, and a good general knowledge of the chosen business. The lecture was interesting and much enjoyed by everyone.

In the Assembly Hall, Friday evening, December 3, a large number of townspeople gathered to enjoy the Mock Trial. Many prominent business men of Arlington took part in the program and the evening proved profitable not only as entertainment, but also in a material way, adding about $100 to the treasury of the Athletic Association.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS!

Questions of a political nature being cast aside, no one can doubt that girls need as much (if not more) training in real argumentation as boys. Believing this to be true, the authorities of the Arlington High School debating interests have arranged a joint girls' debate with Lexington for January 14, 1916. Each and every girl in the school who has ever debated, ever will or ever

thinks she ought to debate or argue, should try for this debating team. There is no reason why this debate should not prove as keen and as interesting as any. The contest will be held in the Arlington High School Assembly Hall, Friday evening, January 14. A record attendance is looked for. This is the first debate of the year. More are coming. "A word to the wise saves nine."

SCHOOL SONG.

Give a cheer now for our High School,
For whose honor never fear;
While we lift on high our banner,
And for A. H. S. still cheer.

Chorus:
For we're birds of a feather
All the A. H. S. together.
One in friendship and courage,
'Neath the Red and Gray so dear.

May we always be victorious,
Always fair in every game,
Never will we be vain-glorious,
Never tarnish our bright name.

In our work time as our playtime,
Hand in hand we do our best,
Fitting for the world before us,
So that we may stand life's test.

A. H. S. calls for her students!
Comrades come from far and near!
Three times three, now, all together,
To the welkin send our cheer.

FIELD SONG.

Before their comrades cheering,
The A. H. S. boys fight,
And they think not of yielding,
They'll conquer by their might.
Out there beneath our colors,
They're fighting with a vim.
Go on and beat the others,
Go on, boys, win, win, win!

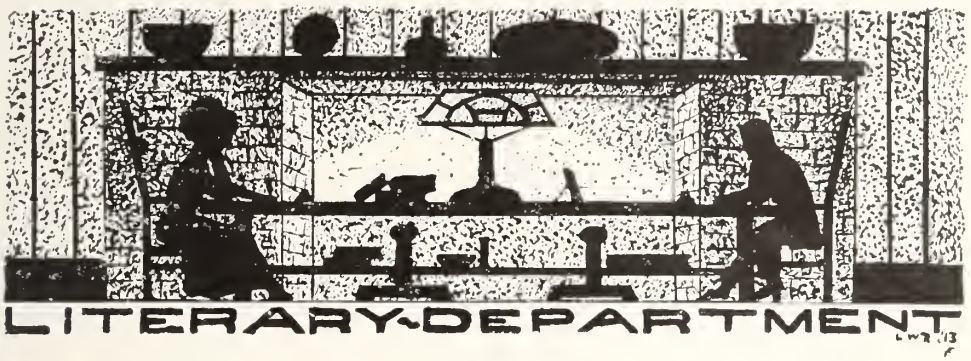
Chorus:
Fight on, boys we are cheering for you,
For we want you to win today.
Do your best, we are all behind you,
And we're wearing the Red and Gray.
Tho' the odds may be great against you,
Still fight on, and win success,
And we'll raise a song of victory
For dear old A. H. S.!

Beneath old Cotting's banner,
Beneath its flag so dear,
Our boys press ever onward,
Inspired by rousing cheer.
Tho' others all around us,
Bid the Red and Gray to yield,
Our boys would win or die first,
And again they'll take the field.

When comes the time of parting
We'll gather on the steps;
With full hearts overflowing
And give our A. H. S.
And always when victorious
Our cheer is ringing free.—
"Arlington forever!"
To the sky now three times three!

CHEERS.

A-r-l-i-n-g-t-o-n (slowly).
A-r-l-i-n-g-t-o-n (faster).
A-r-l-i-n-g-t-o-n (very fast).
Ar————lington.
A. H. S. rah, rah, rah,
A. H. S. rah, rah, rah,
Hoora, hoora,
Arlington High School, '16, '16, '16.



OUR EMBLEM.

It was a long, long time ago that I first woke up in the midst of a deep, dark forest. The sun and the wind, like brother and sister, had softly crept into the woods, to warn the quiet inhabitants of the coming spring. The one, with tender solicitude, melted the snowy sheet from above their sleeping heads; while the other playfully blew aside their warm blanket of dry leaves, and whispered songs of rejoicing to the tiny children of nature. Not only did this loving pair wake up the flowers and mosses, but they also remembered the trees; and wrapping caressing fingers about the gnarled old trunks, they breathed life and freshness into the dormant wood. My mother, responding to their friendly summons, gave a mighty effort, and sending the sap leaping through her limbs, she gave me birth. Thus, one beautiful morning, I, a little pine shoot, pushed my way through the rough, protecting bark, and peeped out upon the fresh, green world.

Day by day through that first summer, and then year by year, my mother-tree nourished and protected me, until at last I was a branching, beautiful bough. It was my good fortune to be near enough to the ground to answer and acknowledge the tiny nods of the wood-flowers, as they smiled "Good-morning" to me; and yet I was high enough to offer a protection to the little, knowing birds, who wove their nests in the shelter of my needles, and peeped out a sharp, round eye to see if any harm were near. The wind soughed through my branches ceaselessly; the sunshine bathed me in a ruddy richness; and the dew absorbed my fragrance, and lingered lovingly with me as though loath to seek the sky.

Thus I lived on, amidst the silence and the shadows, for many decades—until the ground beneath me was deeply buried by my fallen needles. And at last there came a change. Civilization penetrated into the sequestered nooks of my dear forest, bringing with it a multitude of strange and foreign things. Foremost among these was the axe—a few strokes of which closed the first part of the book of my life, and the tale of my forest days was told.

My mother fell with me, but that was the last time we were together. As we lay there, crushing beneath us the little blossoms which had been so dear to me, her last service was to strengthen and prepare me for the life upon which I was to enter. I never saw her again, for in a few moments, the tie which bound us was severed, and I left her watchful care forever. From this time forth my days were varied and eventful—but I will pass briefly over this second part of my life, that I may reach the glorious third. Suffice it to say that I was stripped of my beautiful bark and exquisite needles, was cut through and through by a saw, and after these torturing experiences, travelled many thousands of miles in dark and gloomy trains. I sometimes thought the life in me had surely died,—but when at

last I looked up in the crowded lumber yard, and felt again the unaccustomed warmth and gladness of the sunlight, and the cool breeze (tinged this time with just a bit of the salty moisture of the sea), I knew that somewhere within me, my spirit was still alive.

But deliverance finally came, in the shape of a lumber-team; and I was carried to a large factory where my form was made still smaller. I was cut very carefully in wonderful machines, and after being finished by hand, was stained a beautiful crimson. Then, in my new, strange shape I was packed with care; and that very night a gentleman took me away.

When I at last saw the day-light once more, it was in a large, unfinished building. Many men were handling and bending over me; I was carried aloft on a ladder, and finally securely fastened on a slab of gray plaster high on the walls. After recovering from the shock of my lofty position, which brought so many dear remembrances of my forest days, I looked about me wonderingly. I found to my surprise, that I was in a beautiful hall facing a gallery at the farther end, and that at that moment a circle of eyes were focused upon me approvingly. Many times in the next few weeks, I withstood that admiring gaze, and watched the gradual completion of the hall in which I was.

At last came the day I shall never forget,—the day on which I understood the meaning of my position, and the full significance of my being. The picture of hundreds of girls and boys streaming through the entrances of the hall and filling the seats below me, that picture which is to be repeated so many times again, is impressed on my soul forever.

I can see again their eager, rapt expression, and hear the voice of their leader as he speaks on the platform just below:

"As we glance upward at that big, red 'A' on its gray back-ground, and think of what it signifies, does it not inspire us to keep up and increase both the standard and the reputation which we have won?"

I can experience the same thrill that passed through me, as I felt that sea of upturned faces gazing into mine, and knowing that, in me, they found their emblem of success.

And looking forward into the future, through the line of years which is to come, the vision springs up before me of a mass of men and women, ever moving onward to the beckoning call of a soft, gray banner, bearing on its front, three crimson letters, "A. H. S."

MARION E. ALLEN, '16.

A CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was a clear, crisp Christmas eve. The large snowflakes were gently falling, the bright, twinkling stars and the round, merry moon being the only lamps which lighted the little England village.

The whitest and softest of these flakes of snow seemed destined to cluster about one old house. Inside, a white haired, wrinkled man reclined in a high-backed chair before a huge fireplace. Slowly rising, with the aid of a cane, he made his way hesitatingly over to the window and stood gazing out into the night. From the hill-tops he could hear—

"Those Christmas bells as sweetly chime
As on the day when first they rung
So merrily in the old time,
And far and wide their music flung."

It was on just such a wonderful night forty-five—no fifty,—fifty years ago, that Joyce, who had long since been at rest, had promised to be his wife. It was in the self-same, ivy-covered church on the top of the hill, in which all the young people of the village, his grand-daughter included, were merry making. How that night stood out in his memory above all others! He could almost see again the sweet, shy, little vision all in white coming towards him with outstretched arms, and hear once more the soft, low ring of her voice.

A slight mist arose before his faded eyes as he slowly turned and made his way back to his accustomed seat, and

sat there, gazing dreamily into the fire. The old man was suddenly aroused by the foot-steps of his granddaughter, tripping merrily down the hall. As she entered the room, followed by a tall, sturdy young man, her grandfather thought, "How like the Joy of long ago she is!"

The girl came up to her grandfather and laid her hand gently on his arm. "Grandpa, we,—I—I,—" and stopped in confusion. Looking from boy to girl the old man understood.

Reaching out feeble hands he drew them to him, saying, "God bless you, my children."

Soft arms encircled his neck, and for an instant the golden locks rested against the silver ones. Then they were gone,—boy and girl,—leaving the aged man to his memories.

ELIZABETH HOXIE, '18.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

All nature is in silence. Everything is at rest. A soft mantle of deep calm covers this great earth and hushes its songs and sighs. Slowly, but surely, there creeps above the vast eastern horizon a dim glow, which, as the minutes go by, increases in lustre and splendor and assumes a wonderfully clear hue of blue. Gradually this hue mingles with the cloudless vast of sky. Here and there rays of bright light of a reddish tinge dart over the horizon and light up the dark shadows. Suddenly, there arises from over the distant hills and tree-tops, his majesty, the sun, radiant and glorious in his robes of gold. The King of Day has come forth. He touches the sleeping earth with his wand and everything awakes. The birds burst into songs, the barnyard fowl begin to call loudly, the smoke, with its many curls arises from many chimneys. The breeze gently shakes the sleeping leaves and shrubs to warn them of the approach of day. The day has begun.

The light is fading. The western heavens are marvellously decorated with streaks of rosy light which play hide and seek with the floating clouds. Slowly the cattle return from the pastures. They linger as if they did not wish to say farewell to the dying day. The birds twitter their fond farewells. They say good-night and enter into that glorious land of peace and rest. The trees murmur good-night on the lonely way-farers. The bees returning from their weary journey, hum drowsily on their way to slumber land. The sun, a huge red ball of fire, sinks below the distant hills, and the dreamy darkness gradually steals over the sky. Twilight creeps over the land. Silence becomes queen of the earth. The day is done.

WALTER PURCELL, '16.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE CZAR.

At the sound of the sunset gun the German camp was suddenly thrown into confusion by the departure of the Russians, who had been making a friendly call for the exchange of tobacco and other luxuries of the camp. In five more minutes every Slav must be back behind his own trenches as then the fighting would recommence.

It was at the time of the great Teuton drive into Russia, through Poland, and onward across the terrible marshes of Rinsk, where the retreating Russians either perished miserably in the vast swamps or were captured by the victorious Germans. In vain the army of the Grand Duke had endeavored to check this great tidal wave which swept ever onward, threatening even the safety of Riga itself.

Immediately after the sunset gun, a man in a Russian uniform instead of returning with his companions, made his way stealthily into a thicket behind the camp, and waited there concealed until the darkness had settled down. The man crept slowly to the laundry tent where a number of German uniforms lay on the ground. One of these he appropriated, and then made his way back to the thicket where he effected a quick change of clothing,

with his old uniform, and walked boldly into the camp.

He had scarcely gone twenty paces before he was stopped by a tap on the shoulder. Looking up, he saw a tall German at his side.

"You are a Russian spy," said the German.

"I am," answered the Russian.

"You are Peter Suvorov, for I have seen you before, and read much of your daring adventures," went on the soldier.

"Then you know me?"

"Who has not heard of you, Suvorov," said the German, laying his hand on the other's shoulder again. "I admire your pluck, and although I can scarce praise your work, you are my idea of a man! I now hold your life in my hand, but I give it back to you upon condition that you take the first opportunity to escape to your lines. We have no time for words. Go at once."

But as he turned to leave his new friend, Suvorov came face to face with an officer, who looked curiously at him.

"Are you enlisted?" he asked of the Russian.

"A recruit, a friend of mine," replied the young German before Suvorov could answer; and the officer passed on.

"I have a great deal to thank you for," began the Russian, but he was interrupted by his friend,

"You are welcome, but do not endanger me further by your company. My name is Carl Kronstacht, if you should need me."

Without further adieu, Kronstacht walked off.

Early on the next morning a group of German officers held a council of war in the open, on that side of their camp which sloped off to the territory held by the Russians. A very diminutive soldier with only one eye seemed to be the leader, and was addressed by all with great respect. The council over, this veteran put the maps and papers into a large portfolio which they left on a small table, while all walked off towards the trenches. In the distance were two sentinels who had left their respective posts for a few moments to exchange views on the probable outcome of the council of war.

This was the spy's chance! Suddenly leaping on to the bare back of an untethered horse, he was off at full speed for the Russian camp. As he passed the table, Suvorov, with great dexterity, snatched up the portfolio, and was half way to the distant lines before the astounded sentinels were aware of what was happening. His escape was complete.

Carl Kronstacht was immediately called before the one-eyed general and the officer who had questioned Suvorov on the preceding night.

"You vouched for this Russian spy, did you not?" asked the officer.

"I did, sir," replied Kronstacht with his characteristic bluntness.

"Were you aware that he was a spy?"

"I was."

"Then you will be shot for treason, at sunrise."

As the officers in court martial session sat around the camp fire that night, and were in the very act of giving the verdict for the death of Kronstacht, a form appeared in the opening of the tent. A murmur ran through the assembled officers, for the form was none other than that of Peter Suvorov, the Czar's spy!

"I am the man who escaped with your plans," said Suvorov, "And I have returned to offer myself and the plans, which I swear have not been disclosed, for the life of Carl Kronstacht."

It was many minutes before the one-eyed, diminutive general had ceased questioning the spy. Suvorov was then led out into the open where he remained while the officers united upon a verdict. Those twenty minutes seemed like as many ages to the Russian, who trembled lest they should refuse to spare the life of the friend who had so recently saved his. But presently he was led back into the tent. The one-eyed officer rose, and as

spokesman of the court-martial, gave the verdict preceded by a few words of his own:—

"Carl Kronstacht has betrayed the trust of his country and his emperor by haboring a spy; therefore, by the established rule, Kronstacht should suffer the penalty, death."

There was intense silence.

"But," went on the officer, "as that spy has returned the plans, and given himself into our hands, we declare Carl Kronstacht to be pardoned, and therefore free."

Suvorov drew a sigh of great relief.

"And the spy," continued the officer, "as an enemy to our fatherland should likewise suffer the penalty, death. But as we admire both bravery, courage, and loyalty to one's friends, we declare him free to return at once to his own lines."

"How can I thank you?" murmured Suvorov.

"By returning immediately to your camp and by giving up the profession of a spy for once and forever."

Peter Suvorov took leave of his friend Kronstacht, and departed at once for the Russian lines; determined never again to take the part of a spy, but always to fight his foe face to face.

ERNEST W. SPAULDING, '18.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Carols pierce the cold, still air,
Heavenly voices the glad news sing,
Rest envelopes the world from care;
In hamlet and village the church-bells ring,
Somewhere under the frosty sky,
There in the trench, mid the soldier throng,
Men pray for peace, to their God on high,
As they bitterly think of the Good-will song.
Sparkling gems from the throne above
E'en as ye did that night long ago,
Veritable gifts of the Maker's love,
Enfold in the peace, us here below.

MARY HAYES, '16.

A WOODLAND ADVENTURE.

On a beautiful fall day, with the golden weathered leaves falling zig-zag to the ground, and the hound barking on the trail of some sly fox, I found myself in the thick Lincoln woods among the full beauties of nature's work.

As I was wandering thoughtlessly through the thickets in quest of some partridges, I suddenly beheld a small woodland pond of smooth, glistening water, mirroring the overhanging trees and seeming afire from the strong sun and richly colored fall leaves. Such an ideal place for a wood duck to sport, and perhaps breed in the spring, was my first thought. So I started to search for a dead tree with a hole in it, which might have been some wood duck's home during the past spring. A large, broken-off, dead tree, half hidden by a woodland vine, caught my eye at one end of the pond, towards which I hastened for an inspection. Look! A large hole, about two-thirds up the barkless trunk—surely no intelligent wood duck could have over-looked this ideal place for her home. Since I was curious to see the remains of a wood duck's home, I climbed to a lone branch, beside the hole, and overhanging the pond. I first noticed the feather lining. It certainly was the remains of a nest. Then I peered into the hole. A hiss! Such a scare! I nearly fell from the old decayed perch, as a small, furious looking, red screech owl stared me in the face and snapped at me incessantly.

MARION RYAN, '19.

WINTER.

The dawn breaks with cloudless brightness, but such a different dawn from yesterday, for winter is rising in the golden east. The sun floods the horizon, like a fire in a distant city. The bleak winds no longer wail, nor the bare branches sigh. The entire universe wears a dress of snowy whiteness. The babbling brook, but yesterday leaping in seeming gladness to

reach the distant surf, no longer chatters over stony ways by laughing shallows and dreaming pools, but sleeps 'neath its flaky covering. The bare old rocks clothed in grace, glisten in the sunlight. The woodpecker taps in vain on the icy covered bark, but cannot move the north wind's masonry. The blue jay and the crow perched jauntily on a limb, break the quiet dreams of nature, the one by his "caw, caw"—the other by his "djay, djay." Yonder the jay's nimble cousin, the squirrel, runs sprightly from branch to branch—A slight flurry of snow as the bough bends—he has jumped to a neighboring tree. Now he is perched saucily on a dead stump, cracking his brown nut. Soon a young jay joins him and they share their food together. Far off in the tree tops can be heard the grating scream of the butcher birds. Such are the last of earth's minstrels. A flock of pheasants trail down to the brook for water and later seek the lush clover for stray seeds that are not already covered by earth's blanket. On the hillside the tall pines, spruce and hemlocks, clothed in their robes of ermine, sway with secret sympathy. "Each winding creek in grace enchantment lies." The marshes once with flooded streams, now like giant mirrors reflect the beauties of the winter scenery. Such is the architecture of the snow, the noiseless work of the sky.

HELEN CHELLIS, '16.

A CHRISTMAS IN THE FOREST.

The shadows of night were giving way to the dawn. Slowly the sun crept up over the pine forests and sent its dazzling rays over the snow covered hills. Now and then a rabbit rustled the leaves in a thicket, or a partridge could be heard drumming upon a log, a squirrel's saucy chatter, as he sat on a limb, seemed to harmonize with the rest of the forest's sounds. This was Christmas day, and it seemed as though the birds knew it by the way they chirped and sang. But hark, a different sound from that which is usually heard in these depths issued forth. It was the baying of a hound. It came nearer and nearer. The timid rabbit, scurried down his hole. The rest of the wood folk hid in their dwellings. A fox running low and with head held down, swept by. A few minutes elapsed and two hounds, that had bayed when they scented the fox, ran swiftly by, followed by a hunter on horseback. The trail was getting hot now and the fox started to turn. He saw his mistake too late. A large bulk grappled with him and then all was over. The hunter rode up with pride in his eyes. It was his first fox and did he not have the best dogs in the country? "After all," he thought, "I did get one present, and the dogs were the ones that gave it to me." The hunter passed on, leaving the silent forest alone as a witness of this scene.

RALPH GAHM, '18.

JUDY'S IDEA.

Annette's needle was beating a faint little drum-tune on the circle of linen stretched tight over her embroidery-hoops, envolving a crimson rose; Mary's brush was tracing golden scrolls on a fine white china cup; Katherine's long amber needles, were weaving mysteries of blue wool; Jane's ivory paper-knife was spreading sweet smelling powder over a broad surface of fleecy white stuff;—the Christmas Club was in busy session.

"How early it gets dark!" Mary complained bending low over her cup.

Jane sprang up, shaking sweetness all around.

"Let's stop awhile and have our tea," she said. Pushing a bell somewhere, and then, kneeling by the fire, she started the big logs into a crackling blaze.

"Come on over here, girls," she called. "The tea-things are coming in a minute."

Down on the rug they sat in a merry circle, and when Annie appeared she was directed to place her great silver

tray on the floor. The little kettle was already singing, and the girls fell into silence, listening and watching the fire.

"Twilight and firelight, shadows come and go," Annette murmured.

"It's all so comfy," Katherine sighed.

"Where can Judy be?" Mary wondered.

"Girls, I'm worried about Judy," said Jane, "One sugar or two, Kay?"

"Three, please," said Katherine, "Girls, she **is worried** about Judy!"

"**Why** is she worried about Judy?" asked Annette in tragic tones.

"Because," Jane explained, "she hasn't had a bright idea for a long time, and one must be about due; and if she should get one now and—and so near Xmas," she finished anxiously.

"Oh, cheer up!" Katherine comforted. "It has been so long now, maybe she's outgrown them."

"You know we always do just what she suggests, Annette. She has a way—Judy has. Our only safety is not to let her suggest anything."

There was a distant sound as of a heavy door closing, a swift rush as of a little breeze coming and then within the circle a brown elf of a girl appeared with shining eyes and glowing cheeks.

"How dear you look!" she cried. "Oh, girls, I've got just the loveliest idea!"

Then up rose four determined maidens and fell upon that small one.

"No, you don't, Judy Kendall,—oh, no, you don't," said Mary, more in fear than in wrath.

"Perhaps if you'll let us put you right to bed, you can sleep it off, dear," cooed Annette.

Judy wriggled away from her tormentors.

"Are you all quite crazy?" she asked sweetly. "I was only going to tell you—"

"Judy, darling," Jane broke in, "you are not going to tell us anything. No lovely ideas until after Xmas! Do you get **that** idea, Judy?"

Judy laughed, tossed the brown coat and furs and hat on the sofa, and dropped down beside the tea tray, a slim, little figure in a white sailor suit and red tie.

"I want my tea," she said. "Jane knelt to serve her, and the others completed the merry circle.

"You are late, Judy," Mary said. "Not a stitch of work have you done this day."

Judy greedily ate her cake.

What kept you, dear?" Annette coaxed.

A flame shooting up caught Judy's dimples, but the girls did not notice it.

"I had a lot of errands to do for mother," Judy explained, "and of course I had to stop and look at "The Night Before Christmas" in Smith's window. That window made me late three times to school last week," she added. "Well two wee things were looking, too, and—but it's a long story; you don't want to hear it," she ended.

Thus denied, they were sure they wanted to hear every word of it. Jane flooded the room with light and they were all busy again, but Judy who remained on the floor. But they insisted upon her going on.

So Judy went on. She had talked to the children beside her at the window, and they had played a little game of "I choose." The little girl wanted the baby doll in its cradle with the wee chair beside it hung with the baby doll's dainty clothes. The small boy sniffed at dolls and manfully selected an automobile, a drum and several other things.

"All right," Judy had said to them, "I'll just step in and mention to Santy what you want."

But the small girl had detained her, explained that Judy must not, for Santy was very poor this year, her mother had told them, and he probably would not come to their house at all.

"Then," said Judy, "I just whisked those babies in and fed 'em hot chocolate and sandwiches and made 'em tell me all about it. They are Tommy and Bessie Russell and they live out toward the lake. Their father has been sick for a long time and their mother is try-

ing to make their money last till he can work again, so Santy is too poor to come. And girls, they weren't even dressed warm enough—their toesies were almost out of their shoesies."

"Oh, Judy!" Annette choked. Judy smiled.

"You'll feel better in a minute dear," she said. "I left those babies drinking chocolate at the little table and just ran around to father's office and collected my March allowance."

"Your March allowance!" cried Mary in horror.

"Of course," said Judy easily, "I've spent them up to April now. Well, we bought shoes, Tommy, Bessie and I, and stockings and mittens. It was more fun!"

They were all listening very interestedly. Finally, Judy asked. "How many presents did you have last Xmas, Jane?"

"Oh, forty or fifty, I suppose, why?"

"I had over thirty," Judy said. "Nobody needs so many. Jane, won't you please give me that baby doll in the cradle, this year, and the little clothes and the chair?"

"Touched in the head, poor thing!" said Mary, "Better humor her, Jane."

"I'm to be Tommy and Bessie, if you please," Judy remarked. "Girls, will you really truly do it? And not give one thing to Judy? Girls will you?"

"Oh, oh, I think it's great!" Annette exclaimed, "I am going to do it too. I'm going to be Jessie Baily, that little lame girl."

"I'm the O'Connor twins, meself," Mary said, "I dunno what I'm wantin'. I'll inquire when me mother goes to wash for Mrs. Somebody nixt Monday."

The girls all decided who they would be, then that they would all have their stockings hung up Christmas eve and fill them. Afterwards Dave would take them around in the car to distribute them. Finally they decided on their Santa Claus.

It was the night before Xmas and all through the house five young girls in bright dresses were stirring about with rapidity, which caused David to insist that he had counted ten of 'em, at least. Upstairs in Jane's sitting-room it was very quiet. Hanging from the broad chimney shelf were nine pairs of small black stockings.

The door opened softly and closed again. The little flames on the hearth were jumping up and down. Somebody was coming dragging something over the rug. When the somebody got very near, the little flames noticed a girl dragging a sled. One by one girls came and went and finally Judy who plumped herself down on the rug.

"Judy!" a voice called outside the door; "You, Judy!" The girl on the rug jumped up.

"She said not a word, but went straight to her work," she chuckled softly and went to emptying her baskets. Soon the little flames were alone again.

But only for a few minutes. Suddenly the door opened and the room seemed full of girls. Santa Claus appeared from somewhere and took his place by the chimney.

"Jimmy O'Connor, Katy O'Connor," he said, "and will Jimmy and Katy please come forward?"

"I'm they—thim's me, I mean," said Mary, carrying her things away.

"Gladys Jefferson—Helen Jefferson," he read. "Whar am those pickaninnies?"

"Heah we is," laughed Jane.

Finally when the presents were all given out the girls all hurried for the car which was honk-honking at the door. The girls piled in and with a honk-honk and a jingle-jingle they were off.

They went to all the houses, the O'Connors being the last. The twins almost climbed into the car, but the mother caught one by the collar and the other by her braids.

"Ain't ye shamed?" she scolded. "Thank the saint for your things and git along into the house with ye!"

"Aren't I just the cutest twins, and

got the sweetest mother?" said Mary sarcastically.

Finally, it was all over—and the girls left for Judy's house.

"Great stunt, that!" cried Dave. "Whose idea was it, anyhow?"

"Judy's," said Jane, proudly.

"Why, I thought it belonged to all of us," said Mary.

"It did," said Jane.

"No, it **didn't,**" Annette insisted, "It was all Judy's, but we wouldn't let her label it, that afternoon. Don't you remember?"

Then they all decided it was Judy's idea.

"I told you we always had to do what Judy wanted us to," said Mary.

David lifted high his cup of chocolate.

"Here's to Judy's idea," he said. The four girls sprang up to drink the pretty toast, while Judy sat still on the sofa, laughing and blinking very fast.

LUCRETIA KELLOGG, '17.

A CAR RIDE.

It was a dull, dreary sort of day and the rain came down at intervals. The scene outside the car window was common enough. The train was passing through a rather thickly settled part of the city, and a few straggling children, heedless of the rain, were playing in the streets. As this scenery did not interest me, I turned to gaze at my fellow travellers. Directly across from me sat a rather stout man, deeply interested in his magazine. A little girl who was chattering about the wonders of traveling was rather boring the sedate young lady with her. A few more passengers were busy reading or they were occupied with chewing gum while staring about them.

Just in front of me was a stout, middle-aged woman with a young baby. Up to this time the child had been sleeping peacefully, but suddenly as the car started with a jerk it awoke and, finding itself among strange surroundings, began to fuss. As it grew noisier, the stout man who was busily reading began to dart angry glances towards that seat, and a loud-voiced fussy old-maid began to discuss the topic of allowing babies to disturb people in the cars. A kind, motherly, old woman behind me looked very sympathetic. As this was the end of my journey I left the car and its occupants.

ANNA PRENDERGAST, '19.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 3, 2, 1, 10, are pet animals.
My 2, 17, is a preposition.
My 4, 6, 3, what we all like to see at night.
My 8, 13, 11, is a verb.
My 12, 18, 14, 4, is a word which expresses action.
My 9, 7, is the objective case of "we."
My 16, 17, 5, 15, is all alone.
My whole is a quotation from Dickens.

CAROL MASSECK, '17.

A SUNSHINE BOOMERANG.

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passin' of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye'
An' ye'r spine is feelin' proud,
Don't fergit to up and fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it
It's a boomerang to you.

The above is taken from Capt. Jack Crawford's poems. A short account of this man's life just to show some of his characteristics and experiences is most interesting, because his style varies from most poets, and his poems are so inspiring and always welcome.

John Wallace Crawford, known as "Capt. Jack," author and poet scout, was born in the county of Dongeal, Ireland, March 4, 1847. He came to the United States in his boyhood. He ran away from home to enlist, but was several times refused because of youth; he finally joined the 48th Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was severely wounded and while in a hospital at West Philadelphia, was taught to read and write

by a Sister of Charity. After the war he went West; here he became government scout and served under General Crook in Sitting Bull campaign, in 1876, he was appointed chief of scouts; and was in campaigns against Apaches in New Mexico. He was a miner and ranchman in New Mexico for many years. Later he went to Klondike, 1898, returning after two winters. He is now on the lecture platform. He has written poems and about one hundred short stories in magazines and a dozen songs set to music and published. He now makes his home at Onekama, Michigan.

PAUL HAZELTINE, '17.

THE DEATH OF 1915 AND THE BIRTH OF 1916.

When Fall first makes her presence felt, we all feel a certain sense of loneliness, as though we have lost something that we can never have again;—the long beautiful summer which has slipped happily by. True other summers will come; probably we shall see many, but each one has its own pleasures and sorrows which make that particular summer just as different to us as are our different friends.

The leaves on the trees seem to dress up in their very best regalia as if for a grand farewell to earth. Then slowly, one by one, they drop softly to the earth for a few months of unconsciousness. There is that chill in the air that makes us hasten. Everything about us seems chill and gray, and we are glad to come indoors to the bright fire-side.

Soon the first gray hairs of 1915 appear, and we have a snow-fall. Children in delight flock to the nearest hillside with sleds. Winter has really come. The pure, white crystal-like snow and ice make the world very beautiful and lends that dignity that we admire in elderly people with glistening locks, who keep that sparkle of youth in their eyes.

The last day of the year of 1915 comes. Slowly and gracefully the year gives up her life. She has brought more than the usual share of sorrow to many countries, but to the land of Uncle Sam how good she has been! Let us bid her a fond farewell and thank her for the many blessings she has given us. If sorrow came into our lives, we were given strength and good friends to help us bear it, and there are very few of us who have nothing to say in behalf of the good work of 1915.

Confidently and happily as any child 1916 makes her appearance. Young and beautiful she fills our souls with new enthusiasm and resolutions. She is not as sympathetic as our old friend was because she lacks that element for which all philosophers seek—"experience." We do not know what is in store for us this coming year, but let us try to be true in all things and we shall then love this new friend as well as the departed one.

GRACE M. DONAHUE, '17.

THE REVENGE.

One afternoon, in the north-west woods of Canada, Jean, the trapper, found by the body of a dead bear which he was taking from a dead-fall, a small wooly form. It was a baby bear, half dead with cold and hunger.

"Poor leetle ting," murmurred Jean as he picked the cub up and put it in his coat. That night, in the cabin, under the influence of a warm fire and Jean's care, the little bear opened his eyes, then seeing the bear steak under his nose, ate it up with much gusto, not knowing, however, that he was eating his own mother. As the months rolled on, the bear grew in size and strength, and would follow Jean on his visits to the traps, blundering into everything, and making himself more of a nuisance than a help.

On the other side of the hill from Jean's cabin, lived Baptiste, another trapper. A chain of circumstances had made these men enemies. Several years ago, Baptiste's favorite dog had been shot, and he laid the blame on Jean. To get even for this supposed outrage,

Baptiste had robbed Jean's traps, and in other ways annoyed him. Once Jean, when in the woods with his dog, heard the crack of a rifle and saw his dog drop dead; then Baptiste appeared and explained that he had done it to "even things up." After this, the strife was mutual between them. That spring, as a messenger from a near-by fort was passing through those woods with several thousand dollars, Baptiste waylaid, killed and robbed him, and while searching the corpse, looked up to see Jean disappearing through the trees.

According to Baptiste's reasoning, there was but one thing to do,—to kill Jean in order to preserve his secret, and finally the chance came. One night, he crept through the window of Jean's cabin, with his knife in his hand, to the couch where Jean lay. All was silent save the regular snoring of Jean. Creeping over to him, Baptiste paused a moment, then sunk the dagger up to the hilt in Jean's heart, and without withdrawing it, sprang out of the window, and getting into his skis, disappeared over the snow. Jean, from his troubled dreams, upon feeling the knife at his heart, sprang up with a terrible scream, only to fall weakly back, his cry stopped by a gush of blood from his mouth.

By the side of a lake in the woods, the bear crouched behind a hedge, waiting for a deer to come that way to drink. Suddenly, he jumped up, every muscle in his body quivering, as upon the wind was borne the long-drawn cry of Jean. With a snarl he dropped and vanished in the shadows.

In the cabin, Jean lay dead. The door was pushed open, and the bear shuffled in. He went to Jean and laid his paw on him, but finding no response, saw that he was dead. He whined piteously and licked Jean's face, as if trying to bring him back to life again; then noticing the scent of Baptiste, he growled horribly, and tracing it to the window, went outside.

He followed the trail of the skis through the woods and swamp until they came to the river; here Baptiste had crossed by boat. The thaws of spring had broken the ice, and the melting snow from the mountains had so swollen the river that it ran very swiftly toward the falls half a mile below. The bear did not hesitate, but sprang in and struck out for the opposite shore. The torrent rolled him over and over as he got to the middle, but he kept blindly on. Soon he heard the roaring of the falls, and redoubled his efforts; he felt the increase in velocity of the river, and at the same time a cramp in his side. His muscles became paralyzed from the icy coldness of the water, and he was carried unresistingly toward the falls. Something passed above his head; he made a feeble grab at it, but missed it. As he was giving a howl of despair, his foot struck a rock, and he was hurled rudely into shallow water near the bank. An eddy in the current had carried him to the side.

After a brief rest, the bear went up the bank of the river to find Baptiste's trail. Ahead of him he saw a light; it was the fire of Baptiste. Upon coming closer, he saw the man he hated lying by his camp fire, sleeping. He sprang upon him, and gathering him in his powerful arms, drew him to him until his face blackened, and blood poured from his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth; then with a blow on the head that broke his skull, the bear dropped him and started back for Jean's cabin.

In returning, by choosing a less dangerous point, he crossed in safety, but unseen foes lurked in the woods, and as he reached the other side, he felt a sharp pain in his side followed by the report of a gun—a night hunter had shot at him.

Startled and frightened, the bear fled through the woods at a rapid pace, but the wound was more serious than he thought, and he felt his strength slowly leaving him, so that by the time he was in sight of Jean's cabin, he could scarcely crawl along. Finally, as he reached the door, he gave out and sank in the snow, but with his last dying effort, he dragged himself over the threshold, and with a glance at Jean, died.

MALCOLM JOHNSON, '18.

LIFE.

Youth.

With the first grey streaks of early dawn,
While the sky is yet dark and grey,
An eagle rises out of its lair
And wings swiftly after its prey.

Success.

At noon as the glorious sun sends down
Its warmth and brilliance to all,
A mountain goat rests on the highest peak
With no fear of a future fall.

Contentment.

As the sun sinks low in the glowing west
Now shooting up golden rays,
There flows a river that comes to rest
In a lake with calm inlets and bays.

DAVID SNOW, '17.

CHRISTMAS.

The great house was aglow with merriment and joy. Around the dazzling, sparkling Christmas tree were Mr. and Mrs. Alden and their daughter, Louise, a beautiful girl of ten years. In her dress of soft, yellow material, caught at the waist by a sash of black velvet, with her dark eyes dancing, and her black hair hanging in curls about her shoulders she was indeed the picture of health and happiness.

Mother and father watched her with fond admiration as she turned from one lovely gift to another. In one corner of the room was a new grand piano for her use, as she had just begun to study music. Under the tree was a doll, dressed in fine clothes, with her own trunk and private carriage.

After she had opened every package, and admired every present, her father told her of something else that he had planned for her. It was a pony—a real Shetland pony. To be sure they had a large touring car and a limousine, but Louise had always wanted a pony. After they had talked much about the good times in stores for them in the future, they were served ice cream in costly cut-glass dishes.

That Christmas Eve it was late when Louise retired to dream of ponies, dolls, and Christmas festivities.

* * * * * *

The earth was very beautiful in its mantle of soft snow. Every little twig and branch was delicately adorned with the silvery whiteness. The dark sky was set with myriad, diamonds—the beautiful stars. The moon cast its shimmering rays over the wonderful white world—and everything was so quiet, so peaceful.

Into this lovely scene stepped a young girl of seventeen years. She was a slender, graceful figure, and her face was eager and thoughtful, as she looked and marveled at the sky above and earth below. She was earnestly thinking—thinking of life and all it meant to her, of her plans, her hopes of the future. For somehow as she walked and wondered, the joy of life, with its great opportunities and responsibilities came to her with new meaning and intensity.

There was no sound anywhere, and at last she turned toward home. Soon she heard sweet music in the distance. She stopped and listened. The chimes were ringing in the Christmas Day.

She hastened home, and as she looked up at the twinkling stars, and the radiant moon, she repeated softly the wonderful words, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained: what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visited him?"

* * * * * *

It was in a little Sunday school in the foreign district of a great city. Surrounded by many ragged little children, sat a young woman, eagerly, earnestly, telling a story which some had never heard before. It was the beautiful Christmas story, and as she so simply and sweetly told of the Christ Child, the little ones listened attentively to her every word. They were interested in hearing about the shepherds, who were out on the hills, when they heard the angels; and about the

bright star that the three wisemen saw. They liked to know of the Baby, who had lived in that land so far away. She said that all the people were happy that night, long years ago, and that now we celebrate His birthday, and everyone is happy on Christmas Day.

After the little ones had left her, she sat alone and thought of the obligation that was hers to tell them of the one who came to save them and to lead them to the Kingdom of Heaven.

* * * * * *

It was a large city—a city filled with sin and crime. Along a dark street walked a man bowed down with all the weight of suffering and sin. He had no home, no loved ones; everything was gone; he was an outcast.

Suddenly faint sounds reached his ears. What was it? Music? He neared a large building, through whose windows shone a cheerful light. Was this a church? He did not care. He found the door and struggled in, and sat down, unnoticed, near the door. "O little town of Bethlehem." Those were the words. He had learned them once. It was when a little boy, that his mother had taken him upon her knee and told him the ever beautiful story of the Christ Child. He remembered now. But his mother, where was she? He had left home and mother years before, and since then had trodden the downward path. He knew that her prayers had always followed him, and as he heard the words again, it brought before him his sinful unhappy life.

"How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven."

He found himself repeating the words as they were sung. Then he seemed to see a figure before him—the Saviour with open arms, softly calling, "Come unto me." The man rose from his seat and with faltering, wavering steps, he made his way to the altar, and quietly knelt as the choir sang so sweetly, so beautifully, so tenderly—

"No ear may hear His coming
Yet in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in."

DOROTHY QUIMBY, '16.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Through the Window,
Amos Stevens, '16

Angling for a Wise One,
Ralph Walker, '16

An Alaskan Snow Storm,
Hilda Prescott, '16

The Penn-Dartmouth Game,
Edna Holt, '17

Never Disobey Orders,
Stanley Kellog, '17

Christmas in the Country School,
Cecelia Freeman, '18

One Ray of Sunshine,
Charlotte Holbrook, '18

Bertram's Xmas Present,
Marie Lusk, '18

Tommy's Xmas Transaction,
Rupert Marsters, '18

The Boy Scout Rally at the Stadium,
Hobart Matteson, '19

My Experience in a Motor Boat,
Minot Percy, '19

Christmas Cove.....Whitman Hall, '19

My First Fish.....Harvey Walker, '19

A Vacation Trip in Europe,
John Morgan, '19.



The editor desires to express her earnest thanks to Miss Hilda Prescott, a member of the senior class, for the cut which she so kindly made. We are fortunate in having such an artist in our school!

The editor sent out to other schools in the country thirty-eight copies of the November Clarion! We hope to increase our list in the coming months.

Our heartiest thanks go to the schools from whom we have received papers: "The Index," South High, Worcester, Mass.; "The Radiator," Somerville, Mass.; "The Sagamore," Brookline, Mass.; "The Recorder," Winchester, Mass.; "The Review," Newton, Mass.; "The Argus," Gardner, Mass.; and "The Red and White," Rochester, N. H.

"The Sagamore"—Your November number was excellent with several appropriate poems, but your Exchange Department seemed to be missing.

"The Index"—We were especially interested in your "school forum." It certainly is a fine idea. Why not enlarge your Literary Department?

"The Radiator"—You have an excellent magazine with some fine cuts.

"The Review"—You have a most interesting Literary Department, but why not let each class have a space of its own for jokes?

"The Recorder"—We like the idea of printing the school songs and cheers.

"The Argus"—We quite envy your large number of advertisements and your Literary Department.

"The Red and White"—Why not have a more attractive cover design? We would suggest that you give to other people, besides the staff, a chance to write for the paper.

Latin we all understand:—
Skato, skatere, slipsi, bumptus, foolo, foolere, faili, flunktus.—Ex.

Sight translation:—
Je habeo ein inkwell
C'est empty aujourd'hui.
Je muss ein theme scribere
Auf ink—ehen—ach me!

Mit jackknife je vill scrape mein shoe.
Zu remouvoir dass shine,
Und dies niger scrapings mix
Avec some tears von brine.

Ach, janitor, carissime!
This theme je finir can,
Mais, bitte, fill mein inkwell when
Ich wear some shoes von tan!—Ex.

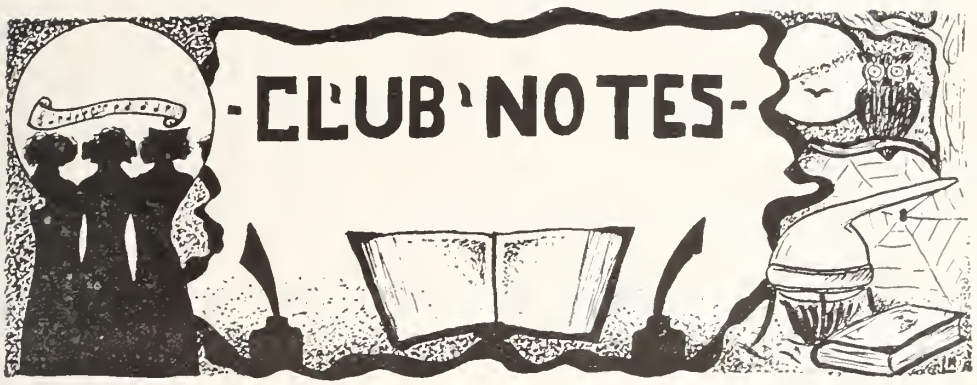
Puzzled Diner (to restaurant waiter) "What have you for dinner?"

Waiter—"Roastbeeffricassedchicken stewedlambhashbakedandfriedpotatoes jampuddingmilkteaandcoffee."

Puzzled Diner—"Give me the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, eighteenth and nineteenth syllables."

French Teacher: "What is equivalent to 'bon ami'?"

Pupil: "Sapolio."—Ex.



The English Club will give a Christmas play to the school under the leadership of Marion Allen and Gean Lufkin. At a meeting of the members Norah Johnson was elected Secretary.

"S. C. C."

The Senior Conference Club has been holding regular meetings. Since the beginning of the school year, the club has been studying Shakespeare's Hamlet.

DOROTHY QUIMBY,
Secretary.

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CIVIC FORUM.

October 15, the first meeting of the Forum was held. It was decided that the Forum shall be limited to 40 members, from which a senate shall be chosen, consisting of 7 girls, 7 boys, and a chairman. The following were chosen for the Senate of the year 1915-16.

HERBERT COLLINS, '17,
Chairman.

Rodney Hardy, '16.
Foster Doane, '16.
William Power, '16.
Harold Bixby, '16.
Daniel Sexton, '17.
Elmer Lowe, '17.
Theodore Pierce, '17.
Josephine Baker, '16.
Etta Buckley, '16.
Edith MacBride, '16.
Ruth Lovewell, '17.
Marion Horton, '17.
Marguerite Kenney, '18.
Harriet Johnson, '19.

November 5, a meeting of the Senate was called. The purpose of the Forum was explained by the director, and the constitution read and discussed.

November 12, the second Forum meeting was held. The following officers for this year—1915-16—were elected:

Herbert Collins, '17, Speaker.
William Power, '16, Treasurer.
William Robinson, '16, Sergeant-at-Arms.
Edith MacBride, '16, Clerk.

The constitution was read and adopted.

The next meeting will be held December 10. The question to be discussed is: Resolved: The Boston Elevated service to Arlington is inadequate, and steps should be taken to remedy it.

EDITH MACBRIDE, '16,
Clerk.

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

To the sorrow of the members of the Girls' Glee Club, Miss Marguerite McIntosh led the club for the last time on Monday, November 8, prior to moving to her home in the west.

Miss McIntosh has made many friends, not only in the club, but throughout the whole school, being for a time a teacher in the English department. Her sympathetic understanding of all the girls was such that they will always remember and be remembered by her. May she be attended by success in all her enterprises.

Our new director, Miss Florence Hale, who conducted the club at graduation last year when it was necessary for Miss McIntosh to be absent, has already proven her efficiency. All of the girls extend to her a most hearty welcome.

GEAN LUFKIN, '16,
Secretary.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

This year's club is proving very popular. A large number of new boys have turned out and are trying for admission to the club. Judging from the way the boys are taking hold this year the club should be a great success.

At the lecture given by Mr. Clerk on "China," the members of last year's club, gave several selections.

JOHN D. SNOW, '16.

FRENCH CLUB.

Madame Guérin, de l'Académie Francaise et de l'Instruction Publique, lectured in French before the Cercle Francais, Monday, December 6, at 3.30. Her lecture this year was upon Jeanne d'Arc, whom she impersonated in her usual vivid manner. Madame Guérin was assisted by her young daughter, Renée, who took the role of the brother and page of Jeanne. Stereoptican slides of the scenes and personages of the period, entertained the audience between the acts.

GERMAN CLUB.

Several members of the Senior German class attended the German play, "Englisch," given in Jacob Sleeper Hall, Boston University, December 3, 1915.

A meeting of the German classes of the Arlington High School was held Thursday, December 9, to reorganize the "Mehr Kunde Verein." The following officers were elected: President, Amos Stevens, '16; Vice-President, William Kirlin, '16; Secretary, Evelyn Chamberlain, '17; Treasurer, Marian Pierce, '16.

In the near future Professor Perrin, head of the German Department of Boston University, will address the German Club.

WIRELESS CLUB.

A Wireless Club has been organized in the school with Wesley Clark as president, H. O. Bixby, as vice-president, and Rodney Hardy as secretary-treasurer. By the time the Clarion appears it is hoped that a set will have been installed and be in working order. All interested are invited to join.

Meetings held Tuesdays at 2.30 in Room 34.

ALUMNI NOTES

The members of A. H. S. Alumni are scattered, it would seem, to the far corners of the earth. Those of us who have gone out into the business world seem, somehow to become lost to view unless closely followed up. Our members who seek fame and renown in the higher paths of learning, although frequently brought forcibly to our minds by their achievements, unfortunately suffer neglect at times. Any information about any A. H. S. Alumnus will be appreciated by the editors and by a large circle of interested friends and readers of our Clarion.

Ruth Mitchell of the class of '15, who is taking the course on Household Economics at Simmons this year, was elected treasurer of her class.

Roger Bell, '11, at Maine, has made a very enviable reputation for himself on the track. He has captained the team for several years and broken the tape in several races. In the National Cross Country run held November 20, he finished third with Albert Munderlich, another Arlington Alumnus and Maine student, taking eleventh place.

Harold Moxon, '15, is in Baltimore, studying to be a chemist.

Pauline Clare, of '15, is employed as stenographer in the senior offices of the International Glue Co.

Walter Horton, A. H. S., '13, who has won many honors at Harvard this year, has been elected to the Junior Eight of the Phi Beta Kappa Society and has also been chosen poet of that society.

Robert Cook, '13, has a position as salesman in John R. Ainsley's wholesale dry goods store.

Charles Gott, '05, a former business manager of the Clarion, is instructor in English at Harvard and Radcliffe.

Harold Kimball, former president of the class of '14, who is studying at Tufts, has been elected manager of the Tufts track team.

Wilton S. Jardine, '12, of U. of M. Kappa Sigma House, is a member of the Campus board and solo cornetist in the band.

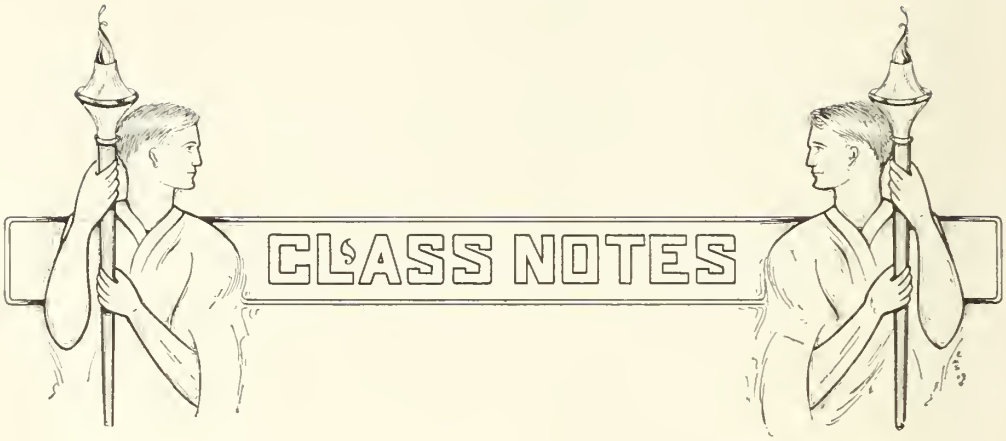
George C. Currier, '13, is a member of the Tri Kappa Fraternity, and although on the football squad has been unable to play.

Donald Scully, '13, Dartmouth, made several of the trips taken by the football team to other colleges for games, and has been elected member of the Tri Kappa Fraternity.

Pauline Garman, '14, after a year at Birmingham, is studying languages at Marycliff.

Correction: Hamlyn Robbins is at Massachusetts Agricultural College.

M. GRETCHEN KING.



1916.

The new cut above seems to suggest reams of witty sayings below. Seniors, do try to be worthy of it, and introduce a little humor into classes!

Class Report.

On Thursday, December 2, a class meeting was held in the Hall, after the regular Assembly exercises. Pres. Berquist conducted the meeting, with occasional suggestions from Mr. Clerk.

The first matter brought before the class was the question of dues. After much discussion it was finally unanimously voted that amount of dues for the ensuing year shall be seventy-five cents.

The next question for discussion was in regard to the date for the Senior Social. Miss Magner has a plan in mind, the preparation of which will take about seven weeks. Considering that, it was voted that the social would be held on January 28, 1916.

The last business before the meeting was the electing of a committee for the submitting of a constitution. Two motions were made and carried: First, that the committee should be elected by the floor and should have only recommendatory power; second, that the committee should consist of a chairman and four others, the president of the class being the chairman. Those elected were Robinson, Miss Peirce, Miss Marion Allen, and Stevens. Miss Baker and Hardy were also nominated.

Mr. Clerk spoke of the fact that it would be impossible for 1916 to have other than the class and school pins already established for us by our worthy predecessors.

It was also voted that a committee of five be chosen by the teacher advisor, to have power in regard to the plans for the social.

At the closing of the period, the meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,
RUTH E. GLEASON, '16,
Secretary.

(German)

Or-s-y: "What's the accent doing on 'Thier'?"

Miss M-g-r: "That's only a dot running away."

Latin IV. A.

Miss R-b-t-n: "Now that's an easy thing to remember, if you only keep it in mind!"

In a Senior English Theme.

"The mother, on going away, said to her daughter, 'Now, don't let any conspicuous people into the house.'"

French IV. A.

Miss R. (translating): "She lifted a hook of fire."

Miss L-tt-f-d: "Some stunt!"

German III.

Translation of: "Nebenan hat Frau

Schafer eine vortreffliche Pension,"—"Nearby is Frau Schafer, a pleasant boarding-house."

There seems to be a new member at our Senior Class meetings, namely, "the Chair." His name and lineage are rather vague, but he is extremely popular, however.

Now that the permanent seats have arrived, the members of German II. are confident that the "Watch on the Rhine," threatened by Miss M-g-r for unnecessary noise, will not come off.

OLD YEAR REVOLUTIONS.

We know most people have resolved,
When one old year has just revolved,
To make their habits improve a great deal,
They'll speak the truth and never steal.
They won't do this and they will do that,
Some will try to get thin and others fat.
They'll get up early in time for school,
Where they won't whisper or break any rule.
Of course our intentions are the best to be found,
When it comes time for acting we don't "get round."
"Procrastination is the thief of time,"
(Not introduced for the sake of the rhyme)
For not doing to-day what can wait 'till to-morrow,
Is sure in the end to bring one much sorrow.
Now for the class whose color is green,
You surely all know we mean '16.
Let's make this year such a roaring success,
That we'll always be remembered in dear A. H. S.

A. H., '16.

WARNING OF DANGER.

Oh, what is the use of a Freshman?
And why should it roam through our school?
If at morning assembly it snickers
Or talks, all regardless of rules?
I don't think WE ever did it
And surely there's now not a one
That would brazenly snicker or whisper
Just as soon as the school had begun.
Yet care must be taken, bold Senior,
Or else, as the rumor doth say,
A deportment slip signed by your teacher
Will be apt to be coming your way.

Miss B.: "B—, define a parallelo piped."

B—: "A parallelopiped is a biped having —."

We would like to hear the statement finished.

Sympathy extended to Miss W— for her unfortunate entanglement between the desk and chair during a history recitation.

Mr. G. explaining a problem to S-v-ns: Now the weight is one foot from the end of the lever, so put your foot down first, to be sure of it. The next step is simple.

1917.

We would warn our good townspeople not to be alarmed at what might seem an outbreak of street corner loafing. It is only members of the Senate keeping tabs on the street cars.

Mr. G-d: "Now name this article."

Miss D-v-s (writing): "Rheumatic trough."

P-kh-st (finishing a description of the Shakespearian theatre): "The girl's parts were always taken by boys so altogether it was very uninteresting.

Professor of Chemistry: "Under what combination is gold most quickly released?"

Student, after pondering a while: "I know, marriage."

Miss M., naming the different ways to express "may" in German.

"Well, K-n."
"You left out one."
"Really?"
"Yes, the month of May."

Heard in cloakroom. "For goodness sakes, Helen, why did you carry your umbrella to school to-day?"
Helen: "Well, it can't walk, can it?"

"What do you think of our scheme for the Christmas decorations?" she inquired. "It is holly over laurel leaves."
"Very good," he replied, "but personally I should prefer mistletoe over yew."—Ex.

King, giving the principal parts of the verb "to read": lesen-lice-ge?

In bookkeeping, Mr. C.: "G., your mouth is open."
G.: "Yes, I opened it."
Mr. C.: "Miss D., put a new blotter under your inkwell."
Miss D.: "How will I put the holes through it?"
Mr. C.: "Bite them."

CLASS 1918.

One of our teachers has greatly complimented us, ranking us in her estimation as the best class in the high school. Our school attendance and punctuality were superior to that of the other classes for the first two months. We are proud of our members, Forest Cameron and Clinton Peabody, the winning cross country men. There are other things which our members have done to bring honor to the class for which we are also proud. Why just think of this! We have in our class a boy, who, a certain teacher thinks, is almost too good. But let's not become too swelled over these little compliments, lest we should burst, and then not be able to do greater things.

We all surely appreciate our principal's plan of class organization. His plan is just what we need for a successful class meeting; because this first school period of the day is right for our stomachs and for our compulsory attendance. What more do we need besides this for a good class meeting? We need to give to our principal, our class advisor, and our officers our faithful and hearty co-operation.

Reciting in Geom. H. B. on the Method of Superposition.
Miss Stick-y—"A-a-a! You do this-a-a-by superstition."

Miss R., correcting Smith's Latin declensions—"What is the queer looking mark over the "i" in this word—Is it a long mark or a dot?"
Bright Pupil—"It is an eye brow."

Freshman (to editor)—"I've got a book in my home room that has every word of that longitory in last month's issue of the Clarion."
Editor—"What! Show it to me."
The Freshman disappeared, but soon returned carrying a large dictionary.

Teacher, in discussing wheat—"Name several breakfast foods."
Pupil—"Well, for one—'Alfalfa'" (good for horses).

Why Pupils Come to School.
Freshies come just for the walk,
Sophomores come to laugh and talk,
Juniors come to close their eyes,
Seniors come to eye their clothes.

Teacher, explaining the meaning of "elope"—"Elope means to run away. Now, can anyone give me a sentence using the word."
Bright Pupil—"The horse eloped."—Exc.

In Gym.—"How can you tell if you are flat-footed?"
Ans.—"Put your foot on the floor and look under it."

Mother—"Why, Johnnie, where did you hear that naughty word?"
Johnnie—"Well! Kipling used it and he—"
Mother—"Don't you ever play with him again."—Exc.

1919.

In the November issue of the Clarion a list of class officers was printed. A correction should be made on this list: Marietta Bell was elected Secretary—not Treasurer as was announced.

The Seniors and Juniors may be pretty,
The Sophomores may be nice,
But when it comes to brains,
The Freshmen cut the ice! (?)

Latin I.

Mrs. W.: "What is the English meaning of 'optimus'?"

Pupil: "An eye doctor."

Miss F. to M., who was not paying attention: "Go point out Sparta on the map."

M. (after looking in Russia and Norway): "I never saw a map like this before."

Miss F.: "What are clans?"

Pupil: "Clams are little shell—"

A Freshman was looking at the cover of the Clarion. Suddenly she saw in the corner "P. Clare." "O, is that why they call it the Clarion?" she asked.

On day in a French class the teacher said, "All fruits are feminine except lemons, and they are masculine." Whereupon the girls screamed, but the boys failed to see the humor of the joke.

Suggestions to Seniors—Why be so "stuck-up," you'll be Freshmen next year!



FOOTBALL.

On Saturday, October 23rd, Watertown came over here and gave us battle, but were doomed to defeat. We played a hard game and by the end of the third period had piled up a score of thirteen. Then the entire second team was sent in. On a fluke play and a fumble, Cousineau of Watertown, got the ball and ran through our entire team for a touchdown. The final score was 13-7 in our favor. Down and Cousens starred for Arlington.

Wednesday, the 27th, we played Hyde Park, which had a much heavier team than ours. They started with a burst of speed that quite dazzled our team and made gains almost at will. However, in the second half, we came to and by good luck, along with good playing, we scored twice. Down blocked a kick and fell over the Hyde Park goal line for a touchdown. The final score stood 13-0.

November 3rd, the team went to Winthrop and defeated the High School there in a very close game the score being 13-12. In the last minute of play the Winthrop back kicked a field goal, but just then a substitute ran on the field and the referee would not allow the score. Peabody was the star of the game.

Tuesday, the 5th, we played Belmont on Spy Pond field. It was a very rainy day but both teams insisted upon playing. After two or three scrimmages the game settled into a kicking match with the honors about even. Neither side could score, however, and both teams were disappointed.

The 9th of November will long be remembered as the day of the Lexington game. With great expectations nearly the whole High School went up to cheer Arlington. The teams were very evenly matched and fought valiantly for victory. At the opening of the second half Arlington kicked off and the ball settled into the arms of Day, the brilliant Lexington player. With superb broken field running he ran through the entire Arlington team for the only touchdown of the game. An easy goal was kicked, putting Lexington seven points in the lead. This, however, was sufficient, for try as we might we were unable to score.

The following Saturday, the great game of the season came off. The team went over to Melrose to try our luck there. The marking of the field did not please us, but this only succeeded in delaying the game. Nowell of Melrose, played a fine game, making frequent gains, finally going over for the only score of the game, after a hard fight. Because of unjust penalties we objected and then Melrose held off till it was too dark to finish the game.

The 22nd, we played Winchester here and had a hard tussle. Each team was of the same weight and of about the same ability. Toward the end of the last period a Winchester back kicked a field goal and decided the contest much to our dismay.

Thanksgiving Day, we played our

last game with Woburn, on a very slippery field. Our team was much superior to theirs and we easily defeated them 16-0. The same day Arlington Alumni played Winchester Alumni and was easily defeated by a score of 25-0.

CROSS COUNTRY.

As Mr. Clerk's lecture brought the necessary money our cross country team went to Cornell to try to bring back the trophy to our school permanently. Nine men were sent with Coach McCarty and Mr. Long. The day of the race was very rainy, so muddy it was hard for the men to run. Our greatest rival was Buffalo Technical School. Although the team got a pretty poor start they finished quite strong. The Buffalo team won, however, with a score of 39-85. The Arlington men came in as follows: Cameron, 5th; Peabody, 15th; Robinson, 17th; Morton, 23rd; Collins, 25th; Hatfield, 46th; Mahoney, 52nd; Adams, 61st; and Saunders, 77th. This run came off October 30, at Ithica, New York.

On November 20th, the Mystic Valley League run was held and Arlington for the fourth time won it over a field of forty-nine starters. The schools represented were Arlington, Wakefield, Somerville, Peabody, Medford and Woburn. The first five Arlington men were: Cameron, 3rd; Peabody, 5th; Robinson, 10th; Collins, 15th; and Hatfield, 17th. The scores were: Arlington, 50; Wakefield, 65; Peabody, 90; Somerville, 91; Medford, 98½; Woburn, 120½. This victory gave us the New England championship, which was formerly held by Wakefield.

ARLINGTON HIGH BOYS OUT FOR HOCKEY TEAM.

Squad of 68 Reports to Dr. William McCarthy, Who Will Coach Them—Many Veterans in the Bunch.

By A. J. Rooney.

Arlington High School should be represented by a strong ice hockey team in the interscholastic league this winter. One of the largest squads to ever come out for an Arlington High hockey team is now training under Forrest Osgood and J. Hutchinson. The squad which they have charge of numbers 68.

Captain Donnelly, Peabody, S. Cook, W. Robinson, John McCarthy, W. Barry, N. Jost, R. Sunergren and J. McCarthy are veterans from last year and it is likely a majority of this group will make the team this year.

The playing of Capt. Donnelly, Peabody, Jost and Barry attracted much attention last year, and if last year's experience is of any benefit to them, they should show a lot stronger in the 1915-1916 hockey season. The other veterans will give these boys a hard battle for regular positions.

What material there is in the large number of recruits out of the team is not known.

In the past seasons Arlington has had good skaters and it is the belief this year is not going to be an exception. When the ice comes practice will be held every day after school and will consist of skating, and shooting the puck. Those out for the team are:

Forwards.

C. Peabody, S. Cook, W. Robinson, N. Jost, R. Sunergren, C. Daly, J. Lyons, L. Pierce, T. Geary, R. Hadley, L. Reycroft, F. Hatch, F. O'Keefe, L. Collins, R. Jones, R. Gillespie, J. Crosby, J. McCarthy, F. Maguire, P. Thornton, A. J. Keany, W. J. Murphy, R. Collins, J. Snow.

Goals.

W. Barry, F. I. Power, J. Hamall, A. W. Stevens, W. Anderson, C. S. Webber, F. O'Connell.

Defense.

Capt. Donnelly, W. F. Gay, E. Tileston, M. Keane, J. Johnson, H. Collins, W. Powers, R. Dickson, C. Moore, G. Down, J. Blue, F. Gillespie, H. Morse, S. Morton, R. Walker, M. Dodge, H. Cousens, F. McCarthy, J. Mahoney, S. Caterino, G. Brooks, T. A. Schwamb, H. Pick, J. Lynch, G. Jardine, John

McCarthy, Anderson Bower, S. Goodwin, W. Rislin, K. Reed, R. C. Hardy, F. H. Power, D. Geary, S. Kellog, C. Keenan and S. S. Ring.

HOCKEY.

Saturday, Dec. 25, 1915—Alumni at Arlington.

Wednesday, Dec. 29, 1915—Stoneham at Arlington.

Wednesday, Jan. 5, 1916—Belmont at Arlington.

Friday, Jan. 7, 1916—Cambridge Latin at Arena.*

Friday, Jan. 14, 1916—Somerville at Arena.*

Wednesday, Jan. 19, 1916—Stoneham at Stoneham.

Saturday, Jan. 22, 1916—Dartmouth, 1919, at Hanover.

Monday, Jan. 24, 1916—Rindge at Arena.*

Wednesday, Jan. 26, 1916—Brookline at Arlington.

Monday, Jan. 31, 1916—Newton at Arena.*

Thursday, Feb. 3, 1916—English High at Arlington (Pending).

Wednesday, Feb. 9, 1916—Exeter at Exeter.

Friday, Feb. 11, 1916—Medford at Arena.*

Monday, Feb. 14, 1916—Malden at Arlington (Pending).

Monday, Feb. 21, 1916—Boston College High at Arlington.

Friday, March 3, 1916—Melrose at Arena.* (Evening at 8.15.)

This schedule is correct to date and will be completed as soon as possible.

A. H. STEVENS,
Manager.

FIELD HOCKEY.

The first field hockey game of the year was played with Radcliffe College at Cambridge, and we came with the small end of an 8-1 score. Our team fought hard but the much larger college team ran away with the game.

The next game was with the Lexington girls. We had fond hopes of beating them to pay for the beating in football two days before. But after the first run with the ball it was evident that Arlington was not in it. It was simply a runaway, Lexington winning by a score of 10-0. Nevertheless, our girls played hard and did not give their opponents a point that they did not deserve.

Friday the team went to Winthrop, undiscouraged by their poor start.

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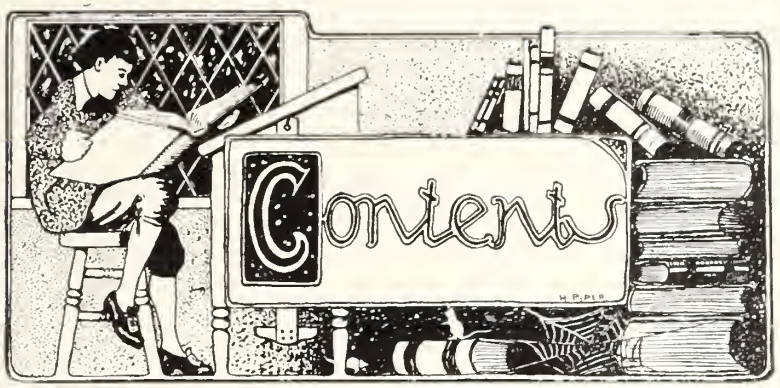
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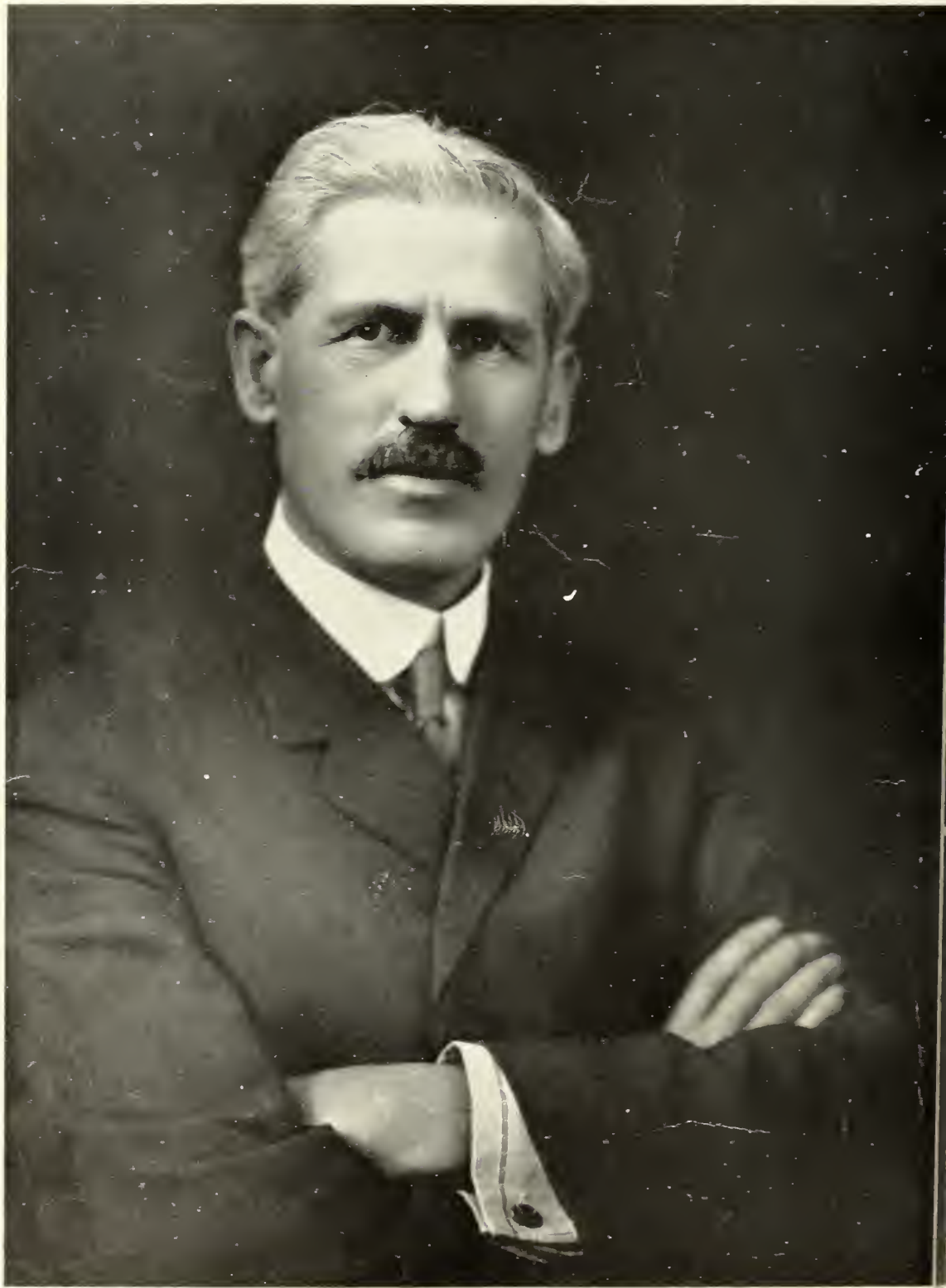
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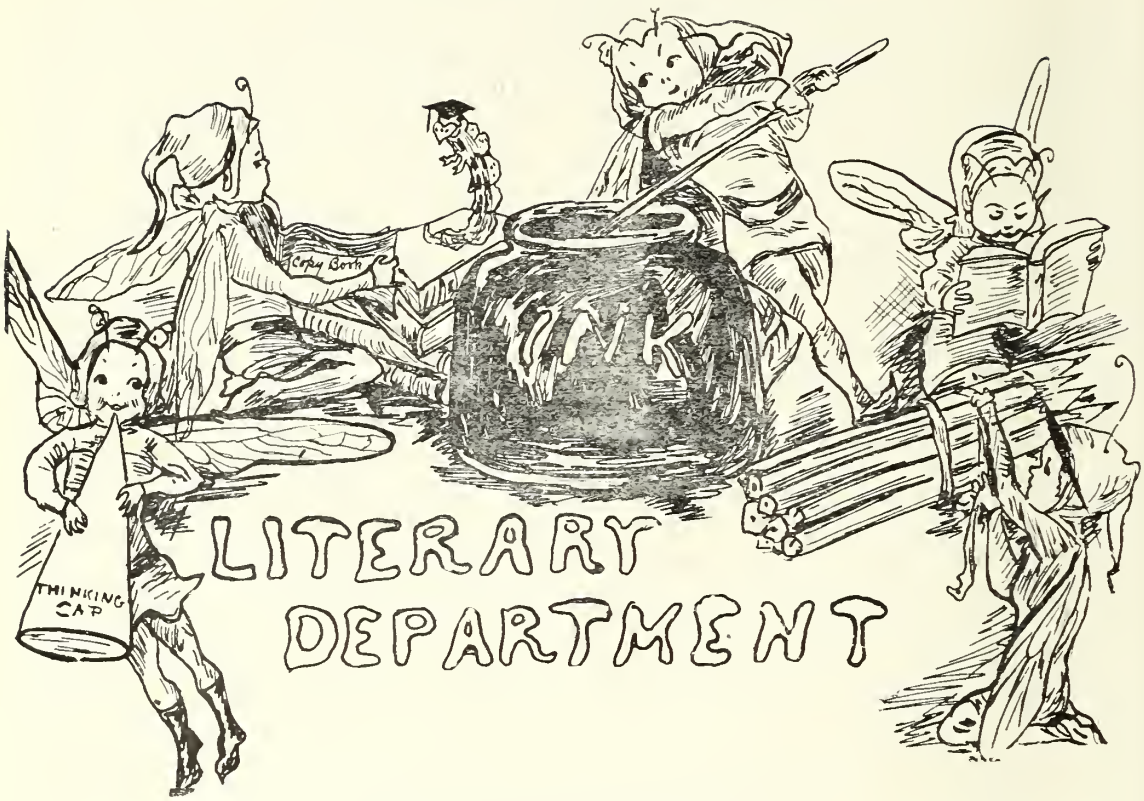
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THE INVASION OF ARLINGTON

It was in the beginning of the great war between Germany and America that the Germans made a landing on the New England coast near Boston. You, of course, are already familiar with the fact that Germany, when she had won the European war in 1917, declared war on the United States two years later, although she was badly crippled and had very few men. But she had an enormous number of huge guns, and her men were trained soldiers, while the United States had very few pieces of artillery and her millions of men had no military training.

I shall not recount the landing of the enemy, but what I have to tell is of their occupation of Arlington during the seige and bombardment of Boston. I was on my Spring vacation in the Berkshire Hills when these incidents happened, but my young cousin saw the whole thing and has told me the story many times since.

It seems that on the night of January 27, 1920, a huge fleet appeared suddenly off Gloucester, and as our navy was then hovering near New York and Boston the Germans encountered little resistance. They landed there and forced thousands of civilians, at the point of the bayonet, to aid them in landing their big guns. Then they started on the march for the towns surrounding Boston, and reached Arlington in the afternoon of the next day.

On Turkey Hill and Arlington Heights they mounted powerful batteries of those monster guns made famous in the European war, and known as "Black Maria's." Half an hour later that famous bombardment of Boston began. The explosions shook the whole town, and made poor Herbert's head ring.

The streets of the town were thronging with soldiers, automobiles, supply

wagons, and more artillery going on to Dorchester and the Blue Hills. As dusk fell the forts in the harbor opened fire in return, and the big shells began dropping all around, killing as many Americans as Germans. One struck the tower of the Town Hall and exploded, blowing the roof off that building. Another collapsed nearly one-half of the new high school. Some houses were literally blown to atoms.

It seems that for nearly a year two German spies had boarded at a fashionable boarding house on Pleasant Street, disguised as business men, and these two had located the range and location of every important building in Boston. It was on their plans, which they obtained by pleasant sight-seeing trips with several high school teachers as guides, that the enemy finally silenced the forts on the next day.

During the night, Cousin Herbert had hidden with his father in his cellar to escape the shells, but at dawn he decided to see what was going on and crept outdoors.

As it grew light he was awestruck at the terrific devastation of the town. Of all the public buildings but two remained upright. The lower part of Arlington was in flames and no attempt was made to check them. The German officers had taken possession of the Robbins home as their headquarters, and tents were pitched on the playground for the soldiers, also in the field opposite the high school.

Herbert proceeded towards Arlington Centre, and here came upon one of the tragic incidents of the war. Mounted on the horse trough before a gathering of German officers and men was a man with very short, curved legs and large body. He was decorated all over with small American flags and was excitedly haranguing the group before him. Suddenly there was a stir in the crowd and the general himself pushed forward.

Fixing a stern eye on the patriot's legs, he gave a command in German which Herb did not understand. Instantly the little man was seized and rushed down the railroad track to Spy Pond. Without hesitation they took him to upon the roof of the big red icehouse, and Herbert, who had followed, saw that they were doing something to his feet. Then with a cheer they separated and stood him on his feet, and Herb saw he had roller skates on. Then a husky German took his bayonet, and gave a blood-thirsty howl, which startled the hero into action and began his famous skate for life. As you all know, this icehouse has a long sloping runway from the roof to the pond, up which the ice is carried. After twice circling the group of pursuers the little man suddenly shot over the edge and down this incline with the speed of a rocket. He was going so fast when he hit the water that he made very little splash. And now comes the most wonderful part of the story. Without rising to the surface the fugitive started on a submarine journey up the pond to his home, and the Germans, believing him to be stuck in the bottom, desisted. The swimmer is still alive and is present with his flags at every public meeting.

For some reason the German guns had spared both the Custom House and the State House, though the rest of Boston was literally in ruins. The people of Boston suffered but little in comparison, as they used the subways to leave the city, the electricity in the rails being shut off.

The American forts were silenced at about 11 o'clock, and the Germans were preparing to capture Boston when a strange man from New York State arrived in Cambridge, and after a hasty consultation with some professors and noted men there, took charge of a small body of picked men. This man was none other than Nikola Tesla, the wonderful electrician.

With his men he ran to the big power house near the Stadium, and under his direction some queer apparatus was assembled hastily. The great dynamos began to turn swiftly, while the men ran a big cable from the power house to the Harvard wireless masts, at the top of which their odd looking machine was placed. All this took some time and was not completed till 4

o'clock, just as the Germans were moving out of Arlington towards Boston.

Dr. Tesla himself mounted the wireless mast, all bundled up in rubber clothing. He gave orders that the dynamos be run at their highest speed, and five minutes later began the world's last battle, which lasted but ten minutes.

Over a distance of several miles this man directed enormous charges of electricity, which destroyed everything in its path. Great sheets of bluish flame rose from the German troops. Men and horses withered like leaves in a roaring fire. There was no escape. The enemy perished to a man, except the troops in the Blue Hills, which were too far off. These were only made unconscious, and were easily captured.

By this means of directing and controlling great charges of electricity through the air Dr. Tesla has made war too terrible to be further endured.

The United States fined Germany $100,000,000, which has not yet been paid.

Arlington, as you know, was rebuilt and by 1928 was a beautiful city, which has been growing steadily ever since.

Lawrence S. King, '17.

WINTER

I.

Winter sports are the best of all,
Better than spring and better than fall,
The hills are black with the merry throng
Of red-capped children sliding along.

II.

Skiing, too, is a popular sport;
Young people flock to a winter resort
Where this is the principal feature of all;
Where the drifts are deep from a fresh snowfall.

III.

We mustn't forget the iceboating rare:
Very few people venture to dare
When the wind is high and the ice aglare.

IV.

Last, but not least! What is there so nice
As a jolly good crowd and a skate on the ice?
Our cheeks are cold and the air is clear,
Hurrah for the Winter! We're glad it's here!

Beatrice Young, '17.

THE GREAT WHITE SPIRIT

For two months Kendall had lain ill with fever, and now the slow convalescence was at an end. During the early Spring he came to the Canadian woods to a little cabin where since his boyhood he had come, first with other boys to explore the woods and visit the Indians left in that region, later as a man alone, to steal a few days from the busy world, and to hunt with the old Indian, Okan, with whom he had sealed a friendship during one of his earlier visits. This year the longing for the woods came to him early and he left the city only to be taken with a fever on his arrival.

The old Indian found him, delirious and alone, and took him to his wigwam where, with simple herbs and vigilance they held the fragile thread that all but snapped.

To Wakeena, Okan's youngest daughter, was rightfully given the credit of Kendall's recovery. By some strange fancy wrought by the fever he was not content with her out of his sight. So the tall, deep-browed Indian girl kept her vigil by the sick man.

As consciousness and strength returned the girl would sit with thoughtful eyes, as he told her of his home and friends. The big, old house that had been his grandfather's interested her most.

"Sometime, Wakeena, you will come to the city and see all these things."

"You live all alone in a great cabin?"

"Yes, all alone. Sometime I shall have a wife to share it with me."

"Will you pray to your Great Spirit to send you a wife, as we Indian girls pray for our chiefs?"

"Well, yes, I may have to pray for

one after all, if I don't hurry up and get well," and he lifted one thin hand and looked ruefully at it.

"Tell me of the white man's Great Spirit which he never sees."

"Why, er, Wakeena, that is a long question to put to a sick man. I don't know what to tell you except our Great Spirit is a mighty fine person to be friends with."

"But you do not see Him, and His face is not in the moon, so the white woman said."

Kendall chuckled as he remembered the woman who had come to the settlement two years before and tried to reform these Indians with threats of the Almighty's vengeance; these Indians whose forefathers had been warriors and had fought to retain their freedom and their lands, fighting and steadily losing until now there was only a handful of the tribe left, and they dared not call the land their own.

"No, Wakeena, we do not see Him but He is there just the same, everywhere."

"Does your Great Spirit to which you pray, give to you what you ask?"

"Yes, why, of course."

"How do you know it is so?"

"How do I know? Why, because—of course," with a sigh of relief, "it says so in the Bible, so you can be sure of it. 'Ask and it shall be given unto you; seek and you shall find.'"

The role of spiritual advisor was new to Kendall and he blushed in his embarrassment. "Now go on and tell me how your grandmother got her name, the one you bear."

"First tell me how this Great Spirit gives to His people what they ask."

"Yes, Wakeena."

"If the Great White Spirit makes all people like you, then would I know Him."

"Wakeena, you little flatterer; you stick to your Great Spirit and continue to put your offerings in the hollow tree for Him, but if He should ever desert you then come to the white man's God."

Before Kendall was recovered enough to return to the city the Indian girl knew many of the white man's customs. She coiled her heavy braids around her head under his direction, and wore her moccasins daily. When the time came for Kendall to return he smoked the farewell pipe with old Okan and to Wakeena's one question replied:

"I shall come back when the snow leaves the ground, after the winter. I shall come and we will talk together again. You will tell me more of your legends and I shall tell you of the things I have seen in the city."

Wakeena watched him as he rode away, and murmured happily: "He will come again when the snow clears; he has said it, and the white man keeps his word."

Through the autumn and winter she wove her blankets, and in the evenings she sat much by her father, as the old man talked of the time when their numbers were many, and they roamed the country at their will. She prayed daily to the Great Spirit, and the tree was kept filled with venison and dried corn. Some traders came to the little settlement, and she questioned them eagerly about the snows of the great city. They told her much and the life of the white man was again new to her as she heard once more of the houses that were light even in the night time, and the busy, happy city where people danced and sang during the cold dreary months.

Thus the winter passed. When the snow began to melt she said to her father:

"Now comes the white man to us again."

But the snows melted and the streams ran anew and the white man did not come to the wigwam.

"He will yet come," said the girl; "he spoke it and he will come."

One June night she left the group that was gathered together by her father's wigwam, and went into woods to the hollow tree. Raising her arms above her head she turned her face to the full moon.

"Great Spirit in the Moon that looketh now on Wakeena, I have prayed to

you, I have given you offerings, all that I had, and you have not heard me. The white man has not come back. And now, Great Spirit of the Moon that now looketh on Wakeena, I pray no more to you, but to the white man's God, who says, 'Ask and it shall be given.'"

A moment she stood silent, and then dropping her arms she closed her eyes.

"Great White Spirit, I know not how to call you, but I have come to you. The white man whom I love told me to come should my Great Spirit fail me. I have asked him and He has not answered. Now to you I pray. Send me back the white man, oh Great White Spirit."

During the summer and the following winter she prayed to the white man's God, but as the winter passed a perplexed look came into her eyes, and she would sit for hours gazing at the melting snows and dull skies.

The old man, Okan, one day laid his hand on her shoulder and spoke in a tone kinder than he had used since she was a little child.

"My daughter, you are grieving for the one who did not come when the snows melted. It should not be so. A daughter of our tribe shall not weep for the son of a white man. There is Gray Hawk, of our tribe, who has spoken to you many times of marriage——"

At the mention of Gray Hawk's name Wakeena drew herself up proudly. "My father, you know I shall not marry an Indian who does naught but sit by the campfire and talk with old men of what is past."

"There is nothing else for our young men to do. Our number is small and soon our old men will be unable to hunt and till the ground. Gray Hawk cannot be spared from our tribe to go and learn the ways of the white man as you would have him."

Wakeena turned sadly from her father and entered the wigwam. She knelt and closed her eyes.

"Great White Spirit, I have asked and, like the Great Spirit of my fathers, you have not answered. Yet you have said: 'Ask and it shall be given you; seek and you shall find. Seek and you shall find.'"

As she repeated the last words the girl sprang to her feet and a look of understanding was on her face as she said: "I know now what the white man meant. I have asked and it has not been given me, but I shall seek and shall find because the Great White Spirit says so. I know where to seek. He told me; a little town by a great city. The snows have melted twice and he did not come, but Wakeena will obey the words of the Great White Spirit and seek."

That night when the little settlement was asleep Wakeena mounted her pony and rode in the direction of the great city. She rode all the next day and that night slept under the skies. The next day she came to the little town by the great city. The houses awed her, as she had seen no buildings save the lumber camp and the little French Catholic chapel in the woods many miles from her home.

The figure of an Indian in native costume was not uncommon in the little Canadian town, but as the slender girl, with her hair coiled around her head, rode down the street, she seemed to embody the spirit of a lost race in a mute appeal for recognition. She found Kendall's house and, as she rode up the path leading to it he came down the steps from the piazza. Seeing Wakeena he paused, and then came eagerly forward.

"Wakeena, my friend, what has brought you?"

"I have come," she said simply, as she slipped from the horse. "It is as the Great White Spirit said. I have found——"

"Of course you have found us, Wakeena, and I am glad.

Another figure came down the steps and paused for a moment at the foot.

"Esther, come here. This is Wakeena, the little Indian girl I told you about. She saved my life and you had better thank her." He laughingly drew her to him. "Wakeena, this is my wife."

The face of the Indian did not change, but a light in her soul went out.

"I have come to see the white people, and the great city of which you have told me——"

"You must stay with me, Wakeena. I owe you so much." And the wife laid her hand affectionately on the girl's shoulder.

"But I shall go," continued the Indian. "I have seen enough of the white man's land."

She started to mount and Kendall restrained her.

"What! Homesick before you have come into my house? At least you will stay the night and rest your horse. Besides, I want to hear all about your father and the others in your home."

"My horse can go farther. He is an Indian. May the smile of the Great White Spirit be with you and give you happiness."

She turned the horse and rode silently away.

When far from the town she raised her hands above her head and gazed at the sinking sun.

"Great Spirit of the white man, you have not kept your word, but Wakeena grants you pardon. In the land of the White Spirit there is not enough happiness for all. The white man is happy."

Uncoiling her hair she hung the braids over each shoulder. With erect head and calm eyes Wakeena rode back to her people.

FLORENCE COOLEDGE, '18.

THE LIGHTED CHURCH TOP.

At set of sun the spiring steeple used
to fade from sight;
But now its kind-faced clocks are
brightly lit with radiant light.
They smile on all the townsfolk, strong
and weak, young and old;
And by their speeding hands the
promise of the dawn is told.
Though clouds may hide the shining
moon and stars in heaven's blue,
They cannot shade these lofty, steadfast lights of time from view.

DOROTHY ALLEN, '16.

CRYSTAL GAZING

It was on one of those foggy days so common in London that I sat in one of the many rooms of the luxurious apartment of my friend, Fielder Bergyn. Seated in a large armchair, enjoying my pipe, I had been conversing with Bergyn on many subjects, encouraging him to tell stories of his travels.

Fielder Bergyn was an Englishman. He was somewhat interested in nearly everything, and having a large income was able to do much as he pleased. He was well versed in literature and could readily quote all the eminent authors. In Italy he had attempted painting and studied music, for which things he seemed to have some talent. But above all he was a traveler and collector of "objets d'arte." Not merely the prominent European countries, but the jungles of India and Africa were well known to him.

His apartments were like a museum, filled with articles collected on his travels. His rooms were very artistic and had a sense of absolute repose and refinement, characteristic of him. I was well acquainted with all his rooms with the exception of one. This room he never mentioned and I never asked questions concerning it.

Our conversation turned from people to countries, and from countries to customs of people. Finally our talk centered on India and the superstitions of the people. I spoke of my interest in crystal gazing. He suddenly became excited and soon confessed his interest in the subject, in fact, he said it was one of his hobbies.

Suddenly arising he motioned for me to come with him. I followed him down the long hallway and finally we stood in front of the mysterious room. He stopped and informed me that never before had he permitted any one to enter this room, but as I was a true friend and interested in crystal gazing he was going to allow me to gaze through a wonderful crystal he possessed, purchased in India, which was kept in this room.

He entered and lighted a small spirit

lamp which was on a pedestal. I paused on the threshold. The room was hung in jet black velvet draperies and no windows were visible. There were but three articles of furniture; a beautiful antique chair, which might have belonged in the home of a wealthy Roman noble at the height of Rome's power; a tripod on which was a large crystal, and an ancient pedestal supporting a small lamp. They were so arranged that by sitting in the chair the crystal was directly in front and through the crystal could be seen the flame of the lamp.

I was requested to sit in the chair, told to gaze through the crystal and to concentrate my mind on the flame. I did so. Soon the flame seemed to fill the crystal and then instantly all was in darkness.

I was standing on a sandy plain and in the distance was an Oriental city in the center of which were the hanging gardens of Nebuchadnezzar. Hastening thither I entered the city and was impressed by the strangeness of it all. The streets were fairly broad and where there were no houses gaily decorated bazaars were in progress. The people were dressed in long, flowing robes of bright colors. The men, as well as the women, had their hair flowing, and on their heads were richly colored bandannas. The domesticated animals running about in the crowd were entirely unknown to me. The people spoke a language which was very strange to me.

Somehow a new acquaintance enlightened me. For many years there had been a custom on a certain day to sacrifice the six best young men of the nation, but lately the people had abandoned this custom, believing it a waste of life. But this year a terrible famine and pestilence had come upon the people and they were thinking it was because of the neglect of sacrifice, had decided to renew the custom.

Everybody was gaily chatting and enjoying themselves and I seemed to be the only stranger. Suddenly the noise ceased. Around the corner came a procession led by the high priests, who were dressed in black, and their faces were grim with determination. They were followed closely by six snow white horses bearing the six best young men of the nation, wearing white tunics. Then came the minor priests on foot chanting their mystic rites. It was ended by the soldiers and the populace. I joined the throng and ascended the hanging gardens.

When we reached the top a huge amphitheater was revealed. The people flocked in and took seats. The ceremony was opened by an impressive address by the high priest, followed by a chant by the minor priests. There had been much confusion among the populace and now there was a sudden division of sentiment. Those opposing the sacrifice continued to shout three strangs words, "Als ik ans." Meanwhile bricks were being hurled by the opposing forces and a revolt commenced.

Then everything was enveloped in darkness. A feeling of a lapse of many years came over me. Then again I was standing on a sandy plain with a city in the distance, and as before, I hastened to the city. But the city was in ruins. In the streets was murky water in which reeds and rushes were growing. While meditating and trying in my mind to place the city the mysterious words, "Als ik ans," came to my lips.

Then everything seemed dark and wet and cold. Suddenly I came to. My friend was standing near by laughing and in his hand was a wet towel.

Edith MacBride, '16.

THE SPY

The general rose and with a stern voice announced: "This man will be shot at sunrise one week from today."

One week from today! Just one more week to live and that one of agony. The guards seized me and I was taken hurriedly to a cell. So my work was over. I, who had been the cleverest spy of the Northern army, must be shot to death here at Richmond, unmourned and friendless.

I sat down on the bed and went over the events of the past few weeks. I recalled them well. Just sixteen days before I had slipped through the lines in Confederate uniform. My work had been carefully and quickly done. I had even begun plans for the return North. Well, all was over. I had done my best and had failed.

I lay down on the hard mattress provided for me and soon, despite strange surroundings, fell asleep. When I awoke the guard was thrusting my breakfast, which consisted of parched corn and water, through the bars. I was miserably hungry, and the meager meal seemed only to aggravate my starved stomach.

This day brought no news from the Northern lines and no hope for me. Each minute brought me one step nearer the grave. It was agony to sit helplessly in the cell. It was a hard, thankless death, that of a spy. A soldier could at least die gloriously in the ranks with his comrades, and be a hero. But a spy, he dies like a traitor or a thief, shot down like the basest of men.

The days passed slowly and I saw much of the life of the prisoners, for every morning with my guard I walked through the prison. The life there was horrible. The poor soldiers were half sick and dying from exposure, and from the dampness and cold of the prison. The suffering was terrible to see. One cannot imagine without seeing it the horror and pathos of the situation. I spent what time I was allowed in trying to help these sufferers and relieve them. But with no facilities and little freedom it was hard work.

The time of my death drew nearer. The fifth day had closed and I awoke on the morning of the sixth to draw in through the bars for the last time my scanty rations. I had by this time become quite resigned to my fate. To be shot was far better than to be hung.

My last morning I was allowed to see again my miserable comrades. This morning they were worse than usual for the fever had started during the night. It was a grnesome sight. The sick and dead lay together on the floor, while the few who had so far escaped huddled in the corner. I had never seen such a miserable crowd of men. There was little for me to do, but I did what I could and the morning passed all too quickly.

Just sixteen more hours! How quickly it would go. I sat on my mattress thinking again of my family and home as I had done so many times. Suddenly the boom of the cannons sounded. What could it be? The roar became loud and the shots more numerous. The prison shook with the terrible roaring.

Could it be the Union soldiers? Could I even hope for such a thing within sixteen hours of my death? Suddenly my cell door opened and I looked up. Before me I beheld a blue uniform, a Northern soldier, a comrade. I rose quickly and we hurried away from the prison.

Soon I had heard the story of the Confederate capital, which lay in the the North. The war was over and my spy work done.

Eunice S. Eberhardt. '16.

THE HIGH SCHOOL A B C.

A stands for Arlington.—
Best town in the State.—
For in it's the high school
Wherein lies our fate.

B stands for the Bulletins,
Baseball and Boys,
Without which our school
Would lose much of its joys.

C stands for "Clarion,"
Our paper so dear;
May it grow larger
And better each year!

D is for Deficiency,
In the form of white slips,
Which we get every Monday
With quivering lips.

E stands for Epstein,
The Forum who leads,
Which points out to the town
Its wants and its needs.

F is for Football,
Just one of the things
In which our dear building
The victory brings.

G stands for the Glee Clubs,
Whose joy is to sing
For hours at a time,
Like birds on the wing.

H stands for Hockey,
On ice and on land,
For we've girls and boys' teams
That are certainly grand.

I stands for the Ignorance
All of us show
When obliged to reply,
"I really don't know."

J stands for Juniors
Who next year will pass
To the place of the Seniors—
That glorious class!

K stands for the knowledge
All wish to possess,
But whether we get it
I leave you to guess.

L stands for the "Lab,"
Where young chemists in glee
Produce horrible smells
That disgust you and me.

M stands for Miss Magner,
1916's advisor,
Who teaches in class rooms
The tongue of the Kaiser..

N stands for Miss Neville,
Who, like Heimdall of yore,
Who watched the bridge well,
Guards the sacred office door.

O stands for opportunity
We all do possess
When, diploma in hand,
We leave A. H. S.

P is our Principal,
Frederick E. Clerk,
Who each day by his words
Spurs us on to good work.

Q stands for D. Quimby,
Our editor-in-chief;
But for her our school paper
Might come to great grief.

R stands for Report cards
Which, five times a year
Are sent out from school
Our hearthstones to cheer (?)

S stands for Mr. Scully,
Superintendent of schools,
Beloved of every person,
In our hearts he rules.

T stands for the Town
Which gave us our school,
And fitted it nicely
With each kind of tool.

U stands for the Unity
Which holds us together
And makes us stick closely
As "birds of a feather."

V stands for Virtue,
Which all of us show
When our leader suggests
Which way we must go.

W stands for the World
Where we later must win,
So while we're together
Let's work with a vim.

Here's an end to my song,
For X, Y and Z,
So familiar in "math,"
Are too much for me..

NORAH E. JOHNSON, '16.

TED'S MYSTERY

Far distant on the horizon a horse and rider were seen moving slowly across the desert. It was not an unusual sight, but there was something unusual in their actions which attracted the attention of young Ted Norman, standing in the doorway of a cabin situated on a sandy slope among the cactus and black rocks. The rider was going back and forth between two large rocks worn smooth by the blowing sand, scanning the ground anxiously, occasionally dismounting to examine the sand more closely, then riding on rapidly.

The young man watched him for some time, then saw him disappear into a nearby canon. Pondering as to those strange movements, curiosity overcame the young cowboy's laziness and mounting his pony he galloped off toward the place where he had seen the mysterious rider.

Reaching one black rock he dismounted and walked slowly toward the other, a distance of about five hundred yards.

"Wonder what he'd lost," he muttered. With trained eye he searched each hollow in the sand, each nook and cranny of sand-whipped rock.

Suddenly, beneath a thick-leaved cactus plant he saw a gleam of gold. Stooping he quickly picked up a small, black-leather, gilt-edged notebook. He slipped it into his pocket, mounted Ramo and rode back to the cabin.

Lighting his lamp he sat down and opened the little book. On the first few pages were notes, a few strange addresses and some figuring. Slipped in the back was a newspaper clipping stating the prices of some mining stocks.

"Humph! He must have been looking for something better'n that," he said aloud. He tossed the book on the rudely made table in disgust, and as he did so it fell open at the middle page. A hastily written sentence caught his eye:

"Jack Warriner will cross Woskee with the papers. Get him then," he read.

Jack Warriner! Where had he heard that name before? Why, of course! Through his mind came a vision of the Yale Stadium, of Jack fighting shoulder to shoulder with him against the Crimson. Good old Jack! Could it be that he was near here? Woskee Valley was only sixty miles north of Kayebi, the nearest town, which itself was forty miles north of Ted's cabin.

But what was the meaning of that sentence? It surely did not portend any good to Jack. The mysterious rider and someone else were evidently plotting ill against this old college friend.

"I'll ride to Kayebi tomorrow," he thought. "I haven't been in for a month and I'll see if I can get any news of Jack without letting that gang know I'm looking for him."

The next morning Ted started off at 6 o'clock, just as the Indian paintbrush was growing scarlet in the sunlight. The forty miles were soon covered, for his mind was busy with memories of his college days and the three intervening years that he had spent here in the West, growing each day to love more and more the freedom of the broad prairie, and the wide sweep of the horizon.

He reached the little prairie town about 1 o'clock. Leaving his horse at the only hotel the town boasted, he sauntered over to Bob Roe's saloon, the general rendezvous of the cowboys.

"'Lo, Ted!"

"Hey, fellers, here's Ted Norman!"

"How's the X-Z?" (He was a cowboy of the X-Z.)

He was greeted on all sides, for he was well liked among the scattered ranchers.

"Hullo, boys," he responded, "how's things in here? Any news?"

"Sure! Red Moore was in last week and started a fight with Bob, but Bob pulled on him first."

"Say, Ted ,wait'll you pipe the new guy over to the hotel. Silk tie and fringe on his trousers. Been here about two months," said Marty Dean.

"Oh!" jeered the others, "stuck to his bronc', though, didn't he, when Marty fell off!"

"Shut up, fellers; here he comes," interposed a voice.

From the greetings given the new arrival one could see that the new guy was liked although they made fun of his tenderfoot costume. Ted pulled his hat low over his eyes. If it were Jack he was not yet ready to make himself known. He wished first, if possible, to discover the identity of the mysterious rider.

Jack, for Ted saw almost instantly that it was he, sat down to talk with a couple of the boys. Then Ted sat down with his back carelessly half turned to him, smoking and talking to Marty.

Suddenly he noticed two men near a window at the back of the room. While at first glance they appeared to be quietly talking, Ted saw that they were watching Jack carefully. He saw one of them scribble something on a piece of paper and pass it to the other, who put his hand on his pocket with a questioning look, and then glanced sharply at Jack.

Ted recognized the men as being formerly of Red Moore's gang, but for the last six months they had been hanging quietly around the town, getting into little trouble. However, he did not consider them men to be trusted.

Giving the excuse that he was hungry and would go to the hotel for some grub, Ted walked out. No one was in sight. Going around the saloon he crept up close to the window near which the men were talking.

"The question is how to let Red know we've got 'em already," said one man in a low tone.

"Got 'em!" Ted gasped. Could he mean the papers mentioned in the notebook? Yes, he knew it by the next remark.

"We can't let him know now. I'll ride like the deuce for Woskee tomorrow and stake the claim, and you hunt up Red."

"The deuce I will! How in thunder do I know where Red is? What's the matter with me goin', too?"

"'Twould show us up too much! Don't be a fool Bud, now. Wanter spoil my trick?"

"Your trick," snarled the other. "It happens to be me who's got the goods."

Unconsciously they had raised their voices.

"Where are they then?"

"Y' know Conklin's cactus?" (This was a huge plant on the outskirts of the town.) "Slit in the biggest lower leaf. I slit it."

"Good work! I'll get 'em about 4 A. M. and leave about 5."

"O. K. I'll put Red wise!"

They rose and Ted hurriedly crossed the street and entered the hotel.

The next thing was to see Jack. He ate a hasty dinner and sat down to await his return.

Soon the door opened and Jack strode in. Ted jumped up and crossed to him. Jack started, then clasped his friend's hand with a cry of delight.

"Ted, old boy! If this isn't great!"

"Sh-h! Glad to see you, Jack. Got a room? Take me to it."

The other looked a little surprised.

"Sure! Come on up! This is fine!"

Almost as soon as the door had closed behind them in Jack's room, Ted began to talk.

"I'm awfully glad to see you, Jack, but I want to know what you're here for. See this?" He handed him the telltale notebook open at the middle page. Jack started and grew pale.

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

"Found it," replied the other. "Say, have you got any papers with you?"

"Yes; mining claims north of Woskee Valley."

"Let's see 'em."

Going to his trunk Jack searched in a pocket at the bottom.

"They're gone!" he ejaculated suddenly.

"I thought so," replied Ted with a grin. "Listen to this." And he told him the conversation he had just overheard.

"This is my plan," he continued.

"We'll take a packet of phony claims, put it in place of the real one about 10 tonight. Then Din can ride away to Woskee tomorrow morning as fast as he pleases. We'll fool 'em! How's that?"

"Fine! But do you know where the cactus is?"

"Sure I do! I'll do the trick and you stay here and keep an eye on 'em."

"All right. But supposing he changes his mind and goes earlier?" asked Jack anxiously.

"Then," remarked Ted dryly, "it's a case of who draws first; and I think I'll come back with the papers.

About eight hours later Jack sat in the saloon trying to appear unconcerned but casting furtive glances about him. Soon he arose and went to his room.

Ten o'clock and 11 passed, and Ted had not returned. Jack grew anxious. Had the others gone earlier and discovered him?

Just as he was about to go after Ted the door opened and he stood in the doorway.

"Where have you been?" asked Jack.

"I broke off the leaf they were in and had to use a low one on the other side," gasped Ted. "I had to hustle, too. I met 'em when I was coming back. I don't know whether they were going out there or not. They stopped me and told me I'd better stay out on the X-Z where I belong. I gave them proof that I could do as I pleased."

"Proof?" queried Jack.

"This," answered Ted, pulling out his Colt .44.

The next day the two former members of Red Moore's gang were absent from the group at Bob Roe's. Jack and Ted noticed that fact with satisfied smiles.

And a week later Jack and Ted left together, partners in the North Woskee Mining Company.

Ruth E. Gleason, '16.

WORRIES OF MARCH.

March is here with its windy weather,
Blustering, hurrying, raining together;
A hat blows here, an umbrella there,
People run after them in great despair.
Some think it comical, some think it bright
To go in ecstacies at the sad sight.
All the while they are holding their hat
And living in fear of falling down flat.
The slipperiest, slimiest mud ever dreamed
Hangs on to everything, almost unseen.
All of a sudden an unlooked-for blast
Makes that minute seem like the last,
But waving their arms about wildly in air
Land right side up, as if handled with care.
Forgetting their artistic windmill pose
They regain their height and try to compose
Their quivering nerves, only to go
Recklessly near a splashing auto.
To continue at length would be worse than folly
With such hundreds of things, some sad, some jolly.
One thing needs mentioning yet, which means
That the Ford only splashes as high as it seems.

Corinne Danforth, '17.

IN QUEST OF BROAD BLADES.

The dead silence was broken by the sharp report of a rifle and the roaring voice of the judge bellowed forth, "Bullseye."

Immediately the little plain on which the rifle meet was held became alive with men, garbed in the rough dress of the lumbermen, cheering and yelling, firing their rifles and throwing their hats in the air.

With a great many threats and pleadings, Joe Lake, a tall lumberman with sharp, dark eyes and a coal black mustache which drooped at the sides, succeeded in quieting the mob.

Standing on an empty cider barrel he addressed them: "Gentlemen: By the result of that last shot I, the judge of this here rifle shot, declare the score a tie between Dan Miller of the Twin Fork lumber camp and Pete Dwinel of the No. 24 lumber camp."

A great cheer arose and the two heroes were hoisted high on the shoulders of their rejoicing camp mates. Round the clearing they marched and ended up at the cider barrel, where all had drinks.

While the victors were shaking hands, Joe stepped up and commanded silence.

"Gentlemen," he said, "being as Christmas is well nigh here, I vote that these here champions have a little hunting contest. The object shall be the capture of the large bull moose which is over on North Mountain. The camp of the loser shall provide a Christmas game dinner for the victorious camp. What do you say?"

With a chorus of "Ayes" they agreed and the two lumbermen again shook hands and promised to start on the following morning. A final cheer was given and the men dispersed to their cabins for the night.

Just as the first rays of the rising sun shot through the dense pines on the eastern slopes, Pete, rifle in hand and pack slung on his back, trotted down the trail which led to North Mountain, amid the cheers of his anxious comrades.

Over at the Twin Fork much the same thing was happening. Dan, with a final wave of his paddle, drove the polished blade steadily into the water and started his journey to the hunting grounds.

All day long he paddled, always keeping a sharp lookout. He saw many deer and moose, but never the coveted prize. Often his heart beat rapidly as some snap of a twig or the swish of a bush attracted his attention.

As the first shades of the twilight began to fall, he entered the small lake which headed the stream he had journeyed over.

Pete, after a tiresome trip, arrived at the little leanto near the base of North Mountain which he had used in former hunts. After unstrapping his pack he began to prepare for spending the night. Starting the fire he proceeded to the lake for some trout. Sitting on a fallen log he skipped the fly over the water, hoping for a trout to rise. Suddenly a splash in the lake above him attracted his attention.

Slowly Dan paddled up the shore, searching for a spot to spend the night. Rounding a point he was startled by a gentle splash. Peering along the shore he saw a huge moose standing knee deep feeding on lily roots. Here was his chance, he thought, for there stood the coveted Broad Blades.

Slowly he raised his rifle and took aim when "Crack," the sharp report of a rifle rang out and the giant beast toppled over on his side.

With a cry of amazement he paddled up and found Pete standing on the shore, holding a large trout on his pole in one hand and in the other his smoking rifle.

Emmet Keenan, '16.

PETER AND "KID" DAVIDSON'S OUTLAWS

Peter was a Canadian. As long ago as he could remember he had lived in the great Northwest. He had begun as a poor trader and because of his honesty in all things he had come into the position of messenger and mail carrier of the Canadian Government. This was a position of great danger because of wild animals.

Two years ago he had been trusted with a valuable document from the Government to deliver in a distant village. Fully realizing his danger he had set out, and for three days and nights he lay in a cave with a revolver in each hand and a bunch of empty shells scattered around the entrance. Single-handed he had held at bay three of the most desperate men in all Canada, all members of a bandit troop which for years had been plundering the mails, both in Canada and over the border in the United States. This battle had resulted in the death of "The Weazel" and "Three Finger Joe," who were leaders of the outlaw band. The other robber had returned to the gang to report. Peter had continued his trip and delivered his message safely. Then

he returned to Government Headquarters. He had received a leave of absence of three months to recuperate and then he had reported for duty again. Much to his surprise he had found he was no longer a mail carrier but a member of the Canadian Mounted Police, promoted for bravery. He had been changed to a different town nearer the American border. Here his history began anew.

The outlaw band had not forgotten Peter and the battle in which two of their men had been killed. Peter received many warning notes saying that if he tried any of his plans which displeased the gang he would pay the penalty with his life. Peter had laughed at these letters.

When the Government ordered Peter to investigate about fresh mail robberies he set out for St. Edwards. St. Edwards was a small town near the American line which had once been a rendezvous of the band. Reports said that the band had been seen around the town. Knowing these things Peter naturally turned his steps thither. As he was walking down the main street in the little town one day he received the news that the mail train had been held up at Drake's Crossing while four masked robbers held up the mail car and two other bandits guarded the passengers. Peter knew that there were about six men in this band. He set out for the scene of the holdup at once. The first thing he did was to look for signs. As he was looking along the ground his eye sighted something in the grass. He stooped down and picked it up. It was a rubber tobacco pouch with the initials K. I. D. (Kelton I. Davidson) on the back. These initials were famous all over Canada, and Peter knew they stood for a young leader of the band, who was called "The Kid" on account of his initials. With this clew he started out in search of the band. He knew they would make a camp that night and divide the booty the next day. Peter knew if he could capture the mail bags again before the robbers had divided them and separated, all would be well. Accordingly he urged his horse toward the timber regions at full speed.

At evening he made a camp and cooked his supper, and after building a small night fire he went to sleep. About midnight his keen ear detected a sound which in the stillness of the forest was unnatural. Peter sat erect. As he did so he caught the gleam of a rifle covering him from behind a nearby tree. At a word of command out of the blackness beyond the firelight stepped two men who took his rifle and six-shooter, but with all the caution of a woodsman a second revolver was firmly strapped to his leg. The outlaws, without a word, placed Peter on his horse and then led him toward the deeper woods. Peter could only guess where they were going, and his guess proved to be right. After riding some little distance he was led into the camp of the outlaws. Here he was put into a sort of rude log cabin of one room, where he was guarded until morning, which was now but a short time. He had seen that when the door had been locked behind him there were only six men in the party. One of these was selected to guard him and the rest turned in for the night.

As it was nearly dawn Peter knew he must escape at once. After looking about the hut he noticed a sort of hole or skylight in the roof which might have served for a hole for a chimney. Peter at once unstrapped the revolver on his leg so as to be ready and tried to reach the hole in the roof. As the roof was not very high this was made easy by the fact that the roof sloped sharply downward. With his teeth locked in the trigger guard he seized hold of each side of the hole and swung himself to the roof. From there he descended to the ground in silence. As he was hurrying toward the horses he stumbled against a pile of tin plates which the outlaws had used for supper. With a crash they tumbled over. Peter now discarded all caution and made a wild dash for a horse. The outlaw who had been set to guard him was the first to recover his wits. He knew Peter would hurry toward his horse

and he followed him. Peter found his horse all saddled and in an instant he was astride the horse and flying along the trail. In the east the dawn was breaking and in a while the sun would rise. Peter now urged his horse to a faster pace, but the noble animal, tired with the hard riding of the day before, could not stand the speed and Peter knew that it was only a question of time before the horse would fall. As he looked behind him he saw the six bandits spread out in a line riding toward him. He resolved to make a stand. He dismounted and stood with his back against a rock and calmly awaited the coming of the outlaws. His one revolver he prudently kept out of sight. Nearer and nearer came the robbers until Peter thought that it was time to begin the unequal conflict. He brought the big revolver around in front of him and then he began the fight. Six times he pulled the trigger. Six times a leaden messenger of death sped true to its mark. When the smoke had cleared away there lay the bodies of six outlaws. Peter at once returned to the outlaw camp and found the mailbags safe. Away out in the Northwest the old inhabitants will still tell you how Peter, an officer of the Canadian Mounted Police, killed six outlaws of the "Kid" Davidson band with six shots from a Colt revolver.

Alan Bryant, '18.

THE WORLD'S DISPENSARY.

The sign outside the door read: "Bank, Drug Store, Arms, Ammunition and Dry Goods." This was a partial list of articles which Uncle Sam carried.

The year 1916 had just entered when one day as Uncle Sam stood at his shop entrance, an ambulance rolled up and deposited its cripple.

At this time the proprietor was enjoying a most wonderful popularity. As a hobby he maintained a children's hospital. To this the cripple was assigned. This cripple's name was Serbia.

What a scene beset his eyes as he entered the ward! In one large bed three big bullies were engaged with nine others in a free-for-all football match. These children were the belligerent nations of Europe.

As it was noon Uncle Sam tended to patients. He had two distinct diets. To the nine whom he called allies he fed a mixture of arms, ammunition, shrapnel, artillery, and grain. To the three bullies he did not feed such nutritious food. They had to be satisfied with money and bandages to help cure the wounds caused by the other diet. They were also given diplomatic notes. These were fed often and carefully by Uncle Sam, for if he touched the belligerents he would become infected.

Circumstances had been in a deadlock for a year and a half, with no hope of clearing. This was indeed gratifying to Uncle Sam, for his patients paid dearly for his attention.

At last, being unable to cure them because they finally cured themselves, he gave up, only to find too late that his meddling was a mistake.

J. B. Viets, '17.

BACK TO EARTH.

On one of my visits to Boston, shortly before Christmas, my steps chanced up Tremont Street toward Boston Common, where I saw a large crowd of people collected. Quickening my steps I reached the outskirts of the crowd and then, by using my elbows to good advantage, I reached the front ranks. Directly in front of me on a settee was a tall, white-haired man, whose beard reached his knees. His mustache hung down to his shoulders and his hair hung down his back, longer than a woman's. He reminded me of a man I'd heard about in history. This man was Antony. Tied to the settee was a toy balloon. Suddenly the man picked up a stone hammer, pounded for silence and delivered in a weak, quavering tones a speech entitled "The Revised Edition of Antony's Famous Speech, 1916," which I will try to give:

Friends, grafters, and citizens, lend me two minutes,
I come to praise Bryan, not to bury him.
The evil that men do goes into the newspapers,
The good often goes up in smoke;
So let it be with Bryan. The Boston American
Hath told you Bryan was thick-headed;
If it were so it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Bryan answered it.
Here, by leave of the Boston American,—
For surely it is a loyal paper;
So are they all, all loyal papers—
Come I to chatter at Bryan's downfall.
He was my selection, and faithful unto me:
But the American says he was thick-headed;
And the American is a loyal paper.
He hath bought many bottles of grape juice,
Which purchases did Armour's pockets fill:
Did this in Bryan seem thick-headed?
When the poor hath cried, Bryan hath wept.
Thick-headedness should be of solid stuff:
Yet the American says he was thick-headed,
And, surely, it is a loyal paper.
You all did see at Washington
I thrice presented him with a Ford,
Which he did thrice refuse; was this thick-headedness?
Yet the American says he was thick-headed;
And, sure, it is a loyal paper.
I speak not to disprove what the American said,
But here I am to speak what I know.
You all did love him once, not without cause!
What cause withholds you to mourn for him?
Oh, Justice! thou are fled to tango teas.
And men have lost their craniums.
Bear with me;
My heart is in the downfall of Bryan,
And I must pause till Cupid brings it back.

Saying this, he took hold of the string on the toy balloon and disappeared into the clouds, from whence, I guess, he came.

WALTER T. CHAMBERLAIN, '17.

MY VISITOR.

As I lay in my hammock in the deep wood, the only sound that came to me was the soft murmuring of the wind and the distant gurgling of a brook as it rushed down, singing with glee and clapping its hands, to the mighty river beyond. The drowsy wind was just rocking me to sleep when suddenly a wild crackling of the leaves, that were already beginning to fall, roused me and I opened my eyes. There above me on the swaying branch of a large birch was perched a little red squirrel. His scolding voice was the only sound that broke the peaceful stillness. As I did not move, he soon stopped and scampered away. In a few minutes he returned with another little squirrel and a lively game of tag ensued. I had some nuts with me, and when they disappeared again I put one on the ground near the hammock, but the squirrels did not come back.

The next afternoon I brought more nuts, and this time Reddy came and got one not far from me. During the fall we became fast friends, and Reddy would eat out of my hands and ride on my shoulder. He was always very talkative and as he rode on my shoulder, he told me all his secrets, but seldom did he scold me as he had on the first afternoon he saw me. The day I left I gave him more nuts than usual, and it was with his glad voice of thanks that I left my hammock and pleasant afternoons behind me and returned to my busy life in the city.

PAULINE WATKINS, '18.

AT THE SUGAR HOUSE.

The snow that fell in soft flakes and covered the ground in heaps piled high had been gathering fast all through the winter in the sister land so near our own, where the emblem is the maple leaf and the patriot's song is "The Maple Leaf Forever."

The farmer is happy now, for he

knows the good tidings which come just as spring is reaching the woods. He is cleaning and making sugar buckets, augers, nails, and spouts, ready to tap the maple trees for their rich sap.

It does not take long, however, for the farmer to tap his group of trees, and soon, drop by drop, the sap falls into the buckets, dropping so fast that the boys and men are all kept busy emptying it into a great iron kettle which is in the little shack called the sugar house. The large kettle hangs over a hot, crackling fire of wood, such as the Indians in the olden time used to use.

When all the sap is poured into the kettle and has boiled for a long time, getting thicker and thicker, it is called maple syrup. Hastily the farmer sets it aside for a few moments to cool before putting it in tin cans or bottles to be shipped to other states, where it is known as "Pure Maple Syrup from Vermont and Canada."

A great amount of syrup is left in the kettle besides what is taken out for shipping, and this is boiled again until it sugars, thus becoming maple sugar.

Just as this is finished and the men are having a little feast all by themselves, the edge of the clearing reveals the sight of the farmer's pretty daughter, who comes to call the workingmen for supper. They eagerly follow her commands, for they know what follows after supper is cleared away.

The sun is lost from sight in the west, and the twinkling stars and moon brighten the walk for the tired but happy working people. The great farmhouse is soon reached and all the people assemble around the neat kitchen table, ready for a hearty meal. They are fully satisfied when they see the heaping plates of baked beans and brown bread. Supper is soon cleared away and everything is as spic and span as it was before. Having all her tasks finished the pretty daughter starts her surprise—maple nut taffy. She makes a different kind every night, and it is all gone before one can hardly say "Jack Robinson."

Having finished their delicious candy one after another goes out of the room, for in that region the farm people are tired after their hard day's work, for there are so many little things to tend to. That was the trouble with this happy farm family, so it did not take them long to be all snug in their beds, with happy thoughts of the morrow and with a gladness that they live in the "Land of the Maple Leaf."

Clara Lofgren, '19.

WINTER.

The first streaks of sunrise appear over the snowclad evergreens. First the very top of the sun appears and then more and more until at last the whole circle of fire makes its way over the horizon. The brook, which in the summertime wends its way through meadows and shady woods, has its white fleecy coverlet of snow spread over it. The early sun shining on it tints it a faint rose color. Pheasants strut around on the whiteness looking for some morsel of food to pacify their hungry appetites. The lake which in the summer time is a mass of sparkling sapphire hue, is now covered by a thick layer of ice where iceboats and skaters may skim on its surface. Truly, winter is a lovely time.

Caroline Shawhan, '19.

A PERFECT DAY.

From my elevated position I obtained a clear picture of the surrounding landscape. At the foot of the slope ran a small winding stream through a swampy field bordered by low shrubbery. An old rustic fence divided the marshy portion from the wide, sloping green pasture, covered with tender fresh herbage and framed with trees. For a short distance these trees blocked the scene which might lie beyond, but to the east a small opening revealed the golden road winding, as it were, to the small village which lay at the base of the distant blue hills, only a few

spires being visible in the uncertain light.

A branch of the road, a narrow, uneven footpath, crossed the sloping tinted with the delicate bloom of wild roses, and ending its course at the brook opposite a picturesque old red mill.

The light now grew fainter. Even the birds ceased their seemingly untiring songs—all nature suggested rest. I continued on my way toward the village in the distance, pausing now and then to admire the western sky, which blended from a deep pink into the softest, faintest yellow, acting as a crown for one perfect day.

Helen Thompson, '19.

A MODERN SUBJECT IN ANCIENT FORM

By Kenneth McCully

Let us consider the street car conductor as a hero. Lo! every day he ariseth very early and getteth himself unto the carbarns wherein are housed many mighty engines of public service.

Then setteth he out to gain many sheckels for the company: in his eye there is laughter and on his lips, "Fare, please."

His car rusheth through the air like an eagle, it roareth like a lion, and leaveth in its wake much dust which grievously afflicteth the eyes of those that walk the streets.

But, lo! his day's work hath begun. For behold, a man hath a desire to be carried into some far part of the city. Before the man hath gotten himself a seat the car starteth and the man stumbleth. The conductor saith, "Arise, get thee up, lest ye cause another to fall, as thou art lying in the way." Then he taketh him that hath fallen by the arm and he cometh to his feet again.

Now a woman with a little child, and possessed of many bundles, desireth to ascend into the car. The man of the bell goeth and putteth on the child and the many bundles. And the woman thanketh him, but giveth him only one nickel, as the child is not yet five years of age.

The car being filled with much people, the conductor speaketh thus to such as can hear: "Get thee up forward so that they who wish to get on may not be left by the wayside." Shall not those persons who get on at the next corner render thanks unto the conductor? Yea, verily.

As the multitude of them that ride be very great he ringeth up not all the fares, but putteth certain of them in his inner pocket, for he knoweth that whosoever shall put away a nickel today will have five cents tomorrow.

Thus he goeth throughout the length and breadth of the city, helping them that are halt and aged, and those with many children; he cannot utterly scorn the five pennies, but taketh not the Canadian dime.

Many complaints fall upon his ears but he heedeth them not; they are unto him as so much air. He shouteth the names of the streets with a loud voice which few comprehend, yet they rejoice that he hath such a pair of lungs.

Surely a man like unto this one may be termed a hero.

EDITORIALS

Everyone will welcome the photograph of Mr. Scully in this issue of the Clarion. Under his supervision the Arlington schools have reached a high standard of efficiency. Pupils, teachers and townspeople alike recognize in our superintendent a kind and interested friend. May our respect and admiration for him increase with the passing years!

How many of us realize what great privileges are offered us for gaining an education? How many of us appreciate the advantages given by our own Arlington High School? As we look back and think of those who have struggled and worked to gain knowledge, do we see how great is our obligation?

This is the time of year when our attention is once more turned toward the life of Abraham Lincoln. We read of his early years in the rude log cabin on the rugged frontier; the times when he walked nine miles a day to school; wrote arithmetic lessons with charcoal on a wooden shovel; read by dim candle light books which he might borrow.

Are these what we call advantages? Would we be satisfied with them? Yet from these limited opportunities rose the great President, and what American is not thrilled by the name of Abraham Lincoln?

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

So let us work faithfully and return to our school some of what she has given us. Then we shall truly succeed.

We are glad to include a contribution from the Junior High School. Doesn't it promise well for the future of our Clarion?

SCHOOL CALENDAR

December 24th the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs went around singing carols. This is the first year that the two musical clubs have joined.

On Wednesday, January 5th, the Girls' Debating Team was picked. The following make up the team: Edith McBride, Dorothy Hinman, Anna Hooker and Etta Buckley, alternate.

On January 6th the Senate of the Forum met to choose a topic for the next Forum, January 21. The following was the selection: "Resolved, that the teachers should have a uniform system of marking." Rodney Hardy, William Power and Josephine Baker were chosen to take care of the girls' debate with Lexington Friday evening, January 14.

Thursday, January 20th, the Junior class held its monthly meeting. A committee was chosen to take care of all affairs of the class. The committee was composed of the class officers and the following: Guy Edwards, Julia Currier, Nora Kelley, Lucretia Kellogg and Nelson Jost.

Monday, January 31, the trials for the Cambridge Latin debate March 13th were held. The following make up the team: William Power, Laurence Peirce, Jr., John Snow and J. J. Lyons, Jr., alternate.

On Tuesday, January 11th, trials for the debate with Chelsea, February 11th, were held, and the following are to represent the team: David Snow, Elmer Lowe, Herbert Collins and William Power, alternate.

Friday, January 21st, the second meeting of the Civic Forum was held and the question for discussion was:

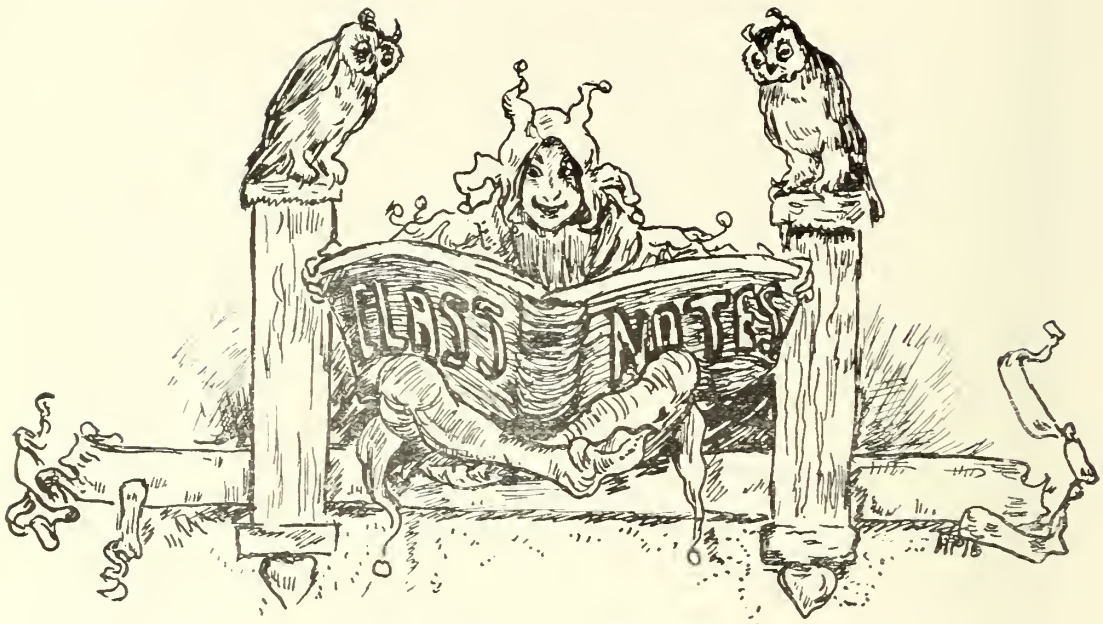
"Resolved, that the teachers should have a uniform system of marking." After much arguing and discussion on the question, it was decided to let the question stand and have each member bring in two reasons why he thought that there should be, or two why he thought there should not be a uniform system.

At the Senate meeting Tuesday, February 1st, it was decided that the orchestra should play and that Mr. Clerk should be the chairman for the coming boys' debate with Chelsea, Friday evening, February 11, 1916.

Friday afternoon, February 4th, in the Assembly Hall the English Club held its second meeting. The meeting was on Alfred Noyes. Miss Dorothy Lovewell extended a cordial welcome to all those present. Miss Ruth Gleason had charge of the meeting. The program consisted of readings by the following: Ruth Scully, "World's May Queen"; Mr. Epstein, "Forty Singing Seamen"; Gean Lufkin, "Triple Ballad of Old Japan"; Lawrence King, "The Highwayman"; Nathan Wood, "The Admiral's Ghost"; Dorothy Roberts, "Song of the Sherwood"; Dorothy Lovewell, "New Wars for Old"; Mrs. Hooker, "The Barrel Organ."

On Friday evening, January 14th, the first annual Girls' Debate with Lexington was held. The question was: "Resolved, that the United States should place an embargo on the exportation of arms and munitions of war to belligerent nations." Arlington, on the affirmative, was supported by Miss Edith MacBride, '16; Miss Dorothy Hinman, '17, and Miss Anna Hooker, '16. Lexington's team was Miss Eleanor Buck, Miss Mary Manley, and Miss Marjorie Smithwick. The arguments were strong and convincing and the debate was very interesting. The judges decided in favor of Arlington.

On Friday evening, January 28th, the Senior reception to the Juniors was given. The entertainment was in the form of a minstrel show, which was very cleverly and succesfully planned. Much credit is due to Miss Magner, who gave so much of her time to the preparatory rehearsals. Refreshments were served and many took part in the dancing which followed in the gymnasium. The minstrel show was repeated for the public on Saturday evening, February 19.



1916.

The "Clarion" offers a prize of a box of candy to the first reader who discovers the complete number of names hidden in the following:

Seniors: Find them!

Once upon a time there was a hardy young lad named John who lived in Ireland. His father was a sawyer who received good wages, a princely looking man, but with bleary eyes, who desired greatly that his son should become either a baker or a smith. They lived in a small brown house near a dam situated by the banks of a river. . Their only pets were a dickie bird and a robin. Songsters abounded in the trees around.

One morning John went to school. In arithmetic he learned how to do an example. In geography he discovered that Canada can be reached via Nova Scotia, one of the large cities of South America is Para. Minor is a term applied to a part of Asia, and that Paris and Berlin are in Europe. In Latin he made a correct translation of Virgil's "vivoque sedilia saxa" as "rocks of living stone." In chemistry he used the table containing "A gill is one-fourth of a pint." In United States history he learned the list of Presidents up to Wilson. In biology he studied that a morse, commonly called a walrus, lives in the ocean, and that lions inhabit the jungle. In English he memorized the proverb, "Love well thy neighbor," and he also found that to write "He an eye lost in that battle" is not good sentence structure. He was very keen and was all enrapt in his lessons, so consequently he progressed rapidly.

On his return his father called him into the hallway and said: "Now you're loafin' and er son o' mine ain't goin' to loaf around this house. You press coats for about half an hour an' maybe I'll let you off 'til tonight."

John's onslaught on the coats was swift, and in less than half an hour he was through and had decided to take a walk.

He went to get his satchel listlessly, packed a slight lunch in it and started out into the garden past the bushes of sumac. Bride roses lined the paths and scattered their snowy petals on the ground. Filled with glee, songbirds warbled in the trees, while beneath them, with gloating eyes sat the cat. Erin, on the whole, is a charming coun-

try, and on this wonderful morning everything seemed to shimmer. Ricks of hay, escaping from beneath their neat, white covers, stood in the fields; at the pasture, over the bar, rye was growing luxuriantly, and nearby rams were feeding. It was approaching noon time and John became hungry, so he hastened under the shade of some trees and took off his hat. Fields stretched around him on all sides in the hot sun. He took out his lunch and removed the paper. Kinsmen of his mother, one of them an Irish bowman, had been lynched on this very spot, although he did not know it. He began to munch his Kennedy crackers and coldslaw. Tonight he would have something more appetizing to eat, he reflected. He would need it for he had to do languages for tomorrow's lessons afterward.

Finishing his lunch, he started on again.

The flowers by the wayside were so richly beautiful it seemed as though they must have come straight from the altars of Vesta. Brooks ran on either side of him, and in one he saw a peculiar sight. A fisherman was standing bent over amongst the reeds in the middle of the stream. "Why, man," John cried, "what are you doing?"

The stranger looked up and replied: "I waded in here after my hook. Ere long I should have had it, but now there's a leech on my leg. I sit up there on the cliff ordinarily."

John lingered only to say, "You'd better buckle your basket or you will issue from the brook without any fish." Then he continued walking. Farther on he caught a glimpse of a heron and a kingfisher.

At last he emerged on a road where, in a small shack, was a fakir. Lining the walls of the shop were various things, and a sign in the window said: "Walk in." Shawls seemed to be the principle article in stock, but John decided to enter. As he passed through the low entrance he bumped into the door and pains pierced through his head. He had struck his skull yesterday in the same spot and this made him more sore and angry, so he turned back. As he was a good walker he reached home before dark. What was his surprise when he entered the kitchen to see his mother in her best dress, which was of black moire and white nun's veiling, mixing dough. Typical cooking dishes stood all around her and she was doing all in her power to keep her dress clean. She was very glad to see John again, and she told him that his day had formed the background for a sketch including seventy-two members of the Senior Class.

M. E., A., '16.

CLASS REPORT.

A class meeting was held January 18, 1916, in the Assembly Hall with President Berquest presiding. The members of the class were urged to pay their dues as soon as possible, as the committee wished to know upon how much money they could depend.

The first question brought before the class was the appointment of four committees for senior social, dance, refreshment, property and decoration. After some discussion it was unanimously voted that Miss Magner appoint these committees.

Mr. Clerk, taking up the question of class pins, agreed to look into the matter soon and report to the class.

The ratification of the new constitution was the next subject under discussion. The president read the document and then it was considered by articles. After some discussion and various changes, all articles were approved up to No. 5, excepting No. 3, which, with the remainder of the constitution, was laid upon the table until the next meeting.

Respectfully submitted,

Ruth E. Gleason, Secretary.

FRENCH IV. A.

Miss L-tt-f-d (scolding B-rr-y, who protests strongly): "Now you know we are not responsible for it."

B-rr-y: "Well, I'm not responsible either!"

ENGLISH IV. A.

P-er-e: "Yes, they have guns, ammunition, etc., and are very military."

Miss E-t-n: "Why, how in the world did you get that idea?"

P-er-e (reading from Burke's speech: "Well, it says here, 'The population shoots in that part of the world.'"

LATIN IV. A.

Members of our class seem to prefer either sleeping "with their heads on a rock," or "on the side of a roof with sloping eaves."

U. S. HISTORY

Question: "What right did they grant?"

Voice from rear: "The right of dumpage."

LATIN IV. A.

Just twist your tongue around this: "Forsooth shall she see Sparta!"

FRENCH IV. A.

P-eo-r (translating): "It is the company of Gottfried Hamm."

Voice: "Fried ham!"

The Senior Class regrets greatly the enforced absence of Miss Bullock, and hopes to welcome her back very soon to the classes where she is so much missed.

LATIN IV.

"And she shone bright
In the clear light
During the night."

1917.

Owing to change of editors we have a short column in this number, but promise you more than your money's worth next time.

DEFICIENCY.

Alas, when Monday comes
With fear we go to class,
Afraid to look at chums
Last week, oh! did we pass?

Two slips at 1 o'clock
To parents they must go.
'Tis sad to give the shock,
It crowns the day with woe.

Our parents' fondest hope
Of presidential chair
Confronted by this dope
Is vanished in thin air.

No more parties gay,
No more the merry dance,
Each evening we must stay
Our learning to advance.

Resolved our ways to mend,
We bear the signed slips down.
When will our troubles end,
And parents cease to frown?

JULIA CURRIER, '17.

1918

WANTED—A sophomore to assist in collecting class dues. No pay at first, but if the service is satisfactory this will be doubled later.

THE PUPIL ACROSS THE AISLE.

The Pupil Across the Aisle says he can't understand why his friend would want to raise cane in this climate.

The Pupil Across the Aisle thinks it strange that some pupils find it necessary to have a coach. Walking is good enough for him.

When her friend told her that Miss Jones had a fit in the library the other day, the Pupil Across the Aisle said that her dressmaker always insisted upon her coming to the house.

The Pupil Across the Aisle says she thinks it peculiar that fast days are so slow.

It doesn't seem fair to the Pupil Across the Aisle that the judge should always charge the jury. She thinks they ought to be paid for their services.

The Pupil Across the Aisle said she didn't know that her father was associated with anyone who was in the fish business, but most of his packages seemed to be marked C. O. D.

When her friend told her how many years her family had had their coat of

arms, the Pupil Across the Aisle remarked that for her part she thought that now they ought to send it to Europe where there are so many poor soldiers who hadn't any.

The Pupil Across the Aisle overheard her father say that he bought the books at a premium. She always thought he bought them at a book store.

As the Pupil Across the Aisle was walking down the street with her brother Charles, she heard some one exclaim: "There goes the young puppy now!" She thought it strange for neither of them had a dog.

The Pupil Across the Aisle says that she will have a large demi-tasse of coffee.

Is Latin II. A worthy of being the honor division? After hearing a member of the aforesaid division translate Caesar, a scholar of the Parmenter first grade remarked: "We can read lots better than that at our school!"

Miss R-b-n-n (dictating sentence to H-i-e): "We love each other."

Bright Pupil: "Well, it's leap year!"

"It's lucky for some of us that head failure is not as fatal as heart failure."

Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Sophies have not paid their dues.
They go to the hall to see all the movies,
They go to Boston to buy all the goodies,
They witness all kinds of things out with the "hoodies,"
Why not save the cash for their dues?

1919.

Seen in a sophomore "Clarion" theme, and it was printed, too. A freshman would not make such an error as this: "It was a beautiful winter night; the stars were twinkling brightly and the snowflakes were falling softly." Some night!!!

LATIN I. B.

Mrs. W.: "Give the principal parts of go."

Bright One: "Go, going, going, gone."

Mrs. W.: "This is not an auction."

LATIN I. A.

Miss R. (in giving out the home lessons): "Take the first nine sentences."

To G-n: "Do you take German?"

G-n: "Yes."

Miss R.: "Well, this does not mean 'nein' sentences."

HISTORY I. A.

Pupil taking Miss Flagg's place: "Mr. W., who was Militades?"

W.: "I don't know."

Pupil: "Well, all these women over here seem to know. Mr. Ch-k-g, you tell."

A boy who had received work at a farm was asked one night to hitch up the old mule. In the dark the boy mistook a cow for the mule and tried to put the collar over his horns. The farmer, who was waiting impatiently, cried out: "What's keeping you so long?" The boy answered: "The mule's ears are frozen and I can't get the collar on."

If the sophomore girls are pretty, is Ruth Darling?

Miss Flagg (seeing a boy idle the day after the vacation): "Haven't you had any classes this morning?"

Mr. R-b-s-n: "No, I don't wear them."

Teacher: "Why are you not writing?"

Boy: "My hand is not feeling right."

Miss R.: "What English word comes from vivo, meaning live?"

Pupil: "Victrola."

Miss R.: "That comes from 'die,' if you want my opinion of a Victrola."



ENGLISH CLUB NOTES.

The first regular meeting of the English Club was held Thursday, December 24, in the Assembly Hall of the high school. The meeting took place during the last two periods of the day, and everyone in school was present.

The leaders were Marion Allen, '16, and Gean Lufkin, '16. The former gave a short talk to the audience, and advised them to join the club. She then read the cast. The program was in the form of a play in which Seldom Smiles, Forest Cameron, '18, is accused of slandering Santa Claus. Father Time, William Severance, '18, was the judge; Anton Steidel, '17, the clerk, and Amos Stevens, '16, the prosecuting lawyer. Dortohy Quimby, '16, Ruth Gleason, '16, Gean Lufkin, '16, and Louis Patriquin, '17, were the chief witnesses. The jury consisted of twelve young ladies, dressed to represent the months of the year. Evelyn Lake, '17, in costume, impersonated January; Eudora Rice, '18, February; Hazel Banks, '18, March; Sabina Anderson, '18, April; Hazel Coolidge, '18, May; Priscilla Crockett, '16, June; Helen Hadley, '16, July; Julia Currier, '17, August; Pauline Crosby, '16, September; Dorothy Jordon, '17, October; Gertrude Viano, '17, November; and Rebecca Stickney, '18, December.

When the jury was seated Father Time called the court to order. The prisoner answered "Not guilty" to his charge. Amos Stevens, '16, then called the witnesses.

A German chorus consisting of William Anderson, '16, Stanwood Cook, '16, Katherine Holway, '16, Bertha Richardson, '17, Ruth Scully, '16, Dorothy Quimby, '16, Oswald Banks, '16, and John Snow, '16, sang "Still Nacht."

Ruth Gleason, '16, then read a selection from "Christmas Eve on Lonesome."

The senior and junior members of the Girls' Glee Club sang "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

Harriet Johnson, '19, Louise Marshall, '19, Ruth Cathcart, '19, Madeleine Thacher, '18, Geraldine Lovett, '18, Marian Davis, '19, and Anna Rogers, '18, dressed in white, with curls and pink ribbons and holding dolls, presented a very pretty little dance.

Mr. Gordon then sang a lullaby.

Gean Lufkin, '16, read a story entitled, "The First Christmas Tree."

Louis Patriquin, '17, played a violin solo much appreciated by the audience.

Dorothy Quimby, '16, the last witness, read a letter from Santa Claus.

Stevens, '16, summed up the case and presented it to the ladies of the jury for decision. Rebecca Stickney, '18, gave the verdict as "malice and slander in the first degree." The prisoner's sentence was that he was to do one kind act every day, and bring Santa Claus to the hall in ten minutes.

Santa Claus duly appeared in the

person of William Barry, '16. After a few words of greeting, he presented Mr. Clerk and Mr. Scully with potted plants from the club, and Miss Eaton with a set of books from all who took part in the meetnig.

The meeting was then adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,
NORAH E. JOHNSON, '16,
Secretary.

The S. C. C., at its regular meetings, is studying the Iliad. Each member is preparing a special topic on the book.

DOROTHY QUIMBY,
Secretary.

WIRELESS CLUB.

Since the last issue of the "Clarion" the Wireless Club has installed a complete sending and receiving station, and has effectively communicated with a number of stations in the vicinity of Boston. At present there are seven operators with government licenses, four of whom have received their licenses since the formation of the club. Messages have been copied from boats far out to sea, and from the naval stations located at Portland, Me., Portsmouth, N. H., Newport, R. I., and all down the coast. One evening six operators were able to copy the weather and time reports from Arlington, Va., and the latest "press" news from Wellfleet, Cape Cod. The call letters, 1ASN have been assigned to our station by the radio inspector at Boston, who has direct charge over all the stations used for wireless telegraphy in New England. At present there are about twenty active members, but it is hoped that this number may be substantially increased and that we may be able to report some efficient results before the next issue.

HAROLD O. BIXBY,
Secretary.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Le vingt-sept janvier le cercle francais s' est reuni a Salle 14 pour choisir les officiers. Mlle. Littlefield a preside jusqu'a l' election du president. Les presentees pour chaque office etaient: pour president, Mlle. Marian Allen, Mlle. Pierce, Mlle. Prescott, et Mlle. Johnson; pour vice-president, Mlle. Peirce et Mlle. Crosby; pour tresorier, Mlle. Chauvin et Mlle. Buckley; pour secretaire, Messrs. Adams et Perkins et Mlle. Ruth Gleason.

Ceux qui ont ete choisis sont Mlle. Marion Allen, presidente; Mlle. Peirce, vice-presidente; Mlle. Chauvin, tresoriere; Mlle. R. Gleason, secretaire.

Le cercle representera bientot quelques petites pieces en francais.

Loumis avec respect,
RUTH GLEASON,
Secretaire.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Since the last number of the "Clarion" the Girls' Glee Club has sung several times in public.

On Christmas Eve both Glee Clubs of the school went caroling as heretofore, and in several places refreshments were very kindly served to them.

The girls also sang in the hall on Parents' Night, and the seniors for the meeting of the English Club, held just before the Christmas vacation.

The hour for rehearsal is Tuesday at 1.05.

GEAN LUFKIN, Secretary.

BOYS' GLEE CLUBS

The boys are rehearsing steadily now and are hoping to arrange for one or two concerts with the Boys' Glee Clubs from other high schools, one concert to be held in Arlington and the other out of town.

J. D. SNOW, '16.

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CIVIC FORUM

On December 10 a meeting of the Forum was held. Great interest was shown in the question, which was: "Resolved, that the Boston Elevated service to Arlington is inadequate and steps should immediately be taken for its improvement. The vote, when counted, was a tie, and was decided by

the ballot of the chairman, Herbert Collins, in favor of the affirmative, 16 to 15.

December 20 a Senate meeting was held. The purpose was to choose a question for the next Forum meeting. Having read written suggestions passed to the clerk, they were voted upon, and the following chosen: "Resolved, that high school teachers should have a standard and uniform system of marking."

A Senate meeting was called January 5. A committee consisting of Josephine Baker, Rodney Hardy, and William Power was elected to have charge of the programs for the girls' debate.

Dorothy Hinman, '17, was elected to the Senate to fill the vacancy made by Marion Horton's leaving school.

EDITH MACBRIDE, Clerk.

A. H. S. ORCHESTRA NOTES

On the evening of January 14th the orchestra played at the debate between Lexington High School and Arlington High School.

At the request of Mr. Clerk the orchestra is now playing for Assembly every Monday and Thursday morning in the High School Hall.

The orchestra has been invited to furnish music at a banquet given in the Town Hall on the evening of February 17th.

EVELYN CHAMBERLAIN,
Secretary.



EXCHANGES.

The "Clarion" acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges:

"The Archon," Dummer Academy, Byfield, Mass. (2 copies); "The Review" (3 copies), Newton; "The Megaphone" (2 copies), Dean Academy, Franklin; "The School Life" (3 copies), Melrose; "The Recorder" (2 copies), Boys' High, Brooklyn, N. Y.; "The Blue and Gold" (2 copies), Girls' High, Brooklyn, N. Y.; "The Enterprise," Keene, N. H.; "The Sagamore," Brookline; "The Clarion," West Roxbury H. S., Boston; "The Students' Review" (2 copies), Northampton; "Trade Winds" (2 copies), Worcester Trade School, Worcester; "The Oak, Ivy and Lily," Milford; "The Oracle," Bangor, Me.; "The Cambridge Review," Cambridge; "The Index," South High, Worcester; "The Delphian," Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.; "The Voice," Concord; "The Papyrus," Pendleton, Ind.; "The Radiator," Somerville; "The Student," Freeport, N. Y.; "The Sassamon," Natick; "The Broctonia," Brockton; "The Recorder," Winchester; "The Student," Clinton; "The Mirror," Waltham; "The Pioneer," Reading; "The Argus," Gardner; "The Brewster," Wolfeboro, N. H.

AS OTHERS SEE US

"Newton Review"—"The cuts in the Arlington H. S. "Clarion" could be improved upon, but your literary department could not be. Your class notes and jokes are good."

"Oracle"—"A neat and well-balanced paper. We hope you will visit us often."

"Mirror"—"Your cuts are praiseworthy."

"Trade Winds" says—Your literary department interested as most. The poem "Tache sans Tache," was especially good. We think a picture would add to your paper."

"The Voice"—"We are very glad to receive your paper and find it very interesting."

(Editor's Note—We thank the above papers for their comments and hope to receive many more.)

AS WE SEE OTHERS

"The Delphian" —Some jokes would improve your paper.

"The Oracle"—Your cuts are simple yet attractive.

"The Mirror"—An enlarged literary department would improve your paper.

"The Student" (Clinton H. S.)—Some cuts in your paper would be an improvement.

"Cambridge Review"—Where is your exchange department? A few jokes would not hurt your paper.

"The School Life"—Your Christmas stories were especially good.

"The Archon"—Your literary department is not in proportion with the rest of your paper.

"The Recorder" (Boys' H. S.)—You certainly have some fine cartoonists in your school.

"The Papyrus"—Welcome, stranger!

Pranks of punctuation: "Caesar entered on his head, his helmet on his feet, his sandals upon his brow; there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye; an angry gleam saying nothing; he sat down."—Ex.

Professor—"Gentlemen, I must beg you to give me your individual attention. It is absolutely impossible for you to form a true idea of this hideous animal, unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."—Ex.

Little Willie took a drink,
Willie is no more:
What he thought was H2O
Was H2SO4.—Ex.

Professor to Student: "What would you do if you found that somebody was going to place some dynamite under you while you ate supper?"

Pupil: "I'd dyn-a-mite earlier."—Ex.

Pupil: "Patrick Henry was born in Ireland. He was a great man because he was married, having a wife. Patrick Henry was married ten years and said: 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"—Ex.

Dear Sir:

My son writes me that he has to study too hard. He says he has to translate fifty hexameters of Latin a day. I looked "hexameter" up in the dictionary and find it is a poetic verse of six feet. Now that makes three hundred feet, or one hundred yards of poetry for my poor son to translate each day. I think about half a hexameter, or thirty-six inches, of this Latin is plenty for a boy of his age.

Yours truly,
MRS. SMITH.
—Ex.

Mike: "I am trying to commit suicide."

Pat: "Why don't you put the rope around your neck?"

Mike: "Shure, I had it there, but the blamed thing choked me."—Ex.

War Extra: Last Friday the Irish Linen at Jordan Marsh's looked through the French Plate Glass window at the German Lace in R. H. White's. The result was a controversy between the Russian Crash and the Turkish Towels in Filene's. The English Broadcloth, claiming her rights, allied with the Dutch curtains. This way out! I'm neutral!—Ex.

Melancholy Suicide: A little boy, when threatened with a whipping, hung his head.—Ex.

A woodpecker lit on a freshman's head
And settled down to a drill;
He pecked away for a night and a day
Till the poor thing broke its bill.
—Ex.

Senior: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Freshie: "No; who teaches it?"—Ex.

Teacher: "If you can't express yourself properly . . ."

Brilliant One: "Go by freight."—Ex.

A hustling promotor named Coe
Was head of a big Cocoa Co.
A native named Koko
Said, "Pay what you owe, Coe,
Or give me the Coe Cocoa Co."
He had other projects, had Coe,
Coke ovens were one line, and so
The two coalesced,
Imagine the rest:
"Coe-Koko Coke and Cocoa Co."
—Ex.

FOR GOOD LOOKING GIRLS ONLY

Well! What conceit!
—Ex.

ALUMNI NOTES

We hope our readers will be interested in the following letter, written by Walter Horton, '12, and which gives his opinion of college life as he finds it at Harvard:

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A HARVARD STUDENT

"Well, how do you like going to Harvard?" I get that question all the time. I usually say, "You can't beat it,' and let it go at that. If I were to give a complete answer I should have to write a book. Naturally, I can't get it all on the Alumni page; I shall just try to sketch some of the first impressions which Harvard may give you if ever come here.

Entering college is an adventure, full of risk and romance. To a man fresh from high school no tropical island could offer a stranger, more fascinating atmosphere than this bewildering new world of college life. Of course, no self-respecting Freshman lets on that he feels queer. He pretends to be quite at his ease and that he knows a great deal. He learns to refer carelessly —but with a secret thrill of pride—to "Mem," the "Crime," and the "Coop," and to call grave and reverend subjects like economics and philosophy by their nicknames, "Ec" and "Phil." He blossoms out in a fancy waistcoat, a flaming crimson tie, and a green soft hat, so as to look respectable. He even —alas—conceals his surprise at being served beer at banquets. But for all his show of sophistication he is fairly dizzy with the novelty of his environment, and stands sorely in need of a wise and sympathetic friend to help him get his bearings.

To begin with, he is granted an unheard of degree of liberty in and out of class. As a man who has attained years of discretion he is subjected to no rules save the rule of reason. He may do as he pleases, so long as he does not make himself a nuisance, and so become the butt of the professor's wit and his comrades' laughter. He may talk in class whenever it occurs to him; he may rest his weary feet upon the bench, or carve thereon the score of the Yale game; he may draw pictures in his notebook if bored, or even occasionally "cut" class altogether. He may spend the rest of daylight at the whist table or Soldier's Field, and the evening at a show. He may return from a noisy "lark" in the silent early morning hours, and snooze until noon, if he has no morning classes. In short, it's all may and nothing must. "Gentlemen are requested to refrain from smoking within this building." There you have the Harvard atmosphere in a nutshell—and a very smoky atmosphere it is, for all such requests.

And what a field in which to exercise that liberty! What a multiplicity of activities, beckoning this way and that. Every sport under the sun, from football to fencing, has its enthusiasts. There is a rifle team, a chess team, and a tennis team. There are half a dozen papers and magazines, whose staffs win their places by gruelling competition. There are clubs galore for men who have a common interest, whether it be Socialism, wireless telegraphy, philosophy, blue blood, or birth in a foreign land. There are prizes and scholarships to compete for. There is something going on nearly every evening—a lecture by a great author or a great reformer, a recital by a great musician, a college mass meeting, a class smoker, or what not. There are chances to form lasting, inspiring friendships with both fellow-students and teachers, and have memorable chats with great preachers and leaders of men. There are libraries and museums which open up worlds upon worlds of culture and entertainment, where one might wander and observe and reflect and grow forever, and still see more beyond. And then the studies themselves!

You'd like to take all the alluring courses in the catalogue, but you couldn't in a hundred years.

It is interesting to see how differently men act when suddenly left to shift for themselves in this maelstrom. Some retreat in bewilderment within a narrow circle of interests. The bookworm confines himself to his studies, and is at length confined to his bed. The athlete does nothing but train to make the team—until he pulls a tendon or goes on probation. Others try to engage in everything, and succeed in nothing. Still others, intoxicated with their new liberty, rival one another in excesses. They covet a reputation for dissolute living, and boast that they never open a book. Some of them are not so wicked as they try to appear, and might be discovered "plugging" earnestly when no one is by; but there are only too many lives wrecked by college follies. None too numerous are those who strike the perfect balance; who devote themselves chiefly to one line of endeavor, whether athletic or scholastic or social, but who try to see something of all the other sides of college life. Bismarck said that one-third of all German university students ruined their lives through overwork, another third through dissipation, the rest ruled Germany. Every Freshman is free to choose which of the three classes he shall belong to. I could wish that the transition from high school to college were not so sudden; that the high school student were given a little more freedom and responsibility, and the college student a little more friendly guidance. Nevertheless, to any A. H. S. student who has ideals and a real purpose in life; who wants to be a true leader of men and servant of his community, I will give my old answer, "You can't beat it. Come if you possibly can."

WALTER M. HORTON, '12.

Eleanor Breed, '15, is taking a post-graduate course in Cambridge Latin. Her brother, Melvin, '14, is at Dartmouth.

Katherine Eberhardt, '14, is taking a course in household economics at Simmons. John Eberhardt, '12, is a senior at Technology.

Hugh Berquist, '15, and Webster Plaisted, '15, both at Lowell Textile, have positions on the hockey team as goal and coverpoint respectively.

George Sinclair, '15, and Harold Peterson, '15, are attending Lowell Institute of Technology night school.

Elton Mansell, '14, is captain and coach of the freshman team of hockey at Mass. Aggy, and Donald Hill is coaching the varsity team.

Monk Osgood has made good in ice hockey on the B. A. A. team.

Gerard Ladd, '13, has a position with the New England Trust Co.

Rose Wanton, '15, is at Riverside Press.



HOCKEY

The hockey season was opened on Christmas day, when the High School team played the Alumni. Considering the strength of the graduates, many of whom are now playing on the big amateur teams, in and around Boston, and on college teams, the team played a great game. Barry made some very good stops and Peabody and Robinson showed some of their old-time form. The score was 4 to 3 in favor of the Alumni.

With their great start helping them the team went to the Arena on January 7th and defeated Cambridge Latin decisively by a score of 5 to 1. The Cambridge team could not seem to penetrate our defense, Kirlin and Morton showing up well. The lone goal was scored on a fluke shot, just escaping Barry. Although there was no great form displayed by either team the Cambridge team showed a lack of skating ability, as they continually fell all over themselves.

The second league game with Somerville was supposed to have been a hard game, but Somerville was quickly slowed up. Only during the first half was there any real hockey, the teams fighting pretty hard. One goal got in somehow, but we piled up four points. Jost, Peabody and Robinson played their usual fine game.

On Wednesday, January 19th, the team went to Stoneham, and it was a nice cold day, just right for a game. Of course they all carried their suits in bags, expecting some warm lockers to dress in. However, this town which they landed in, was lockerless and the boys had to dress out in the cold, which was very pleasant, indeed, oh, yes, to the spectators. A little chilling, though, put some pep into the game and Stoneham was squelched 7 to 0. Barry had his usual amount of work to do, with which he is getting overburdened. Peabody played a star game, supported by Jost and Robinson.

The next game was to have been with the Dartmouth Freshmen at Hanover, promising a fine trip for the team. All were in the train ready to go and the time of starting was only a minute away when suddenly a little messenger boy came along with a telegram for "Misto' Stevens." Fearing a death in the family Steve opened the telegram. It was only a cancellation of the game because of no ice.

The third league contest was with Rindge Tech, in the Arena the 21st of January. This game was merely a practice game for the superior Arlington team, as they ran away with it. One lone goal got by Barry, but it was retaliated by five goals made by the Arlington boys. This game put Arlington in the lead of the Interscholastic League.

The Brookline game, scheduled for the 26th of January was postponed till further negotiations could be made

with the Arena management to have the game played there.

The Newton game in the league series has been postponed to February 25th in the evening. The game with Exeter at Exeter, scheduled for February 9th, has been cancelled.

The next league game will be with Medford in the Arena and a very good game is expected. This game will be worth your while to see, as it is expected to decide whether we shall continue as the league champions or not.

BASKET BALL

Tuesday, January 25th, a large squad of boys came out for basket ball under the leadership of Mr. Long as coach. As the gymnasium had been fitted out by the Junior High School it was thought to be only polite to ask their boys to play there also. Days have been set aside for the different classes and soon a series of interclass games will be played. The boys have taken hold of the sport very well for teams will be made.

The girls have also turned out for basket ball, with Jean Marshall as coach. They will soon start some interclass games which promise to be very interesting.

CROSS COUNTRY

Coach Dr. McCarty issued a call for runners to which quite a few responded and this number is increasing daily. Peabody was chosen captain of the team and a very good team is expected to compete in the spring contests.

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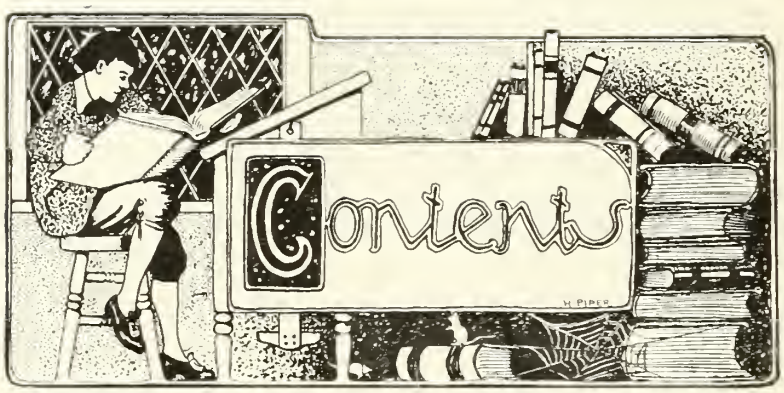
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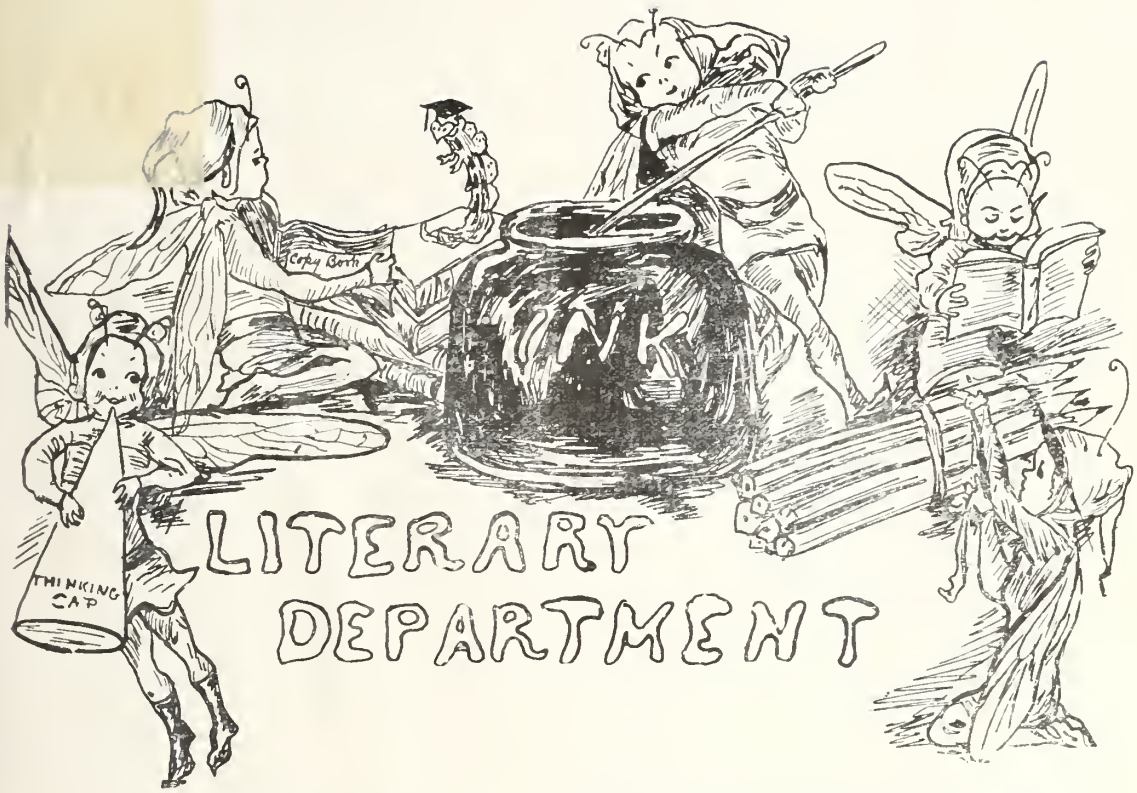
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BROTHERS.

"Old Humpback" mountain was having the first snowstorm of the season. The little, soft, white flakes fell lightly here and there at first, then Jack Frost sprinkled it on a little more thickly and still more, until it fell unceasingly like fine drops of rain in an April shower, covering the surrounding hills and valleys with thousands and thousands of little, pure white stars. Thicker and thicker they came, and with the increasing number came a strong wind, which blew the flakes up from their resting places on the ground, as if to take them back from whence they had come. It was a regular mountain blizzard.

In a little cabin on the mountain-side sat a dog, alertly watching and listening for some one to come. The dog was large and yellow, of St. Bernard type, and his master was a forest ranger, whose duty took him away all day. The dog, whom he loved with all his heart, and who was the sole companion of the mountain ranger's existence, had been given him by an old friend in Switzerland, who had taught the dog, "Shep," (as his master called him), to rescue people dying from the cold in the Alps.

The little cabin was cold, for the fire in the fireplace was low, and Shep was curled up into a round ball of fur, with head down low, but with eyes open wide, and sensitive ears twitching at the least sound. But for the anxiety felt for his friend and master out in the blizzard, he loved it, for it reminded him of the dear old days in the mountains of Switzerland, when he had received many a medal for the rescues he had made. How he had loved to have the flask fastened about his neck, and with a companion dog, who carried a cloak fastened upon him, go out in a blowing gale to rescue faint and frozen travelers.

Then he started—for what was that strange noise he heard? It sounded like a man's cry for help. It was strange-

ly familiar. It was—it was his master, and he was partly up the mountainside and was probably exhausted, as many of the people he had rescued had been. What could he do? Was he to stay inside the cabin and do nothing while his master lay perhaps dying within his reach?

The dog whined and ran back and forth and pawed and scratched at the door of the cabin. Oh, if he could only get out. He jumped up at the door in his excitement, his paw struck the latch and a burst of wind blew the unfastened door wide. The dog sprang out and ran down the mountain side.

He saw nothing and heard nothing, when very low came the faint cry of "Help! Help!" and there, not 500 feet away, lay his master, face downward in the snow. The dog twitched his clothes, but the master did not move. The dog pulled still harder; the master turned, and when he did, the dog jumped up and licked the man's face, then ran forward, as though to say: "Come! Just a little ways more! Please come!" The man, though nearly fainting, slowly and painfully got up and staggered along until, guided by his faithful companion, he reached the cabin and fell senseless to the floor.

Some hours later, after he had come to and recovered from his fatigue and frozen condition, he realized how he had been saved.

"Shep, old boy," he said, "tonight you did for me the greatest thing a dog could do for a man—save his life. I—I can't thank you sufficiently, old fellow, but you know I love you better than anyone else in the world — and God bless you." The dog looked at the man with his great eyes, and rubbed his nose against his master's knee.

* * * *

The storm was hushed—the snow no longer fell, and the tiny flakes were still except one or two which rose in the air and then settled down on the ground again. Inside a tiny cabin on grim "Old Humpback" mountain a hearth fire smouldered. By it, on a rude cot, lay peacefully sleeping a man, and snuggled up closely against his body was a round bunch of yellow fur. The title of that serene cabin scene, a masterpiece of art, may justifiably be called "Brothers."

GEAN LUFKIN '16.

A NIGHT AT WELDEN.

There is a small town in North Carolina that is noted as a railroad junction, seven different roads meeting there. The outside world speaks of the town only in such a way as: "Did you make the connection at Welden?"

It was my lot to miss a connection by half an hour. They told me at the depot that there was nothing for me to do but to wait twenty-four hours at the hotel. The one I hit upon had a barren air, in which no one had stayed long enough to make it feel inhabited. To add to the loneliness the rain was pouring down, in great torrents outside, and the only books I could discover in the parlor were a large, gilt-edged Bible, and some old census reports.

Then in my solitary bedroom I began to count the hours to be spent. Twenty-three, and it would be impossible to sleep away more than eleven of them!

Hark! I heard a quaint tune in the back premises—an idea came upon me —quickly I dismantled my banjo of its traveling case, but while I tuned it the song stopped. I said to myself, "Why not spend the evening learning the songs that the negroes are singing over their work?" Not another note did I hear for an hour; there was plenty of noise, but it came from the clatter of dishes, the slamming of doors, the steady rainfall, and the shrieking of locomotives on the seven roads. I was not to be baffled in my project. I rang for a chambermaid and asked her to summon some colored man who could sing and play the banjo to come up and give me a lesson.

Presently a muffled knock came at my door. "Come in," I said. A large, middle-aged negro, with a very black

face, stood on the threshold, making a low bow, a hat in one hand and a banjo in the other. He wore a shabby blue suit, the coat had a double row of white china buttons; the trousers, well patched about the knees, and threadbare in spots; his shoes were broken into gaping holes, and tied with red twine strings.

After asking him his name, which was Simon Baxter, alias "Sambo," he told me his past history. It was one that seemed to be very pathetic, more so as we sat in the dark. As the moonlight was appearing through the window I watched him tune his dilapidated banjo. The woodwork was warped, every string tied at the bottom, yet a longing seized me to own it. With a solemn chord he started off on his old banjo. He had a touch, that could hardly be surpassed, with a twang and clang of a metallic echo. When the prelude of his chords ceased, I said, "Let me have some of your regular plantation tunes." He hesitated a moment then straightening up briskly he changed the key entirely.

Sambo wriggled in his seat when I began to sing as well as I could with the random accompaniment on my banjo. How weak and thin was my imitation. Sambo interrupted me many times and seemed to remain in a trance, then he would open his mouth like a yawning cavern. His screeches were twice as loud as mine, and all I could make out of singing was—"dis way woowo." His mouth covered up half of his pitted face when he spoke. The noise of it went to the roof and almost shook the inn. A second time I started to play the instrument by his style of action. Sambo took the pains this time to start me off on the right string. While I was plugging at the banjo, he fell from his seat to the floor with a thump which attracted my attention to him. Sambo leaned his head against the banjo; his tears fell over the strings and he turned his eyes up to me in a pathetic gaze. The moonlight shown in upon him, and his big eyes looked like diamonds sparkling.

His thoughts wandered far away from the room. Was the man praying?

In a few minutes he regained his composure, but I could see by the look on his face that something was troubling his conscience. Having lost interest in the lesson I pressed a coin into his black palm, and he gratefully passed out of my sight, leaving me in a state of wonder at his strange behavior.

HOWARD M. LADD '16.

THE RUNAWAY COUPLE.

About fifty years ago, when my grandfather was station agent at the country depot at Still River, he became acquainted with a Shaker, who often came from Shaker village to the trains with farm products, and also apple sauce, for which the Shakers were widely noted.

The Shaker village was about four miles from the station, in Shirley, where there is now a boys reformatory. Grandfather became very friendly with the elders of the colony and also the younger members, although he seldom went there except on business. They had queer customs. On Sunday the women sat on one side of the church and the men on the other, and while singing the men and women jumped up and down; maybe that is why they received their name, Shakers. The men wore broad-brimmed, light-colored hats with suits of a peculiar cut and their faces were smooth shaven. The women wore the big Shaker bonnets and their clothes were very plain and simple.

Probably grandfather would never have been so interested had it not been for an incident which once concerned him.

It seemed that a certain young Shaker was in love with a young girl Shaker and, as the Shakers were very much opposed to marriage, they had decided to elope. My grandfather was to meet them somewhere along the road, with a buggy, on a certain afternoon between train time. He met

them according to agreement and took them to Still River, up the long steep depot hill to his home. My father, then a little boy, was sent for the minister, and the ceremony was performed in the front parlor. For several days they stayed there in concealment with the curtains down, and when one day some Shakers were seen passing, they were about to run out and give themselves up. Soon after this, the bride and groom discarded any clothing which might show that they had been Shakers, and wearing old clothing of my grandmother's and grandfather's made their escape.

The couple have just celebrated their golden wedding and are living in a noted summer resort in Massachusetts.

My grandfather informed the elders of the marriage, and told the senior elder that he would aid him in the same way—if he wished.

E. W. BATEMAN, '19.

HOW THE WAR ENDED.

As this is to be strictly a short story, the author will waste no time in description of his characters, but it is sufficient to say that the heroine was very beautiful and of the blonde type, while the hero was the best-looking man in the ward. The story takes place in that small city known as New York, and the scene opens on a May morning.

Fritz, the hero, was walking briskly towards his place of business, his mind full of birds and flowers and all those other things that go with spring, when suddenly as he rounded a corner a small elbow was thrust into him in such a manner as to make him gasp. Recovering, he raised his hat, also his eyes, and encountered a pair of serious blue eyes and a halo of fluffy blonde hair. Then the owner spoke: "I beg your pardon. I must have been walking too fast, and I hope you are not hurt." She spoke hurriedly and with a slight French accent.

"I'm very sorry," replied Fritz, blushing, "it's all my fault." And he walked on bewildered.

Now, of course, the pretty one with the small elbow is the heroine. So to save time and space I will simply say, in order to make the story interesting, that they fell in love. They didn't fall in love right off you understand; they just met now and then accidentally and after a while they went to lunch or to the theatre together.

Now here is where the obstacle comes in. In order to have a good short story you must have an obstacle, so here 'tis. It was so ordained that Fritz's father was a widower, also a German with no uncertain views as to the allies. To make the obstacle complete, Jeannette, the heroine, was French, and she, with her widowed mother maintained a small millinery store.

So when Fritz and Jeannette broached the subject of marriage, the reader can easily imagine the strife that arose. Jeannette's mother promised to kill herself if her daughter married a contemptible German, while Fritz's father stolidly repeated that he would disown his son if he dared to marry one of the French race.

This state of affairs went on for some time. Fritz and Jeannette met at noontime or in the evening and discussed ways by which they could be married and still maintain peace in the family, but all their plans seemed useless, or not feasible. So at last Fritz decided that he would induce his father to call on Jeanette's mother and talk it over quietly, in the hope that some conclusion might be reached.

After a great deal of arguing and pleading, Fritz's father agreed to consult the madame, and one evening, dressed in his best, the old German set out with Fritz. They were introduced by Fritz and the two young people retired and listened with anxious ears to the conversation. It was rather formal at first, but soon it became more heated, the language more pointed and sentences were bristling with French and German adjectives. Then arms and hands began to fly, feet to stamp, and to end it all, the old German seized his hat, bellowed for Fritz, and left the house.

For a few days the two lovers were in despair, but Fritz did not give up hope and began to lay plans by which they could elope to New Jersey. The next week the old German told Fritz he would call again on Jeanette's mother and endeavor to come to terms. He returned from his visit well satisfied, but refused to talk with Fritz about it. Jeannette also noticed that her mother was unusually happy, but was unable to find out the cause. Perhaps the reader may here discover how the obstacle is to be removed if he stops to think long enough.

When the young people were holding a council over their usual noonday lunch, they arrived at the conclusion that their parents had found some means by which to separate them, and so they decided to get married as soon as possible. They planned the date for the next week. Jeanette was to go on a visit to her cousin, while Fritz was to go on a business trip. Meanwhile Fritz's father still called on the madame, and each time he returned his smile was broader than before. Wednesday was the day set for the elopement, and Jeannette was to take the noon train.

Here is where the obstacle is removed. When she came home to pack her clothes she found a note from her mother that caused her to laugh and cry at the same time. The note read: "Dear Jeannette: When you read this Fritz's father and I will be on our way to New Jersey, where we will be married in Orange." That means the city, not the color of her wedding gown.

Jeannette hurried to the train, met Fritz, and they were soon speeding toward New Jersey. When asked where they should go, Jeannette suggested Orange as a suitable place. On arriving there they proceeded to the Little Church Around the Corner and there came face to face with their parents, just receiving the benediction of the minister. Of course explanations followed, and congratulations, and to make this tale complete, Jeannette and Fritz were married then and there with their parents as witnesses.

STANWOOD H. COOK '16.

THE OLD CARRIAGE HOUSE.

On my grandfather's farm in the southern part of New Hampshire stands an old weather-beaten building which always holds a peculiar charm for my cousins and me. This is the old carriage house, which, in former days, has been a well-built and dignified structure, filled with newly-washed and shining vehicles, which were the pride of grandpa's heart.

But, alas, for its former greatness. The white paint has long since been washed away by the rain and snow of fifty years, and the wide doors sag on their hinges and groan in the wind as if bewailing their forlorn state. The several small windows are so thickly covered with cobwebs that they remind one of mourning shrouds and only add a more gloomy aspect to the forsaken air of the place.

Inside, rats and mice scuttle about, enjoying the peace and quiet of their dusty abode. In one corner an old-fashioned chaise with a broken shaft serves as a repository for divers old carriage robes, dilapidated harnesses and broken whips.

Many times have my cousins and I climbed into this old chaise, and, with a gay crack of the whip, pretended to go calling on a mysterious family of our own invention, called the Van Wedders. We girls always delighted in this, especially as it gave us an excuse to dress up in grandmother's old plaid shawls and bonnets, while the boys were resplendent in some antiquated tall hats and gaily flowered vests, belonging to grandpa.

The only other vehicle in the old house is an old broken-down gig, which leans sadly against the wall as if dreaming of the better days it has experienced.

Outside a large red automobile flashes by the window with a loud

honk! honk! which emphasizes the fact that the old carriage house, with its forlorn remnants of the past, has long ago served its purpose and only the memories of its former glory remain.

CHARLOTTE BUTLER '18.

EVENING.

The sun had just set. A soft, autumn wind blew over the bay. The sky near the horizon was a clear, pale golden against which the hills stood out sharply. On the dark blue water a fisherman was baiting his nets. Gradually the golden sky faded to a cold, clear blue. Then suddenly darkness came. The stars twinkled brightly, and in the east a beautiful yellow moon rose, shedding its radiance over all the land. Beyond the bay the horizon was veiled in a dusky blackness. The lone fisherman had returned homeward and over the water a golden pathway of moonbeams glistened and gleamed. Evening, the link of Day and Night, had come.

JOSEPHINE MAGUIRE '18.

MY FIRST SHOT AT A MOOSE.

It was a cold November day in the Maine woods. With my rifle on my arm I had been wandering through the woods all the morning in quest of big game. I did not disdain to take a shot at a rabbit or fox, or even at a squirrel as it crossed my path. A flock of canvas-back ducks was too tempting to me to be passed by as they flew over, and since I had taken no dinner along, I brought down one which was certainly enough for me for one meal. But I was out for moose or deer, and was constantly on the lookout for them, although I found out before morning was over that I had better take small game while I could get it.

Soon my hunger told me that it was dinner time, which I did not regret, since I had been walking since sunrise. My! how good that canvas back tasted!

Soon I resumed my journey, rather discouraged at not having seen a moose or deer. I had trudged along for over an hour when I saw a lake sparkling in the distance, with a flock of ducks headed for it. This looked inviting, so I hurried cautiously. Suddenly a faint rustle attracted my attention, and there was what looked like the head and shoulders of a moose with the big conspicuous nose. I kneeled down, levelling my rifle nervously. The trigger seemed to pull unusually hard, and my hand was trembling, but I fired and missed. Presently I heard a shout, and the head and shoulders of a moose proved to be the khaki coat and hat of a fisherman on the shore of the lake. I waited to hear no more, as the man was not hit. I made all haste to the little village where I had put up, and took the first train home. I felt rather ashamed at coming home empty-handed, but mighty glad that I had missed my first shot at a moose, and I resolved never again to hunt big game.

MURRAY WALCOTT '18.

THE CEREMONIAL.

By the shores of Massassecum,
By the rippling, moon-lit lake,
Stood the tents of Camp Kuwiyan,
Stood the camp in all its glory.
Up behind it rose Bear Mountain,
Rose the mount unto the heavens,
Rose the mount in lordly splendor;
Bright before it gleamed the campfire,
Gleamed the fire built from fagots,
Symbols of great strength and courage.
Here were gathered all the maidens,
Maidens rich in flowing hair,
Gathered they around in council,
Round the fire of humankind;
And as one they raised their voices,
Raised them to the cry, "Wohelo!"
Watchword of the camp, "Wohelo."
Then when all had been completed,
And the Indian tales related
The chant of "Mammy Moon" resounded.
First low, then growing louder,
Far across the lake it echoed.

RUTH DARLING '19.

A WALK IN THE WOODS IN SPRING.

One beautiful morning in early May I started out with a few others for a walk, among the hills of Western Massachusetts. The little, windy, woodland path took us first past a lake, which was sparkling in the sunshine, and then, after going over hills, we came to a gurgling brook that sang as it found its way to the lake. On crossing this brook we came to an open field, where the violets were just opening their purple buds; also scattered among these were nodding white trillium and fringed polygala. In the bushes and trees, near by, the birds of early summer were singing their morning songs for our benefit. As we went on our way, the flowers were different. On examining them closer we discovered that we had found some flowers of the orchis family, the moccasin flower, more commonly called lady's slipper.

We had walked farther than we had intended when we first started, but after returning home, although very tired, we felt well repaid for our walk

ESTHER D. GANNETT '18.

A FISHING TRIP.

Last summer, while staying with my grandfather, who lives in a small fishing village, I used to hang around the cove to pass the time away. One day I was walking down to the cove with another boy, an old fisherman called Old Joe, met us, as he came out of his house.

"Whar ye goin'?" he asked.

"Oh, just down to the cove to catch a bake for the cat," I answered.

"I'll bet ye a dollar it'll be a two-legged cat'll eat it," he said, with a smile.

My chum, Phil, couldn't go very far without butting in, so he said: "You needn't think that jes' because you live on squir'ls an' ole inglan's, everybody does."

"Come on out with me today?" he asked. "I'll give ye yer dinner."

"We're scared you'd run her aground," snapped Phil, "then we'd have to swim back."

I said, "Come on, Phil, don't be a squealer. Come on out with Joe."

"I'll have to ask my father first," he said. "He's down to the cove anyway."

I said: "Well, I won't ask my grandfather; if I do he'll say 'No.' I'll tell him and he'll say, 'All right, but don't start any fooling, and come right home when you do get back.' That's what he always says."

Phil asked his father if he could go, and at first he said, 'No, you can stay here an' help me skin fish.' After a little teasing Phil persuaded his father to say he could go.

I went to the senate and found my grandfather there. I said: "Grandpa, I'm goin' out with Old Joe on the sloop. He's got some nets out and he wants to go out and haul 'em in."

He said: "All right; come home in time to feed your chickens and bring the eggs down t' the store.

We went to Joe's sloop and found him ready to start. We jumped on and pushed away from the wharf.

When we were out about a mile the wind began to blow from the shore. The sloop started to go out, and to rock. The rocking kept increasing, and as I was at the stern of the boat, I got up from my box and started to make my way to the middle of the boat, where I could sit more comfortably.

"Sit down, yer rockin' the boat," yelled Joe.

I did sit down the next time the boat gave a heave, and on a rather wet deck, as the spray had been washing it pretty thoroughly ever since we left the cove.

"Just as I thought," said Joe, laughing. "You fellers what don't go t' sea very often can't stand much rockin', an' believe me, she'll do some rockin' afore we git back."

Joe spoke correctly on that matter. During the afternoon a squall came up and the "Lucy" was fairly dancing around on the tops of the waves. The empty fish barrels were racing the deck, taking a full sweep of the length of the boat, and back again, as long as the

boat rocked. We were lucky to get on board a sloop with a high railing, because I was sliding from one part of the boat to another. Each heave the boat made would drive me against the railing hard enough to knock the wind out of me. When I did regain my breath I would be driven somewhere else. I wasn't used to going around on a wet deck, and particularly with a pair of boots on that were four sizes too large for me. I tried to make my way to the mast, but it was of no use. Whenever I did get near it I would skid back again with a bang, and hit the railing.

Joe let me go for a while, then he opened the hatch and I finally caught hold of the door and gradually made my way down into the cabin and climbed into one of the sleeping hammocks. I didn't go to sleep, as I thought I would, because the kettles and pans that were hanging around the kitchen wall were banging against the side of the boat with each rock.

After a short while Joe came down to get some dinner. He went to the bait bin, took out a small hake, cleaned it and fried it, along with half a dozen eggs and a bit of bacon.

When dinner was cooked, Joe said: "Come on, make yourselves to home; eat all ye want, an' if there ain't enough I can cook some more."

"Oh, I'm not hungry," I said.

"Come awn, come awn; if ye don't eat ye'll get seasick, and ye won't like that," he growled.

"I think there's too much swell, and she's liable to break away or drag if we let her lay, so I'll go up an' take the wheel. You fellers can stay down an' wash the dishes," said Joe.

We stayed down and I let Phil wash the dishes. He piled them up on the table, went up on deck and got a bucket of water, and set the dishes in it and put it on a chair. He left them in the water, put on an oilcoat and went up on deck to finish his fun at stringing gulls, while I crawled into one of the hammocks again.

About 4 o'clock Joe came down and said: "Come awn, Al, here's a gang o' nets. Don't forget, you and Phil is got to go out in the dory 'cause I can't leave the wheel." I pretended not to hear him so I stayed where I was. I didn't stay there long before Joe came down, took me out of the hammock and stood me on the floor, while he went to get me a raincoat. When he came back with the coat, he put it on me and I went upstairs, because there was no way out of it.

After I was on deck I was all right, and helped Phil throw over a dory. I thought the sloop did some rocking, but I could hardly hold the seat in the dory. The sloop kept a slow steady rock, but the dory kept a rather speedy jumping from one wave to another. Phil was good at rowing, so I let him take the oars and I sat still.

When we reached the nets I made a grab for one of the buoys, but under the dory it went. I grabbed for another, but that went under the dory.

Phil seemed to enjoy my chasing buoys and said: "Take the gaff to it. I wan to get in out of the rain some time."

I took the gaff and pulled up the buoys easily enough, but I could not pull in the net, so Phil dropped the oars and helped me pull in the rope.

"There's somethin' in that net all right," he said. "It's either a good lot of fish, or a shark or a seal."

I said: "Patience tells the story; wait till we get it up, then you won't have to guess, you'll know."

When we did get it up we saw someone had cut away the net and tied a big stone to it.

We started to throw it over again, but we heard Joe holler from the boat: "Save the ropes, boys, they're better 'n nothin'."

We went back to the boat and Joe showed us where the next gang was. The next gang was down about a quarter of a mile, so we held onto the boat and Joe pulled us down to the nets.

"Go ahead now, boys, and remember to save the ropes if you get another stone," said Joe.

We didn't get a stone the next time, but we did get a pretty full net of had-

dock and hake. We took two dory loads of fish to the boat, and took the net in the third trip.

"Pretty good haul, boys, but barely enough to pay for the gang that was cut away. If you get anything in the next gang, we might get a lil' profit, so go ahead to the other gang, that's right over here to starboard a lil' ways," said Joe.

We went around to the other gang, but didn't get much, only a few hake, about a hundred haddock, and two scrod cod.

"Not much doin' to that side, boys; bring 'em in an' we'll go down to the next gang. That's about a mile down the line," said Joe.

We climbed up onto the sloop and tied the dory to it and let it drag behind. On the way down we forked the fish into the barrels.

When we reached the last gang Phil and I jumped into the dory again and started off for the nets. This time Phil was rowing rather hard, as if he was in a hurry.

"What's your hurry, Phil?" I asked.

"Oh, nothin' in particular, only it's beginnin' to get dark," he said.

The last net came up a little harder than some of the others, so I said: "Come on, Phil, we got another stone here. Help me save the ropes."

When we did get the net up it was snarled up, and had two buoys and a baby seal in it, but no fish.

"Is the seal alive yet? If it is we'll keep it an' put it in the duck pond," said Phil. "An' if it's dead, why Joe can get a bounty on it from the town."

The seal was dead, so we took it into the dory. There were ropes on the buoys, so we pulled them in. On one was a lobster pot, and in it were two lobsters. On the other there was an old trawl, on the trawl there were some fish skeletons, the fish of which had been either eaten away, or had rubbed away.

We kept the whole catch, and when we reached the boat again Joe asked, "What ye got there, a department store, or what?"

"Only a net full of junk," said Phil. "What do you want us to do with it?"

"Oh, dump her aboard, and pull up your dory, an' we'll start for home 'fore it gets dark," said Joe.

We started for home, but as there was a strong wind from the shore, we couldn't make much speed, so we took down the sails and Joe started the gasoline engine. Then we made a fair speed toward home.

I started to go down into the cabin but Joe stopped me. "You'll never make a sailor if you go downstairs and sleep all the time," said he.

I stayed up on deck then, and didn't care much about the rock, because I got used to it while out in the dory.

We reached the shore about 7 o'clock, and after we towed the fish to the fish-house, we started for home with empty stomachs and wet feet, these being the usual possessions of a fisherman when he arrives home from a trip.

A. WOODBERRY, '19.

HONORABLE MENTION

"My Chrismas Vacation" ..... Ronald Brown, '16
"American Tourists in England" ..... Dorothy Hinman, '17
"Panchito Ranch" ..... Howard Marple, '18
"Sunrise from a Mountain" ..... Nathan Wood, '18
"Tender Memories" ..... Clard Lofgren, '19
"How Mother Spends the Time from 1.30 to 2", Marietta Bell, '19
"The Hunt" ..... Francis Donovan, '19
"A Book Review" ..... Helen Thompson, '19
"A Ride on an Engine" ..... Whitman Hall, '19

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EDITORIAL

According to all traditions, now is the time to get spring fever and be extremely lazy, to speak classically, indolent. But we do not recognize that tradition. Now is the time to get busy. One-eighth of our school year remains and it should be made the most of.

Now is the time for those who have been a little careless in their studies to tighten up a little instead of waiting until the night before the finals. A little close application now may easily pull up failing work. Let the spring fever attack someone else. Let the helping spirit attack you.

What is the "helping spirit"? It is that which makes the football man put the extra ounce of energy into pushing the play to completion. It is the spirit of co-operation wherever it is found—the spirit that may be applied to any purpose or enterprise. In short, it is the spirit that wins. But the best feature of this is that the benefit derived therefrom is reflexive and is the first step toward efficiency. There is no such satisfaction as the feeling that you have gone into something and boosted—that you have shared the burden necessary to some big success or, perhaps, to some big failure. The satisfaction lies in the fact that you did your level best. And moreover, this habit once fixed upon you will remain forever, and through helping others you help yourself. Look around you; opportunities are everywhere, not only in your school life, but in everyday affairs. Get the habit. It is a healthy one.

L. E.

SCHOOL CALENDAR.

On Feb. 1 the boys' debating team debated Chelsea, and the judges awarded the decision to the Chelsea speakers.

The boys on the debating team to debate Cambridge journeyed to Cambridge, on March 10, and after a very exciting debate the judges awarded the decision to Cambridge by a very close margin. The team was composed of John Snow, Laurence Pierce, Jr., William Power and John J. Lyons, Jr., alternate.

On Tuesday, March 14, trials for the Lexington debate were held. There was a large number and the following were picked by the judges: William Robinson, Herbert Collins, William Barry and William Power, alternate.

On Monday, March 20, the trials for the school play were held. The play, to be given May 26, is called "The Private Secretary." The judges picked the following: Ralph Summergren, Leslie Talbot, Leonard Collins, William Robinson, William Barry, William Power, Robert White, Herbert Collins, Miss Gean Lufkin, Miss Kathrine Sawyer, Miss Dorothy Hinman and Miss Elsie Williams. The understudies are Miss Doris Chauvin, Miss Margaret Munch, Daniel Sexton and Elmer Lowe. Mr. Epstein will be the coach.

On Friday, April 7, he boys' debating team journeyed to Lexington and there the team was again defeated.

Since our last issue we have had many speakers entertain us on different days. One of the best was Elmer Getchel. He has just come from the scene of war in France and is well acquainted with the conditions there. Among the others were: Lincoln Wirt, on "In the Wake of the War"; Mrs. Meade on "Peace"; Mr. Oldys on "Birds," Norman Taber on "School Athletics."

COMING EVENTS

April 28—Concert by musical clubs.
May 5—Junior social to seniors.
May 17—Shakesperian celebration.
May 19—Sophomore social.
May 26—"The Private Secretary."

HERBERT S. COLLINS.

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CIVIC FORUM

February 18 a meeting of the Forum was held.

The written rules which had been brought in were read and discussed, then voted upon.

The following rules were voted upon and passed:

Teachers shall mark according to the average done by the whole class.

All marking shall be by letter and not by per centum.

Some credit shall be deducted, though not more than five per centum, from the examination paper for appearance.

Effort shall count in the final mark of a pupil.

Teachers shall take into consideration outside school activities of pupil in marking pupil.

Marks shall be lowered for incorrect English on all examination papers.

No examination shall be given unless two-thirds of the class are present.

March 16 a Forum meeting was called, but as a quorum was not present a regular meeting was not held. An informal discussion was enjoyed by those present on the question: "Resolved, that the Arlington Symmes Hospital should be free to citizens of Arlington."

March 30 a Senate meeting was held. The following were admitted as regular members to the Forum: Stanwood Cook, John Lyons, Ralph Adams and Albert Surrette.

EDITH MacBRIDE, Clerk.

ENGLISH CLUB NOTES.

The second regular meeting of the English Club was held Friday, February 4, at 3 in the afternoon. The subject of the meeting was "The Life and Works of Alfred Noyes." The leaders were Dorothy Lovewell, '16, and Ruth Gleason, '16.

After a few words of greeting had been addressed to the audience by Miss Lovewell, the secretary's report was read and approved. Miss Gleason gave a short sketch of the life of Alfred Noyes, and between the various readings, read some brief comments on the types of poetry illustrated by the readings.

The program was as follows: Ruth Scully, '16, read a poem, "The World's May Queen." In this poem England is represented as the May Queen of the other nations of the world.

Mr. Epstein read, in a very appreciative manner, "The Forty Singing Seamen."

Gean Lufkin, '16, read a fantastic little ballad entitled "A Triple Ballad of Old Japan."

Lawrence King, '17, read another ballad, "The Highwayman."

Nathan Wood, '18, read "The Admiral's Ghost," a very interesting ballad.

Dorothy Roberts, '18, read "A Song of Sherwood."

Dorothy Lovewell, '16, read the stirring poem, "New Wars for Old."

As a fitting climax to the program, the audience was favored by hearing Mrs. Hooker charmingly read "The Barrel Organ."

The meeting was then adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

NORAH E. JOHNSON, Sec.



The "Clarion" acknowledges with many thanks the following exchanges:

"The Pierian," Foxborough, Mass.; "The Recorder," Boys' High, Brooklyn, N. Y.; "The News," East Orange, N. J.; "The Sagabore," Brookline; "The Pasco School News," (4 copies), Dade City, Florida; "The Blue and Gold" (2 copies), Girls' High, Brooklyn, N. Y.; "The Red and White," Rochester, N. H.; "The Oak, Lily and Ivy" (2 copies), Milford; "The Penn Charter Magazine" (3 copies), William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia, Penn.; "The Megaphone" (2 copies), Dean Academy, Franklin; "The Mount Hollis Outlook" (2 copies), Holliston; "The School Life," Melrose; "The Quarterly" (2 copies), Stamford, Conn.; "The Archon" (2 copies), Dummer Academy, South Byfield; "The Beacon," Chelsea; "The Delphian" (2 copies), Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.; "The Clarion" (2 copies), West Hartford, Conn.; "The Student" (2 copies), Freeport, N. Y.; "The Index" (2 copies), South High, Worcester; "The Voice," Falmouth; "The Review," Newton; "The Sassamon" (2 copies), Natick; "The Chronicle," Men's Evening High, New York, N. Y.; "The Mirror," Waltham; "The Broctonia," Brockton; "The Reflector," Gloucester; "The Academe," North Adams; "The Argus," Gardner; "The Recorder," Winchester; "The Voice" (2 copies), Concord; "Trade Winds," Boys' Trade School, Worcester; "The Brewster," Wolfeboro, N. H.; "The Pinkerton Critic," Derry, N. H.; "The Oracle," Bangor, Me.; "The Kingfisher," Kingfisher, Oklahoma; "The Clarion" (2 copies), Salem, Oregon; "The Wireless," Dedham.

AS OTHERS SEE US

"Clarion," Salem, Oregon—"You are to be commended on your excellent literary department. Your publication is very good throughout, but athletic notes seem to be a minus quantity in your paper."

"Sassamon"—"We admire the quantity as well as the quality of the stories and descriptions in your Christmas number. As an illustration of true Christmas spirit, we liked especially well 'Judy's Idea.'"

"Recorder," Winchester—"Wanted—A larger advertising department in the 'Clarion.'"

"Red and White"—"Your paper is certainly one of which you may be

proud. The cut for the Exchange Department is especially attractive."

"Oak, Lily and Ivy"—"We are glad to welcome the 'Clarion,' and think yours is an attractive paper. You have many stories, but why not have at least one long one? Your cuts are very well drawn."

"Pierian"—"The Athletic Department of your paper is excellent.

"Mirror"—"Your Literary Department is large and shows thought and talent."

AS WE SEE OTHERS

"The Clarion" (W. Hartford)—You have a very interesting little paper. "Un Chant" was remarkably well written.

"Clarion" (Oregon)—You are one of the few exchanges that we receive that come in newspaper form. We find your paper very bright and interesting, and hope to hear from you again.

"Penn Charter Magazine"—Your exchange department would accomplish more if your comments were a little less of an attempt to be funny. A few jokes would not harm your paper.

"Broctonia"—Have you no artists in your school who could make a few simple cuts? Otherwise your paper is excellent.

"Mount Hollis Outlook"—For a paper in its first year, you manage to get out a remarkably good paper. Try especially hard to have a large literary department, which we believe is the most important part of a school paper.

"The Beacon"—Your exchange department is conducted unusually well.

First Freshie—"Aw, shut up."

Second Freshie—"You're the biggest dunce in school."

Teacher (angrily)—"Boys, boys, don't forget I'm here."—Ex.

Dark street,
Banana peel;
Fat man,
Virginia reel!—Ex.

Father—"Harriet, who has been to call on you?"

Harriet (blushing)—"Only Virginia. Why?"

Father—"Well, tell Virginia she left her pipe on the piano.

They say the Indian never laughs. Then why did Longfellow make Minnehaha?—Ex.

Doctor—"I don't like your heart action. You have apparently been troubled with angina spectoris."

Patient (sheepishly)—"You're right, doctor, only that isn't just her name."—Ex.

Here's to the faculty—long may they live,
Even as long as the lessons they give!—Ex.

Wanted—A boy to deliver oysters that can ride a wheel.—Ex.

The freshmen know not but know not that they know not,
The sophomores know not but know that they know not,
The juniors know but know not that they know,
The seniors know and know that they know.—Ex.

Little Marion saw a small tugboat towing a large boat. Suddenly the tug whistled. "Oh, papa," she cried, "the big boat got the little one by the tail and is making it squeal."—Ex.

Turn failure into victory,
Don't let your courage fade,
And if you get a lemon,
Just make the lemon aid.—Ex.

Teacher—"In the early days of England there was an overlord and a vassal. What was the vassal's wife called?"

Pupil—"Vaseline."

The Freshman stood on the burning
deck,
But, as far as we could learn,
He stood in perfect safety, for
He was too green to burn.—Ex.

A new broom sweeps clean, but a vacuum cleaner.—Ex.

I stood upon the mountain,
And looked adown the plain,
I saw a lot of green stuff,
That looked like waving grain.
I took another look at it:
I thought it must be grass—
But, goodness! to my horror
It was the freshman class!—Ex.

Customer (in restaurant)—"Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter—"We serve everybody. Sit down."—Ex.

Senior (to new boy)—"What's your name?"

Freshie—"Clarence John George Williams."

Senior—"Well, Clarence John George Williams, supposing you go and ask James Albert Herbert Jones to tell Richard Douglas Alan Conyers to see Stanley Robert Edgar Harrison about the bat that Edward Percy King borrowed from Joseph Thomas Andrew Williamson last week, on old Farmer Jehosephat Hezekiah Puddinfoot's meadow."—Ex.





HOCKEY

February 11, 1916, the team went to the Boston Arena to meet the Medford seven. Medford started out with a rush, only to be met by the far superior team from Arlington. As one Boston sporting editor reported it, it was the best schoolboy hockey game seen for some time. The whole game was scrappy, our team having the edge of the results. The score was one to one, and the game drawing to a close. Barry had been playing a sensational game in goal, repeatedly saving us from defeat. Peabody stood in the middle of the ice and somebody had shot the puck to him. He caught it on his stick and lifting it nicely and shooting swiftly, he drove it over the Medford points, just touching one of their gloves. The goal tender was awakened by shouts of joy to find that Arlington had won the game. We were one step nearer the league victory. The game closed with a score of two to one.

The next game was with Newton, the league contenders of chief importance. We were conceded the championship when sized up with this team on paper, and we were determined to prove it on the ice. The whistle blew for the start of the game and the fight began. When the fray was over we were beaten by the small score of 1—0. However, the team covered itself with glory, the forwards playing a sterling brand of hockey; the points kept back attack after attack, and Barry, the goal tend, kept out all except one lone goal—a Herculean task. This game did not put a damper on us, for we had still to beat Melrose.

The following Monday Newton played Melrose and was beaten 4—2.

Finally the day came, March 3rd. We even cancelled an important lecture to insure a good audience for the game. For this was THE game, and it was with Melrose, our ancient rival. Perhaps we were a little too confident, but whatever it was, the team was carried a little off it's feet by Melrose's rush and almost before we knew it they had scored a goal. The game see-sawed till about ten minutes before the end. Then our fellows broke loose. Such playing has not been seen for a long while, for we scored our lone goal and came near setting the Melrose team on its back.

With the Melrose game the season closed unsuccessfully, from a championship standpoint, but we have developed some wonderful players. Throughout the season the team has been without Captain Donnelly, but for regulars we have had Jost, Reycroft, Peabody, Robinson, Rulin, Morton, Barry, Maguire, and for subs Sunergren, McCarty, Cook, Anderson, O'Connell.

BASKETBALL

Under the coaching of Mr. Long we have had some basket ball teams which have played among each other for about two months every Tuesday and Thursday. The Junior High boys were in [illegible] come up, also to play. It did not take very long to find out

that the Juniors and Seniors were the teams of real class, and they became of real interest to the spectators. The series showed that they were about tied for championship honors, and the tie was played off, resulting in a decisive victory for the Seniors. Then a game was arranged between the champion Seniors and the Faculty for the school championship. The Faculty, consisting of Mr. Long, Mr. Clerk, Mr. Epstein, Mr. Gordon and Mr. Robinson, were an untrained lot of oldtimers, that is, in the Senior team's estimation. However, on the day of the great game the "oldtimers" showed some real "old-time" form, and they defeated the Seniors.

The girls, under Miss Marshall, have been practicing regularly, but have played only one game before the public. They showed the result of careful training.

BASEBALL

Early in March the battery candidates were called out for practice and they have now gotten into good form and give promise of showing big league style this season. April 3d the rest of the team was called out and are receiving practice every day now under Mr. Long. The team chose Walter Nix captain, and he is proving his capability on the field. The full list of candidates are following, out of whom Mr. Long expects to fashion a very good team: W. Nix, J. Donnelly, W. Ryan, L. Collins, H. Collins, R. Cadagan, J. MacCarty, N. Jost, William Ryan, G. Jardine, L. Talbot, C. Moore, R. Hadley, A. Clare, P. Donnelly, E. Schwamb, D. Geary, R. Jones, Hatch J. McCarty, S. Kellogg, J. Mahoney, Geary, W. Coolidge, Snow, William Anderson, Johnson, C. Daly, Lynch, L. Loftus, King, M. Reycroft Dineen, Sexton, E. McCarty, Benham, S. Morton, Hammel, Kemp, F. Cameron F. Magnire, T. Schwamb, H. Rick, Consens, Hatfield, L. Berlin.

Some interesting games will be played and to have a winning team a good crowd of followers is needed and it is the duty of every High School pupil to go to every home game and as many away from home as possible.

The schedule is as follows:

Wednesday, April 12. Salem Normal at Arlington.
Saturday, April 15. Peabody at Peabody.
Wednesday, April 19. La Salle High at Arlington.
Saturday, April 22. Concord at Arlington.
Wednesday, April 26. Chelsea at Arlington.
Saturday, April 29. Woburn at Arlington.
Tuesday, May 2. Lexington at Lexington.*
Friday, May 5. Reading at Arlington.*
Tuesday, May 9. Reading at Reading.*
Saturday, May 13. Stoneham at Stoneham.
Wednesday, May 17. Winchester at Winchester.*
Saturday, April 20. Mechanic Arts at Arlington.
Wednesday, May 24. Woburn at Woburn.
Saturday, May 27. Thayer Academy there.
Tuesday, May 30. Gloucester at Gloucester.*
Saturday, June 3. Winchester at Arlington.*
Wednesday, June 7. Melrose at Arlington.
Saturday, June 10. Stoneham at Arlington.
Wednesday, June 14. Lexington at Arlington.*
Saturday, June 17. Gloucester at Arlington.

*Mystic Valley League.

ALUMNI NOTES

Blanche Vail, '10, is in charge of the public schools of Toledo, Ohio, as physical director.

Katherine Livingstone, '14, is studying music with Dr. Loud of Newbury Street.

Margaret and Bertha Yerrington, twins, of '14, are employed along different lines. Margaret is a freshman at Jackson and Bertha is stenographer in the employ of Vose & Swain, engravers.

Fred Campbell, '14, is in his second year at the Wentworth Institute.

Gladys Chamberlain, '14, is studying kindergarten work.

Doris Deveraux, '13, and Louise Hatch, '14, are attending Smith.

Adelaide Stickney, '14, is in her second year at Wellesley.

Willard Bailey, '15, and Wesley Clark have departed this earth for a watery existence upon the Ranger, U. S. Naval Training School.

Gladys Richardson, '15, is attending Salem Normal School.

Ruth Fowle, '14, graduates from Bridgewater Normal School this year.

Marion Anderson, '15, is a freshman at Radcliffe.

Harry Dadmun, at Harvard, has been elected captain of the football eam for next year.

Helen and Mildred Green are both at Smith.

Technology has several of our boys, among whom are Thomas Donnelly, John Eberhardt, Leon Snow, Russell Smith and Edward Mead.

Lewis Cousens, '14, is at Dartmouth.



1916

The box of candy offered in the last number was won by Miss Rena Young, '16, who sent in the first correct solution of the contest. Miss Katharine Holway, '16, was a close second. These two were the only complete lists submitted, but the editor regrets that the many others who tried could not have been successful.

The following is the correct solution:

Hardy	Caterino
Young	Merrick
Ladd	Hayes
Sawyer	White
Waage	Barry
Prince	Byram
Leary	Hatfield
Baker	Perkins
Smith	Bowman
Brown	Lynch
Adams	Munch
Banks	Kennedy
Dickie	Lawton
Robinson	Dolan
Doane	Rich
Viano	Estabrook
Paramino	Reed
Parris	Wyman
Berlin	Hooker
Livingstone	Leetch
Gillis	Clifford
Wilson	Buckley
Morse	Willis
Lyons	Ahern
Lovewell	King
Heaney	Kirlin
Keenan	Walkinshaw
Allen	Lowe
Holway	Pierce
Anderson	Scully
Prescott	Walker
Tilton	Black
Johnson	Moire
Chellis	Vail
MacBride	Doughty
Snow	Cook
Gleason	Power

CLASS REPORT

A brief class meeting was held at the close of school in Room 15, on March 24, 1916.

After some discussion it was voted that $100 of the $124.03 which were the receipts of the minstrel show should be given to the Athletic Association. The remaining $24.03 are to be placed in the class treasury.

The meeting was then adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

RUTH E. GLEASON, Secretary.

Latin IV. A

Miss R-b-t-n: "You may take forty-two lines for tomorrow."

Voice: "Aut quonam nostri tibi cura recessit?"

English IV. A

Miss E-t-n (quoting Macaulay): "'His taste in cookery was formed in subterranean ordinaries.' What was an ordinary?"

Miss H-k-r: "Rancid butter."

Heard in Room 15

"Well, of course, if you sing and are in the orchestra, too, you can't be in both rooms at once. You can't have a person on one side and his instrument on the other and expect him to make much of a connection!"

Excellent logic of one of our faculty.

French IV.

Pupil translating "je t'estime": "I steam you."

Intelligent junior (speaking of futnre baseball team): "Well, who's going to play bat?"

English IV. A

Miss E-t-n: "Yes, Garrick must have gone to London with him, too. You see, Macaulay says that Johnson set out with a few guineas."

Geometry IV. A

Mr. Br-ks: "I don't see that figure anywhere on the board."

Voice: "Where, oh where, is Polly gone?"

By a Household Arts Girl

"Mold, mold, beautiful mold—
Where thou didst come from I know not:
Mold, mold, loveliest mold—
Thou tiest my nose
In a bow knot."

Blake books will soon be here. We foresee great Scott for Miss Johnson and (the) Dickens for Miss Hayes.

German II.

Es-t-br-k (speaking of government): "Oh, we all know that from Mr. Cross."

Miss M-g-r: "I suppose you do. I never took a course from Mr. Cross, I'm sorry to say."

Latin IV.

B-r-y (during the course of a translation): "Who's this one—Vellus?"

Latin IV. is contemplating writing a scenario of the "Aenead." Watch the movies for further developments.

German II.

Miss M-g-r: "Haben sie einen Gross vater?"

Wh-te: "Yes, three or four of them."

In English IV. B our study of "Macbeth" has given rise to a question: What and where is a snake's thigh? Information along the same line is also desired by Latin IV. in regard to an ant's shoulder.

French IV.

Miss B-r-n, translating "Nous voyons un vieille femme mourante, assistee d'une servante": "We see an old woman dying, assisted by her servant."

By the way—"Nothing is the matter, so don't telephone H. G. R."

English IV. A

Miss E-t-n: "The courts of admiralty were courts which sat on all maritime cases."

1917

TO THE READER

(With apologies to Nixon Waterman)

This little page is not so bad,
Or so it seems to me,
As what you might have thought it, had
I made it longer, see?

And should you note some slight defect
Within this wreath of verse,
Please don't forget to recollect
You've published stuff that's worse.

"Work" rhymes with "Clerk,"
And so does "shirk,"
But shirk doesn't work
With Mr. Clerk.

Miss Ford, on hearing a pupil sneeze quite violently, looked up. Whereupon another student remarked: "No wonder; that was enough to start a Ford."

WE JUNIORS

J stands for Juniors,
So wondrous and bright;
This is the reason,—
Because we are all right.

U stands for unity,
Well known in our class,
By which we expect
From Juniors to pass.

N stands for numbers,
Of which our class is made.
Here's hoping to these Juniors
Health to never fade.

I stands for ideas,
Where did we get so many?
Oh, but you mustn't say
They're not worth a penny.

O stands for orators,
Yes, we have a few,
Some class to that
I think, don't you?

R stands for recitation,
At which we are sharks;
Come hear us recite
And in the remarks.

S stands for service
We are doing our school,
And also for system,
Which is the Golden Rule.

OUR SCHOOL DAYS

On Mondays are we back to school,
Our lessons to enjoy (?)
And all day long, in studying them,
Our periods do employ.
On Tuesdays we do go to gym,
And march, and dance, and skip,
Miss Bowker shows us many things
Which will make us more fit.
On Wednesdays we to music go,
And sing the songs we know;
Miss Heard has taught us many songs
And through them we do go.
On Thursdays comes our own Miss Fish,
Who brings with her Miss Wright,
And all the day they toil along
And teach us to draw right.
On Fridays come our lectures fine,
Which we do much enjoy,
For Mr. Clerk arranges them
In a way that gives us joy.

1918

THE "HOWS" OF '18

How to dance, see Odenweller, '18.

How to drive a Ford, see Hutchinson, '18.

How to get into trouble, see Marsters, '18.

How to clean blackboards, see Bryant, '18.

How to wear a "classy" necktie, seee Reed, '18.

How to recite to the windows, see Tyleston, '18.

Miss E. (in English): "What did the Templar do to make a good impression on Rebecca when he went to see her in her imprisonment in the castle?"

Palmer: "He arrayed himself in his (k)nightly clothes."

Teacher (to boys who are whispering): "Order, boys, order!"

Bright Soph: "Ham sandwich and a cup of coffee."—Ex.

AFTER THE FIRE DRILL

Miss R-d to E-b-: "Well, as you were so long coming in you had better get a tardy slip. Where were you?"

E-b-: "We were helping the firemen roll up the hose."

German II. C

Miss R-d: "Is Francis Cannon in this room?"

L. K-g: "No, we don't keep artillery in a schoolroom."

Anxious puipl: "What is the test going to cover, Miss Flagg?"

Bright Boy (in stage whisper): "A sheet of paper."

R. Wilson lost Hitchcock:

"It must be in the school because I never take it home." Bad admission to make to a teacher.

English II. A

The firebell rings. C. Butler looks around anxiously for her bag; sees an object under her chair which looks big enough for it, and snatches it up. It wriggles mysteriously and she turns around to find that she has hold of E. Colbert's foot.

Villa has nothing on Room 25, V. Period. Outlaws made to order while you wait. All descriptions, etc.

French II. E

Miss R. to pupil: "Continue translating."

Pupil (translating): "Oh, how beautiful you are."

Did he really mean it?

Johnny: "I couldn't get no lesson this mornin'."

Teacher: "Have you ever had any grammar, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Yes'm, but my grammar she died a long time ago."—Ex.

Re-ed and Erb, going in A and P to buy some dynamite chocolates:

E-b: "Give me half a pound of chocolates." Puts down five cents.

Man: "You'll have to give me two cents more. They've gone up on account of the war."

R-d to E-b: "What! They must be using them for bullets."

In History: "What happened after the death of Alexander Severns?"

Pupil: "He was buried."

Mr. Bonney to Miss Rice: "You may recite Miss er er Kellogg, or er Rice?"

Corner outlaws: "No, no, it's not Kellogg's rice, it's Kellogg's corn flakes."

1919

Pupil (reading from English book): "The main advantage of the automobile is that they never get tired or sick."

G—: "But they do get tired."

Mrs. B. (doubtfully): "How?"

G—: "On the wheels."

Heard in algebra:

Miss W— (explaining example): "If the pump can fill it in 12 days in one day he can fill one-twelfth of him. Aren't genders confusing?"

The teacher of one of the classes said one morning: "Now, I want you to give me a sentence with the word 'delight' in it. Johnny raised his hand and said: "The vind blew in the vindow and blew out delight."

Teacher: "You must have gotten out from the wrong side of your bed this morning, Miss B—"

Miss B—: "I couldn't. One side is against the wall." Proved.

Miss H-rd: "Make all the mistakes you want, but get it right."

William came up from the cellar crying and his mother asked him what had happened.

Willie: "Pa-pa c-cut h-his h-h-hand."

Mother: "Why, Willie, you shouldn't cry over that; you should laugh."

Willie: "I did."

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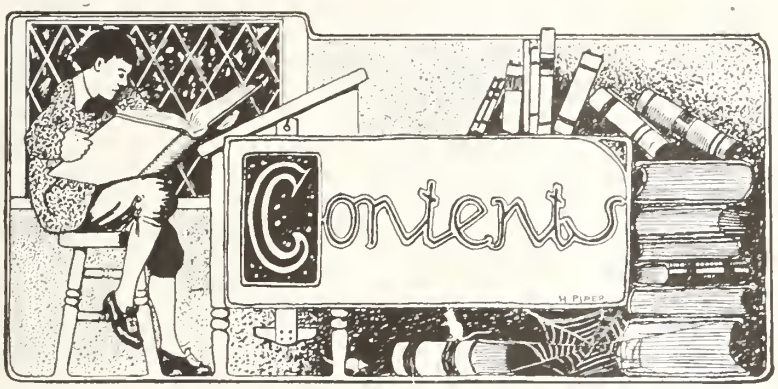
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Editorial

Another year of school is drawing to a close. In these last few days everyone may look back upon the year with a certain measure of satisfaction. It has been a year of opportunity. We have been in our new high school with its advantages and possibilities. Everyone has had the opportunity of doing his best. The question is, has each one done his best.

There is always regret attached to the last days of the school year. That regret most deeply effects the seniors, and it is to them that the first message is directed.

Seniors, we have reached the goal of our high school course. As we stand on the mountain-top, we can see below us the fields and mountains awaiting our coming. The mist veils them somewhat and we cannot see exactly what the future has in store for us. The valley, to which we are about to descend, has its joys and its surprises for us. Some are planning a college course, some a business career, and some a professional life, but we are all on our way to that city which gleams but indistinctly on the distant horizon—that city whose name is Success. And we all hope to find Happiness as we go. There is no exact definition of Happiness—we must find it for ourselves. When we shall soon descend the mountain and enter the valley of life, when we come to the parting of the ways, let us not choose the path of least resistance, for that path will not lead us to the city of Success. Some one has said that Success is spelled with four letters—w-o-r-k, and failure with five —s-h-i-r-k. And it is by working in the path of duty that we shall reach our goal. So, Seniors, let us go down into the valley, and start out on our journey in life, resolved to work, and to strive, and to help, and we shall find Success.

Juniors, you are soon to become the highest class in the school. You will find the duties different from before. You will be the ones upon whom the greatest responsibility rests. Be interested in all that goes to make a school its best—scholarship, discipline, school spirit, athletics; in a word—be seniors!

Sophomores, before long you will be upper classmen. Enter your junior year with determination. Resolve to be worthy pupils of Arlington High School,—to uphold her principles and ever to stand by her!

Freshmen, you will no longer be the lowest class in the school. You will be one step further advanced. Be loyal to A. H. S. and you will find in her a loyal friend!

And now the present Clarion Board has come to the end of its term and it wishes to express to all teachers and pupils of the school its thanks for the aid given in making the paper what it has been. To the board of next year is extended a sincere wish that the Clarion may be very successful as the paper of the Arlington High School.

D. Q.

Salutatory

As President of the Class of 1916 it gives me great pleasure to welcome here this evening our parents and friends to the graduation exercises. All graduations are similar in character, marking the completion of a course of study by a number of young people. But to each class, its own graduation has a special significance. Although we know many classes have preceded us and many will follow, yet to us our own graduation assumes great importance. It marks the end of our public school life and our introduction to our next great training school, Life itself. For another reason we think our graduation significant. We appreciate the great honor of being the first class to graduate from this beautiful schol and consider it a great privilege to have been able to receive some of the fundamental elements of education from our new Principal, Mr. Clerk, whom we greatly admire. As members of the Arlington High School, for four years we have not merely endured but enjoyed the work and studies which are our first steps to preparedness.

The theme of our program tonight is *Preparedness.* What topic of more vital interest to the United States citizen? He is considering it from the view point of personal and national protection. But "Preparedness" in our sense of the term applies to our four years' education. When we entered the Arlington High School, our first consideration was the election of our course of study. Then we prepared our mental physique for working out our purpose whether business or professional. In physical improvements, or in our social activities, we have received the fundamental elements of Preparedness. We are presenting to you this evening a little sketch entitled "Every senior" which illustrates our idea of the results of our four years' experiences.

Finally I wish to extend, in behalf of the Class, our gratitude to the school committee, superintendent, principal, and teachers who have enabled us to attain these first principles of success. To the parents and friends again we bid a hearty welcome to the graduation exercises of the Class of 1916.

CHESTER BERQUIST, 1916.

Everysenior

A Morality Play, presented by the class of 1916 at its graduation exercises.

EVERYSENIOR ..... STANWOOD COOK
TRUTH ..... DOROTHY QUIMBY
GOOD TIMES ..... MARGUERITE LAMSON
FRIENDS ..... RALPH SUNERGREN
ATHLETICS ..... WILLIAM BARRY
BLUFF ..... AMOS STEVENS
INDUSTRY .....MARION PIERCE
AMBITION .....EMMET KEENAN
GOOD SENSE ..... HELEN DONNELLY
KNOWLEDGE ..... MARY HAYES
EVERYJUNIOR ..... WALTER NIX
EVERY ALUMNUS .... LEO KELLY, 1915
EVERY CITIZEN .... MR. THOMAS J. DONNELLY
SUCCESS ..... MARION ALLEN
LIFE .... JOHN SNOW

EVERYSENIOR.—I've been friends now with Arlington High School for four years. I've been following Knowledge and meeting Studies. Some I've done well, and some not so well, I fear, but I've enjoyed all and overcome all. And now Alma Mater says I am ready to leave her and may go tonight. I wonder if what Browning says, "The best is yet to be" is really so.

Enter Life.

LIFE.—Ah, Everyysenior, you're wondering what I have in store for you. I will tell you. I am no hard task master. I love the youths who are committed unto me. Every year earnest men and noble women come to me saying, "What have you to offer us?" My answer must always be to each one, "What do you desire?" To each I hold out what he desires in proportion to what he gives me. I have many precious gifts, Experience, Health, Happiness, Usefulness, Success; but you must come to me clear-brained, true-hearted, courageous. All I have to demand of you is that you do your best and that you do it yourself. Choose your life companions tonight carefully, and when you come to me, I will meet you gladly.

EVERYSENIOR.—Life, you promise much and advise well. Before I come, I will try to prepare for what you have to offer.

Exit Life.

EVERYSENIOR.—Life sounded a note of warning. I must choose carefully. How may I choose my companions, for I would carry to life the best that I have! But here comes Truth. She will help me.

Enter Truth.

TRUTH.—So, Everysenior, here you are. I've been looking for you, for you are to leave Arlington High School tonight and I am interested in your welfare. Let me tell you, Life is very earnest. Go to Her with carefully chosen companions.

EVERYSENIOR.—Oh, Truth, cannot you help me to choose?

TRUTH.—No. Everysenior, you must make choice yourself.

EVERYSENIOR.—But will you go with me?

TRUTH.—That also depends on yourself. I stand ever ready to help, but only those who earnestly desire me and search diligently for me, find me. I am a good friend to man when he wants me.

EVERYSENIOR.—But shall I find you with Life, Truth?

TRUTH.—I am always by the side of the man who does his duty with all his might, looking ever toward the noble purpose in all things.

EVERYSENIOR.—Truth, I shall try to find you.

Exit Truth.

EVERYSENIOR.—So I must choose my companions myself. Whom shall I take from Arlington High School with me? My Good Times surely. Their memory will help me when Life's discipline presses hard. I will summon them. Good Times!

Enter Good Times.

GOOD TIMES.—Good evening, Everysenior, I was just coming to bid farewell to you. I have had a happy four years' acquaintance with you and am sorry to have you go.

EVERYSENIOR.—We have enjoyed each other. Will you send the memories of our friendship to life with me?

GOOD TIMES.—Everysenior, those shall never be taken away from you. The plays, concerts, dances, lectures, all the happy times shall return to you in memory as long as you wish them to, that I promise you. Treat your joys in Life with the same good sense and enthusiasm that you have used toward me and Life will give you happiness.

EVERYSENIOR.—Thank you, Good Times I hope the other classes in Arlington High School will enjoy you as much as I have.

Exit Good Times.

EVERYSENIOR.—Good Times introduced me to many Friends, I wonder if they will go with me.

Enter Friends.

FRIENDS.—Never fear, Everysenior, we will not desert you. Some of us will go to college with you, some to the business world, some of us you may never see again. As the years go on, other friends will cross your path, our faces become dimmed in your memory. But we know, Everysenior, whenever two members of the closs of 1916 shall meet, the handclasp shall be hearty for the sake of Auld Lang Syne.

EVERYSENIOR.—Thank you, Friends.

Exit Friends.

EVERYSENIOR.—Good Times introduced me also to Athletics. I wonder if he will give me anything to carry away.

Enter Athletics.

ATHLETICS.—Everysenior, I've come to offer my services to you. I've been a good friend to you for four years. You must let me go with you.

EVERYSENIOR.—You have been a good friend, Athletics. You have added Health and Strength to my friends and introduced me to Obedience and Self-control. What will you do for me in Life?

ATHLETICS.—I'm not much skilled in words, Everysenior. Action is my long suit. But if you want to win success, you must let me help you. For Ambition and Good Sense are my friends, also Perseverance, and we can help you not merely to attain but to excel. But be not deceived, Everysenior. I like not the man who follows me at the expense of all else. I must be a rational friend to you or I'll be none. If you treat me well, I can promise you efficiency all your life.

EVERYSENIOR.—Thank you, Athletics, you must go with me.

ATHLETICS.—Good, I'll begin to plan a course in physical culture for you right away. Call on me soon. I'll be ready for you and good luck to you, till you send for me.

Exit Athletics.

EVERYSENIOR.—Now here is Bluff. What shall I say to him?

BLUFF.—Hello, Everysenior, I've come to go to Life with you. Whenever you want any help I'm the one to cal on. I'm indispensible to the human race. They sometimes have a notion that they can get along with-

out me, but they usually call me in.

EVERYSENIOR.—Bluff, have you never failed me? There was an examination once, do you remember? You promised to stand by, but I failed that test.

BLUFF.—Did you? I don't know as that was my fault. I notice your friend Study didn't help you either. But I remember, that was the time you wouldn't let me bring in Cheat, so we both stayed away. Don't let a little thing like the failure of one examination bother you. We'll be a combination that can get away with anything.

EVERYSENIOR.—Life told me all she demanded was that I do my best, and do it myself. No, Bluff, you're a pretty good fellow for company and a good time, but you'd be of no real value to me in Life.

BLUFF.—Oh, all right, if you feel that way about it. You'll feel differently when you get to bumping up against Mr. Competition. Then you'll call on me and I'll be ready. I'm so good natured, you know.

Exit Bluff.

Enter Industry.

INDUSTRY.—I am Industry, Everysenior, I see you've sent Bluff away. Then if you want my help, I can serve you much more acceptable without him. We always work at cross purposes.

EVERYSENIOR.—Truly, Industry, I feel the need of your help but you're always so serious.

INDUSTRY.—Outwardly, perhaps, but I have an inner happiness that only those who employ me know. It is a joy that comes to those who bend all their energies to a task and do it well.

EVERYSENIOR.—That joy, I must surely know.

INDUSTRY.—I am the surest person to help you to win Success, for no one who ever worked industriously for a good end but has conquered Failure. But here come Ambition and Good Sense. They would have a word with you.

EVERYSENIOR.—Thank you, Industry.

Exit Industry.

Enter Ambition and Good Sense.

EVERYSENIOR.—Oh, Ambition and Good Sense, are you going with me to Life?

AMBITION.—It lies in my power, Everysenior, to lead you to a high place among your fellow men, a place of influence and usefulness. He who follows me with Perserverance as his companion and who never admits Despair to his counsel will attain. But let me tell you, Everysenior, all who follow me do not win what I have to give, for some cling to me for selfish ends. Those people usually go over to the side of Failure. So take my friend, Good Sense, also, to help you to follow me well.

GOOD SENSE.—You are right, Ambition, to speak truthfully to Everysenior. May he never be one of your foolish followers. Everysenior, I cannot hold out the allurements of Ambition, for I am a quiet person, and do not force myself upon mankind. Nor do I take up my abode with every man, but delight most in serving the one who realizes the need of my services in his daily life. I can help you to follow Ambition unselfishly. I can show you the right relationship to Industry and I always stand with Truth, your unfailing guide.

EVERYSENIOR.—I thank you truly, Ambition and Good Sense. With such friends I ought indeed to win against great odds.

Exit Ambition and Good Sense.

EVERYSENIOR.—I think I'm getting well equipped for my struggle with Life. But one more friend I need. I wonder if Knowledge will go with me.

Enter Knowledge.

KNOWLEDGE.—"Everyman, I will go
with thee and be thy
guide,
In thy most need to be
at thy side."

Long ago, Everysenior, Knowledge spoke these words to Everyman. She has never failed him if he has called

on her with sincerity. The same promise is for you, Everysenior. Cherish Knowledge, for she is one of your choicest possessions.

"Everysenior, I will go with thee and be thy guide,
In thy every need to be at thy side."

EVERYSENIOR.—Your offer of guidance has filled me with joyful confidence. I hope I may never wound Knowledge to drive her from my side.

Exit Knowledge.

EVERYSENIOR.—Before I go, I would like to leave my greetings to the school. I wonder if Everyjunior will come in.

Enter Everyjunior.

EVERYSENIOR.—Everyjunior, before I leave the school, I want to give the best wishes of Everysenior for the rest of your high school course. We hope your senior year will pass as pleasantly as ours has in this beautiful building. May you and the other classes remember that Loyalty to Arlington High School always pays. Be a good friend to School Spirit, and Arlington High School will have the success that has ever attended it.

EVERYJUNIOR. — Thank you, Everysenior. We will do our part to keep Loyalty and School Spirit in Arlington High School. For our part, we wish you the best things that Life has to offer. Come back to see us, a welcome is always assured to you. Success atend you Everysenior.

EVERYSENIOR.—And best wishes Everyjunior for your Senior year.

Exit Everyjunior.

EVERYSENIOR.—When I go to Life, I shall meet Every Alumnus. I wonder how he will receive me.

Enter Every Alumnus, represented by Mr. Leo Kelly, 1915.

Address by Every Alumnus.

EVERYSENIOR. — Thank you, Every Alumnus. 1916 will do its best to bring honor to your ranks.

Exit Every Alumnus.

EVERYSENIOR.—And then Every Citizen. He has paid for our education. To him we owe much. Will he be willing to do still more for us in teaching us how to take up the duties of life?

Enter Every Citizen, represented by Mr. T. J. Donnelly.

Address by Every Citizen.

EVERYSENIOR.—Thank you, Every Citizen, we hope the years may show our appreciation of your kindness to us in our good citizenship.

Exit Every Citizen.

Enter Success.

SUCCESS.—Everysenior, I am Success. I have been an unseen witness of you tonight. In fact, I have been watching you for four years. I am not, as some think, one who withdraws from humanity and is hard to attain. I desire that men shall strive for me, and am filled with grief when he falters in his search. But I am bound by the law of Truth. I cannot give myself to man. He must win me. But I may be found with Life always, Everysenior, and I shall await your coming to find me. You have shown yourself loyal and true. You have wisely chosen your companions. And so I come to say to you; take Good Times and Athletics with Good Sense. Never desert Industry. Follow Ambition unselfishly. Above all strive ever for Truth, and I, Success, will meet you when you have deserved.

EVERYSENIOR.—Success, I shall strive to attain you with the aid of these friends.

Exit Success.

EVERYSENIOR.—1916, let us go to Life as

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

Written by Miss Eaton for the class of 1916 with the wish that Everysenior may find in Life the Happiness and Success which he so richly deserves.

Valedictory

PREPAREDNESS.

Preparedness, a present day topic of great national interest, cannot be restricted to the military sense which it now invariably suggests. It applies to all phases of life. This attribute is a basic principle in life, in the history of nations, and of individuals. Preparedness represents work timely done to attain a fitness to cope with situations.

In the ancient world what better example of preparedness have we than Sparta? The word "Sparta" has come to symbolize fortitude, obedience, and alertness. "Spartan discipline" instilled in its citizens such a sense of readiness to act that once within a day's notice a troop of 50,000 soldiers were despatched to Plataea. The inscription at Thermopylae is indeed a fitting memorial to these Lacedaemonians, "Stranger, go tell at Sparta that we lie here in obedience to her command."

Hannibal is a sterling illustration of individual preparedness. Ever after he swore eternal enmity towards Rome he labored unceasingly. "Working day and night he thought of sleep only when there was nothing else to do." He was equipped and ready to act when the time was ripe, thus winning the name of one of the greatest captains in history.

Later in history the United States was involved in the greatest civil war of all times. Too much credit cannot be given Gen. Grant for the North's ultimate victory. How really ineffective was the warfare of 1861-2, all because of the North's lack of readiness to act! Grant, however, realizing this, pursued a well defined plan of preparation. As a consequence 1863-5 mark a period of decisive successes, culminating in Gen. Lee's surrender.

In the present day, Germany represents a high type of industrial and national preparedness. The fundamental principle of German education is that the youth shall be trained to become fitted to render his most efficient services to this country. In the schools the things necessary for future work are taught thoroughly. In the higher institutions one pursues to the greatest extent the calling for which he is best adapted. Hence the nation is largely one of experts. Love for the Fatherland is bred in the growing young. Patriotism is fostered and increased to the extent that whenever situations arise which demand united action, the country answers. We must grant Germany credit for remarkable successes (not merely in warfare) which she has attained by this quality of readiness.

Individual preparednes also is present in the literary field. John Townsend Trowbridge, our deceased beloved townsman, did not acquire fame as an author until later in life, when by conscientious and attentive labor he had slowly risen to his height of productiveness. Sir Isaac Newton's life affords a brilliant example of a scientist who prepared himself to enlighten the world. His law of universal gravitation was discovered after painstaking research and investigation,—not when the apple fell on his head. How unstintingly Napoleon labored to fit himself to become a great general and how great a height he really attained! Abraham Lincoln once said in his youth, "I will study and get ready, and maybe my chance will come." His chance

did come and he was prepared for it.

But while the glamour of the fame of these men inspires us, we must not forget that they did not reach their glory in a day. "How many men would fain go to bed dunces and wake up Solomons." Success comes only as we are ready,—just as Hamlet said, "The readiness is all."

We classmates now stand on the threshold dividing our high school and future career. One step forward and we are no longer members of the Arlington High School. During the past few years we have had the opportunity to become prepared. We have striven to fit ourselves to help the community, to further our studies at college, or to enter the business life.

Preparedness itself, however, is significant only as a tool to reach a desired goal. Indeed we have not yet reached our height of fitness, but we appreciate the impetus of the start which has just been afforded us. And so we can now bid farewell to our high school days and to those who have been the inspiration of our ideals with an assurance that we possess in part this valuable asset which will ultimately lead us to attainment in Life's work.

RODNEY C. HARDY, 1916.

Class Day Program

CLASS HISTORY ..... MARION ALLEN

CLASS PROPHECY ..... KENNETH REED
..... RUTH GLEASON
..... WILLIAM ROBINSON

CLASS WILL .....WILLIAM KIRLIN

TEACHERS' PROPHECY ..... AMOS STEVENS

IVY ORATION ..... LEONARD COLLINS

Awarding of Medals to Debaters

Blake Book Distribution

Awarding of Baseball "A's"

Awarding of Hockey "A's"

Presentation of Flags to School by Play Cast

Presentation of Pictures to School by Forum

History of the Class of 1916

It was not so very long ago that, with hesitating, timid footsteps we first made our way to the portals of Arlington High. What a frightened, yet eager little group we were as we waited patiently outside those closed, firmly fastened doors; and how glad we were when, after hours of weary waiting, we were at last admitted to the place which we had looked forward to enter for so long. How grand we felt, as we mounted those steps and how proudly we sat down at those desks with covers that really lifted! Then there was Assembly in the hall with such stately statues beside us, and an imposing row of Faculty seated before us on the stage, and countless other things so strange and fascinating to our wondering eyes. But as we grew more accustomed to our new surroundings, and the glamour began to wear off, we found that we were not nearly so important as we felt. We were refused admittance at nearly every social event; requested to absent ourselves at every interesting or important affair; politely ignored by the Seniors; looked down on in disdain by the Juniors; and the worst of all, we were blamed for everything by the Faculty. As we were considered incapable of managing our own affairs, the right of franchise was denied us; and our ship of state wandered sadly the first year. The only organization which opened its arms to us was the "Clarion" which invited us to contribute three members. We did so with alacrity, and were represented by Mildred Gleason, Mary Hayes, and Lawrence King. Our sole venture that year was the presentation of the "Lady of the Lake", which was chiefly notable for the terrible fight which occurred in the third act between two of our number. However, it was but one-half of our class which went through these sad trials in A. H. S. learning the details of a "macaroni back-bone" and a "gentlemen C." The other half fared far better in their quarters at the Locke School. Under a staff of officers such as Margaret Lamson as President, Peter Gillespie, Vice-President, James Donnelly, Treasurer, and Harold Bixby, Secretary, many good times were enjoyed. A social was held at regular intervals, including a Hallowe'en Party; a play written by our late poet and friend, John T. Trowbridge was given, and an art exhibition was held, the money from which, went toward pictures for the Locke Freshman rooms.

The next year found us united as a complete class.

"We organized as Sophomores,
Most other classes do;
Chose Hardy for our president,
He made a good one, too.
Vice-president was Miss Hooker,
And Cook was treasurer,
Miss Sawyer kept the records
Of all that did occur."

Miss Magner, we selected as our class advisor, and the Clarion editors were Eunice Eberhardt and Harold Bixby. We must have been a very sedate, studious group that year, for a contemporary number of the Clarion remarked that the Sophomore was never seen with less than six books, and that class jokes were about as thick as the hair on a door-knob! It was this year that a member of our class began his cross country running, and saved the day at Cornell—namely Hatfield. Since then he has continued the good work, and

has been a member of every team. Anna Hooker won the second cup in the tennis tournament, a silver trophy presented by the management.

At last, however, we reached our Junior year, and now finally, we began to come into our rightful place as the most brilliant and shining light that ever glowed in A. H. S. Chester Berquist was elected to grace the office of President, and as Vice-President, Marguerite Lamson was chosen. Hoyt Marsden filled the office of Treasurer most assidnously, which consisted for the most part of inscribing regular notices on boards to the effect that the Juniors *must pay their dues*. Katherine Sawyer was again elected as Secretary, the duties of which she discharged very efficiently. Ruth Scully, and our ex-President, Rodney Hardy, represented us on the Clarion staff, and Miss Magner was re-elected as our class advisor.

In Athletics, we literally "shone." In cross-country running, were three Juniors—Leonard Collins, Ralph Hatfield, and William Robinson, who was also manager. The team won the big meet at Cornell for the second time, which I am sure must have been due in great part to the herculean efforts of our members. Kenneth Reed was elected manager of the Boys' Tennis Team which did good work; and in the Girls' Tennis Tournament, Josephine Baker, also a member of our illustrious class, carried off the cup. When Field Hockey Girls were called out, Anna Hooker was appointed manager, while Helen Hadley, the sensation of the previous year's team, was chosen captain. During the winter, William Barry proved to be the bulwark of the Ice Hockey Team, defending the goal like a veritable Trojan. For this year, Pauline Crosby was elected secretary of the Athletic Association.

But although we were conspicuous in Athletics we were also busy winning laurels along other lines. The Dramatic Club brought out a most succesful play entitled, "The Arrival of Kitty" with Katherine Sawyer in the title role. Ruth Scully, Margaret Munch, and Kenneth Reed also took part. Officers in the Girls' Glee Club, the Boys' Glee Club and the Orchestra this year were also found among the Juniors; in fact the clarinet in the Orchestra was chiefly noted for its "double Reed action." Early in the year we learned that Ruth Swett, a former member of our ranks was one of the five pupils awarded class honors in the Medford High School, which she now attends.

A club called the Junior Conference Club was organized this year, and was composed of Junior Girls. These carried on a Moving Picture Investigation amongst our public schools, under the direction of Mr. Scully, which was most interesting as well as instructive. Later on in the year Anna Hooker added another laurel to the wreaths of our class by winning the interscholastic declamatiou contest at the New Hampshire State College.

The crowning event of the year was the reception to the Seniors. This took the form of a Minstrel Show, which was given by about twenty enterprising darkies from our number. The affair was a huge success with its songs, dances, and hits on everyone from pupil to Faculty, and the affair was a most brilliant closing to a very successful year.

And now for our year of years! At last we were Seniors, and had earned the right to enroll ourselves under that enviable title. This year, saying farewell to the old Arlington High School which had sheltered us so well, we entered a wonderful new building. Again we were but Freshmen in feeling and action, for we wandered as strangers in those new, unaccustomed halls, and dwelt on equal terms with the other classes. But we soon found ourselves, however, and at our first class meeting we elected our officers. Berquist again won the race for President, and once more Marguerite Lamson was chosen Vice-President. Ruth Gleason was elected to guard over the momentuous records of our class meetings, and William Barry, chancelor of our over-flowing exchequer. The Clarion

Editors were Amos Stevens and Marion Allen, with Dorothy Quimby as editor-in-chief; and for the last time Miss Magner was unanimously voted to be class advisor. Poor, dear Fraulein, I fear the class of 1916 sadly overworked her, for it is surely a strenuous task to advise such a class as ours for three whole years. We soon showed our capability in the various sports. With William Robinson as manager again, and Collins and Hatfield, the Track Team journeyed to Cornell; but (because of the inclemency of the weather of course) they returned without the cup. Many of the Senior Girls turned out for Field Hockey this season, and William Barry was captain of the football team. The Ice Hockey Team proved very efficient with Barry, Cook, McCarthy, and Amos Stevens as manager.

During the winter the various clubs were organized. Katherine Kennedy was president, Katherine Lowe, treasurer, and Gene Lufkin, secretary of the Girls' Glee Club. John Snow was secretary of the Boys', while Ralph Sunergren and Edith MacBride were respectively president and secretary of the Orchestra. The Senior Conference Club organized, with its president and secretary, Mary Hayes and Dorothy Quimby; Amos Stevens and William Kirlin headed the German Club; Norah Johnson was secretary of the English Club, which held meetings under the leadership of Gean Lufkin, Ruth Gleason, Dorothy Lovewell, and Marion Allen. Stanwood Cook has been efficient as Business Manager of the Clarion and Norah Johnson, Lawrence Pierce, and Harold Bixby have shone in their various departments on the board. Under the leadership of Mr. Epstein an A. H. S. Forum was formed with an august body of senators, and Clerk Edith MacBride, Sergeant of Arms, William Robinson, and Treasurer, William Power. This organization has distinguished itself in numerous disenssions all the way from the freedom of the hospital to the efficiency of the Boston Elevated. We trust such a noble body will continue to flourish in the future as it has this year.

In Basket Ball we won the class championship, but fell at last under the superior size and experience of the Faculty. It was a great blow, but we recovered after a time.

We were no less brilliant along the line of debating, beginning the year with a glorious debate by the girls with Lexington, in which Anna Hooker, Dorothy Hinman and Edith MacBride were pitted against the foes; and continuing with the debate with Cambridge by Wiliam Power, Lawrence Pierce and John Snow, and one with the Lexington boys in which William Robinson and William Barry participated. We certainly do know how to argue!

But with the coming of spring came the Senior Social which was a never to be forgotten affair. After much discussion it was decided to repeat the Minstrel Show, with a greatly enlarged cast, and a complete program of new songs and jokes. Who will ever forget our Hingham Band, Ypsilanti, or above all our own Charlie Chaplin? Upon urgent requests we repeated the entertainment for the benefit of the public and netted $120. One hundred of this we presented to the A. A. A. to reimburse their failing funds, and we never regretted our generosity although we were to need it sadly later on.

Soon two other laurels came to our ranks when William Power won the New England Declamation Contest at Durham, and when Ralph Sunergren won a gold medal from the Quincy Board of Trade for a paper on the merchant marine. We now had the pleasure of introducing to our number two new friends, namely Carolyn Rowse and Elmer Lowe, who have completed the course in three years. But the days flew quickly by, and at last it was May. This month we were entertained by both the Sophomore and Junior classes and enjoyed ourselves greatly at each of these affairs.

We observed Arbor Day by appro-

priate exercises and the planting of a spruce tree at the right of the left walk to Massachusetts Avenue. With this little tree a bottle was planted containing the name of every member of the class. May our tree grow, and preserve forever so precious an emblem!

The schol play entitled "The Private Secretary" which was presented in the Town Hall, was a huge success. All but three in the cast were Seniors and showed their degree by the distingnished quality of their acting.

And now June arrived with its alluring and yet appalling prospects of gradnation. Class meetings came thick and fast to arrange the many details. Champlain was awarded the honor of recording on paper the noble features of every member. It was decided to hold class day exercises indoors instead of outdoors as first planned; and at the suggestion of Mr. Scully we voted to have a curtain for the stage of our beautiful Assembly Hall. As the result of this last decision we set to work to raise the necessary amount and began by earning $35 selling candy at Field Day. In various other ways we achieved the necessary sum and proudly we see before us a lasting testimonial of our great class.

We are now nearing the time to part. Of the little group which first started out on the path of education together, back in the Parmenter School, but seven remain: Margaret Munch, Hilda Prescott, Louis Reycroft, Harold Morse, Stanwood Cook, Kenneth Reed, and Marion Allen. But happily we have gone on increasing and enlarging our number adding new groups and individuals, until at last we stand moulded together as one firm, united whole.

It is now within a week of graduation, and how sad it is to leave the portals of dear old A. H. S. A sigh lingers in our hearts mingled with throbs of joy, as we look back on the space of years and think of all we have done—and then of what we might have done. We hope we have left some deeds and ideals which will be an inspiration to those who will follow us; but if we have not, then in the future may our names stand forth as a worthy emblem of true greatness. Let it burn and glow and ever be bright in the hearts of future classes, that may they look backwards towards the first ones to receive their diplomas in this new building—the grand old class of 1916.

MARION E. ALLEN, 1916.

CLARION BOARD BANQUET

The Clarion Board entertained itself at a banquet on May 23. The girls of the Board prepared a tempting supper which was evidently appreciated by all. After dinner speeches were thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Scully, Mr. Clerk, and Miss Eaton were the guests of the Board. Mr. Scully acted as Toastmaster and the following were responded to.

The Forest .....Miss Eaton
The Heart .....Elizabeth Hoxie
The Branches .....Stanwood Cook
The Leaves .....Herbert Collins
The Buds .....David Snow
The Bark .....Amos Stevens
The Roots .....Julia Currier
The Future Growth.....Mr. Clerk

The occasion was most pleasant. Next year is the twentieth anniversary of the starting of the Clarion, and the present Board suggests that early in the fall, plans be started for a fitting celebration. We are printing in this number Miss Eaton's response to the Forest.

Graduation Program

"Our Flag Defenders" ..... *Bennett*
ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

"Spring Song" ..... *Mendelssohn*
SENIOR CHORUS

Salutatory
CHESTER EDWARD BERQUIST

"It was a Lover and his Lass" ..... *Lang*
GIRLS' GLEE CLUB
MISS FLORENCE HALE, Director

"Everysenior"—A morality play.

EVERYSENIOR ..... STANWOOD COOK
TRUTH ..... DOROTHY QUIMBY
GOOD TIMES ..... MARGUERITE LAMSON
FRIENDS ..... RALPH SUNERGREN
ATHLETICS ..... WILLIAM BARRY
BLUFF ..... AMOS STEVENS
INDUSTRY ..... MARION PIERCE
AMBITION ..... EMMET KEENAN
GOOD SENSE ..... HELEN DONNELLY
KNOWLEDGE ..... MARY HAYES
EVERYJUNIOR ..... WALTER NIX
EVERY ALUMNUS ..... LEO KELLY, 1915
EVERY CITIZEN ..... MR. THOMAS J. DONNELLY
SUCCESS ..... MARION ALLEN
LIFE ..... JOHN SNOW

"March of our Nation" ..... *Geibel*
BOYS' GLEE CLUB
MR. FRANK V. GORDON, Director

Valedictory. "Preparedness"
RODNEY CLINTON HARDY

"Twilight Reverie" (Traumerei) ..... *Schumann*
SENIOR SEMI-CHORUS

"Springtide" ..... *O'Connor*
ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Address
PROFESSOR BENJAMIN TINKHAM MARSHALL
of Dartmouth College

"He Watching Over Israel" ..... *Mendelssohn*
SENIOR CHORUS

Presentation of Diplomas
MR. CARL N. QUIMBY
Chairman of School Committee

Musical Director, MISS BLANCHE E. HEARD
Accompanist, MISS MILDRED GLEASON

LIST OF GRADUATES

WILLIAM ELIOT ANDERSEN
OSWALD FRANCIS BANKS
WILLIAM B. BARRY
LOUIS BERLIN
CHESTER EDWARD BERQUEST
HAROLD OAKES BIXBY
RONALD DALRYMPLE BROWN
LEONARD COLLINS
STANWOOD HILLIARD COOK
FOSTER PARKER DOANE, JR.
HAROLD M. ESTABROOK
W. FRANK GAY
DAVID P. GEARY
RODNEY CLINTON HARDY
RALPH ANDREW HATFIELD
GEORGE Le ROY JARDINE
WILLIAM WALTER KIRLIN
HOWARD MAYNARD LADD
CORNELIUS FRANCIS LEARY, JR.
JOHN ELMER LOWE
FRANCIS L. MAGUIRE, JR.
CHARLES AUGUSTUS McCARTHY
HAROLD S. MORSE
EMMET J. KEENAN
LAURENCE L. PEIRCE, JR.
ELLIOTT R. PERKINS
FRANCIS I. POWER
WILLIAM D. POWER
WALTER J .PURCELL
KENNETH C. REED
G. MOULTON REYCROFT
WILLIAM E. ROBINSON
GEORGE W. SAUNDERS
JOHN DOW SNOW
AMOS H. STEVENS
RALPH A. SUNERGREN
JOHN CHARLES WAAGE, JR.
RALPH CHESTER WALKER
NORMAN WALKINSHAW
ROBERT JOHN WHITE, JR.

MARGARET PORTER ADAMS
MARGUERITE G. AHERN
DOROTHY WHITTEMORE ALLEN
MARION ELLENA ALLEN
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MARGUERITE LAMSON
HELEN ELIZABETH LAWTON
RUTH LOUISE LEETCH
AGNES LOUISE LIVINGSTONE
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ESTHER EMILY SMITH
CONSTANCE TILTON
GLADYS IRENE VAIL
HELEN M. VIANO
FLORA B. WATSON
ELSIE RUTH WILLIAMS
ALICE WILSON
CORA WYMAN
RENA MIRA YOUNG

The Forest

There was once a beautiful forest which stretched away toward the rising Sun who loved it and shone warm upon it on his journey through the sky. When he had completed his journey he sent back his little fays, the shadows, for a lingering good night. Even Darkness fell upon it softly and enveloped it gently in her mantle. Nowhere else caroled the birds so sweetly or whispered the wind so lovingly.

Now the trees in the forests were of various kinds, sturdy, weak, large, small, old and young; some with lofty branches and luxuriant leaves, and some scrubby and not much adorned. And their names were as varied as their kinds; The Mirror, The Oak, Ivy, and Lily, The Oracle, The Reflector, Trade Winds, The Voice.

But there was one spot in the forest where no tree grew. It looked like a good place for a tree, but none came. The soil needed a bit of stirring. One day into the forest a young knight came riding. He was young and tall and comely, and he looked at the trees as he rode along with great interest. At last he came to the place where no tree grew.

"Ah," said he, "here is a splendid place for a tree. I wonder Mother Nature did not send one. Why, how hard the soil is. Little tree perhaps needs some help." And the knight, whose name was Incentive, with his sword carefuly poked and pushed aside the earth. Surely enough, there was a tiny tree which looked up brightly and said.

"Oh, thank you, I was just waiting for a chance to get out."

"Welcome little tree," said the knight, "Welcome to our lovely forest. I will announce to the other trees that you are here." So he put his horn to his lips and blew a clear, strong note which rang like a clarion through the wood. All the trees started and said, "Hark, a clarion, what has happened?" And quickly the news spread that another tree had come. The forest sent back a glad welcome and little tree shivered for very joy.

"Now," said the Knight, "I must christen my tree. What shall I call it? Why, The Clarion, of course, for it shall grow strong and sturdy; and its clear message of truth shall ring through the forest as its welcome sounded forth. It shall sound the bugle note which shall rouse in the pupils of the school a spirit of honor and loyalty to lessons, to teachers, to one another, to every institution connected with the school."

This happened in March, 1897. For nineteen years little tree grew in the forest, adding branches and leaves, sending his roots deeper into the rich soil. Knight Incentive was wont to pass thro the wood from time to time with his challenge to truth and his inspiration to achievement. Sunned by School Spirit, nurtured by the loving thought of its care-takers, and receiving the kind of fellowship of the other trees, in 1916 little tree had grown into a King of the trees standing securely in its forest home and sending out its clarion call of loyalty to Arlington High School.

Lorraine M. Eaton.

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION

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Calendar

Friday evening, the 5th of May, the Junior class of the High School gave to the Seniors an enjoyable reception. The members of the school board and the faculty were also guests of the evening. A one-act farce, "A School Day," was presented by the following cast: Miss Evelyn Chamberlain, pianist; teach, Julia Currier; pupils: Iona Ford, Gertrude Viano; Fannie Flinn, Winifred Shedd; Susie Smithers, Mildred Wadman; Lizzie Lee, Evelyn Lake; Helen Hale, Helen Sinclair; Minnie Mears, Bertha Richardson; Gwendolyn Mulligan, Josephine Stearns; Abbie Aiken, Helen Sampson; Minerva Hall, Dorothy Cutchenson; Rose Warf, Florence Caterino; Will B. Handy, Nelson Jost; One Round Geary, Patrick Findon; Isidore Archibald Murphy, Antone Steidle; Savannah Sam, Stanley Kellogg; Percival Clarence O'Brien, Paul Haseltine; Issy Straight(?), Charles Moore; Fuller Snow, Walter Nix; R. U. Poore, Jack Viets; Charles River, Milton Estabrook; Amos Forever, Arthur Claire; school committee, Walter Chamberlain; angry mother, Hazel Kimball.

The general committee consisted of Elmer Lowe, chairman; Walter Nix, Nelson Jost, Guy Edwards, Fred J. Long, Ralph Stevens, Laura Allen, Evelyn Chamberlain, Norah Kelley, Lucretia Kellogg and Beatrice Young. Dorothy Jordan and Guy Edwards had charge of the decorating; Elmer Lowe, chairman; Walter Nix, Nelson Jost, Ralph Stevens, Lucretia Kellogg, Edith Davis, Beatrice Young and Laura Allen comprised the refreshment committee.

The following are the Junior class officers: President, Walter Nix; vice-president, Dorothy Jordan; secretary, Evelyn Chamberlain; treasurer, Elmer Lowe; class advisor, Fred J. Long.

After the entertainment, dancing was enjoyed in the gymnasium. Refreshments were served by the committee during intermission.

The school celebrated the tercentenary of William Shakespeare's death, May 18. Mr. Clerk opened the exercises. Marion Allen read a paper, "A Shakespearean Fantasy." Helen Rice explained some stereopticon slides of Elizabethan castles. Then, as the whole school rose and sang, "God Save the Queen," Queen Elizabeth, with her court, entered. To her Ben Jonson sang, "Drink to me only with Thine Eyes," and Sir Francis Drake recited a poem. Then Wm. Shakespeare himself brought before the Queen his singers, dancers, and players.

The Girls' Glee Club sang one of Shakespeare's songs "It was a lover and his lass." The dance represented the flowers of a Shakespearean garden set free, dancing gaily about. Four characters, Cordelia, Henry V., Malvolio, Sylvia appeared before the Queen, and finally Cromwell and Cardinal Wolsey gave a scene. The exercises closed with the Queen's injunction to all to accept as our master, this gentle William Shakespeare. The following took part:—

Queen Elizabeth, Marion Peirce; Sir Walter Raleigh, Herbert Collins; Lord Leceister, Joseph Gahm; Lord Burleigh, Anton Steidle; Sir Francis Drake, John Lyons; Ben Jonson, John Snow; The Guard, Stanley Morton; Philostrate, Lawrence Peirce; William Shakespeare, John Chickering; Court Ladies, Grace Donahue, Mertis Banks, Ruth Lovewell, Evelyn Lake, Hazel Kimball; Cordelia, Charlotte Holbrook; Henry V., Ernest Spaulding; Malvolio, Charles Palmer; Sylvia, Geraldine Lovett; Cromwell, Arthur Conder; Wolsey, Walter Murphy.

The dancers: Katherine Kennedy, Ruth Scully, Olive Gillis, Elsie Williams, Helen Doughty, Madeline

Thatcher, Geraldine Loveitt, Vida McCarthy, Gladys Vail, Ethel Roberts. Miss Ruth Scully sang the solo, "Who is Sylvia?"

The first social held by a sophomore class in the high school was given on the evening of May 19th, in the assembly hall, when the seniors were the special guests, with of course the school faculty and the school committee in attendance. Members of the class under the direction of its advisor, Mrs. Ethel H. Wood, presented a one-act farce, entitled "A scene in a Railroad Station." It was full of unique and funny situations that were typical of a railroad station and afforded the audience no end of entertainment. After the play refreshments were served and dancing followed in the gymnasium. The cast:

Ticket Agent .....Ernest Spaulding
Depot Master ..... Ralph Adams
Man at lunch and candy counter
Charles Palmer
Colored Bootblack ....Roswell Baker
Mrs. Snyder .....Marguerite Kenney
Her daughter, Miranda.....Lea Donovan
Mrs. Brown ..... Rebecca Stickney
Johnny ..... Preston Baudreau
Mrs. Larkin .....Elizabeth Hoxie
Miss Sophia Piper .....Priscilla Watts
Mr. Jones .....Everett Tileston
Woman with baby .....Sabina Anderson
Uncle John ..... Albert Stevens
Josiah Potter ..... Howard Marple
Nancy, his wife .....June Sanford
Mr. Armstrong .....Parks Odenweller
His children .....Dorothy Nass
Margaret Casey
Alton Tupper
Robert Smith
Three school girls .. Madeline Thatcher
Charlotte Butler
Murial Buckley
Dude .....Raymond Reed
Mrs. Amelia Hummer ....Dorothy Roberts
Two Italian musicians.
Malcolm Johnson, Frank Gallagher
Mr. Martindale.....Forest Cameron
Mrs. Martindale .....Elsa Haller
Bride and groom,
Helen McCarthy, Raymond Reed
Two young ladies,
Murial Buckley, Madeline Thatcher
Two young men, Harvey Rice, Alton Tupper
Father ..... Albert Stevens
Cassy ..... Dorothy Nass
Jupiter ..... Edward Keefe
College Quartette .....Howard Marple
Harold Clare
Nathan Wood
Preston Baudreau
Four colored people
Lily ..... Dorothy Adams
Eliza ..... Katherine King
George ..... Arthur Moore
Mr. White ..... Ralph Gahm
Harold and Flossie, elopers
Fred Berry and Charlotte Butler
Mr. and Mrs. Lenton, Flossie's parents,
Russell Hadley, Charlotte Holbrook

On the 29th of May six Grand Army men visited the school. Mr. Epstein read the Gettysburg Address, then the Memorial Day exercises were turned over to Mr. Parker. Mr. Birthrong told of a meeting with Lincoln, then Mr. Averill gave us the greetings of the Post 36 and finally Mr. Oakman told how he paid one hundred dollars to go to war. It certainly was a period we all enjoyed.

The last period on Friday, June 2, Mr. Francis Maguire lectured to the school on the War Zone and his trip through Europe.

Miss Bowker held a very successful exhibition of her pupils on June 3 at the Spy Pond Field. One class representing each grade, the Junior High, and the High School took part.

The evening of June 3, the School Play was held in the Town Hall with great success. The cast of the "Private Secretary" were:

Douglas Cattermole.....Wm. Robinson '16
Harry Marsland.....D. Snow '17
Mr. Gibson, the tailor..R. A. Sunergren '16
Mr. R. Spalding, the secretary, L. Collins '16
Mr. Cattermole, Sr. .....W. Barry '16
Mr. Marsland, Sr. .....H. Collins '17
Mrs. Stead .....Miss D. Hinman
Miss Ashford, governess
Miss E. Williams '16
Eva Webster .....Miss G. Lufkin '16
Edith Marsland .....Miss K. Sawyer '16
John, the servant.....Kenneth Reed '16
Knox, writ server .....R. White '16

Alumni Notes

This evening the Alumni Association of the Arlington High School welcomes to its ranks another large and enthusiastic body of young people. The path has been arduous and yet extremely pleasant and profitable leading to a two-fold goal, graduation first and then Alumni. The new high school has ben the arena for the last lap of the race and has afforded increased opportunity for endeavor and achievement. The paths have been many and varied by which this end has been gained and still it is but the beginning of the real race with Time, Intellect, Endurance and Persistency as competitors. Some will fall by the wayside as is inevitable; some fail by but a margin the attainment; others making friends of persistency and endurance will, with great difficulty but ultimately, reach the heights of ambition. A few will brilliantly attain and receive the plaudits of the onlookers, and the race when run will be recorded in the annals on a bright new page.

Once more, Class of 1916, we of the Alumni welcome you with open hearts and hands into the ever-increasing circle of which we are composed.

M. Gretchen King.

THE ANOMELY.

So strange it seems...
The smiling lake is darting merry beams
From every wavelet dancing on its breast.
Quietly now across the water streams
The cool breath of the West.
Up there, becalmed as in a sultry sea,
One solitary wisp of cloud is curled.
A thrush's song leaps up in pasionate glee—
And war is in this world!
War? I have dreamed it. Tell me, West-wind cog,
What place for savage strife and racking woe
Within this frame instinct with love and joy?
Can it be so?

A surly roar comes over the hills,
Muttering hoarse and low:
"Little we care for Natmre's moods,
Little for human woe.
Struggling, competing, throttling, stabbing—
That is life, you know.
We live to gain; we live to win;
And every man's our foe."

So strange it seems...
The wide blue eyes are soft with waking dreams.
The dainty baby features are ashine.
With parted lips, he listens. Then there gleams
A smile that is divine.
Not quite divine; for mischief flashes in it.
He knows he's watched, and nods his curly pate.
Some game's in store; he's eager to begin it—
And some day he will hate?
Dear happy elf, that play'st at peek-a-boo
With all the world! Child whom the angels know!
Why shouldst thou learn mistrust, though others do?
Must it be so?

A clattering tumult swells and sinks,
Out in the street below!
"Trust and love may do for a babe;
But give him a while to grow.
Scheming, guarding, clutching and holding—
That is life, you know.
We live to gain; we live to win;
And every man's our foe."
So strange it seems...
Darkness enfolds the hills, but heaven teems
With troops and trains and galaxies of stars—
Kings of domains invisible, one deems,
Unvexed by tribal wars
Calmly they march upon their destined way,
But on some goal remote from mortal sight.
"Come, join with us," I seem to hear them say.
"Can ye do naught but fight?
O, microbe dwellers on a pebble earth,
Can ye not feel the star-streams pulse and flow?
Must life be bounded by your bodies' girth?
Ought it be so?"

A sleepy rumble ascends from the town,
Mumbling sad and slow;
"Visions of happier times we've had,
But swiftly they pass and go.
Tearing, doubting, shrewdly objecting—
That is life, you know.
We live to gain; we live to win;
And every man's our foe."

Yes, strange it seems,
When all the audience of creation screams
Revolted at this bloody tragedy,
When weary mortals dream such wistful dreams
Of ideal unity,
That still we raise the time-dishonored shout,
"Prepare! Prepare!"—Stop, hear it echoing back
From phantom kings, whose host are put to rout,
And kingdoms gone to wrack.
"Prepare! Prepare!"—for what? For ages more
Of grim hostility and sordid woe?
O proud sons of this most favored shore,
Clear-eyed and strong, and dowered with ancient love,

Shall it be so?
Nay, let us answer the shout and prepare;
But prepare for the reign of right;
Spare neither wealth, nor strength, nor life—
And Heaven beside us shall fight.
Hating, suspecting, wounding and killing—
These shall come to an end.
We'll live to give; we'll live to serve;
And call each man our friend.

WALTER HORTON, 1913.

We are very grateful to Mr. Horton, our Alumnus friend, for his permission to print his poem, remarkable in its power of message. Ed.



During this year the Exchange Department has grown in every way. At the close of the season 1915-16 we have an entire list of forty-eight different exchanges which is more than double the total number of 1914-15, which was only twenty. These forty-eight exchanges are scattered over thirteen different states, while in 1914-15 only three states — Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut — were represented. The various states represented this year are: Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New York, Maine, New Jersey, Florida, Indiana, Wisconsin, Oregon, and Oklahoma. We are leaving a broad field of work for another year, and we give our best wishes for success to next year's exchange Editor, hoping that this department may continue to grow, as it has in past years.

The "Clarion" acknowledges with many thanks the following exchanges. (This list is only complete for the month of May. Exchanges received later than June 1st not included):

The Orange and Black, Marlboro, Mass.; *Pasco School News*, Dade City, Florida; *The Brewster* (5 copies), Wolfboro, N. H.; *The Reflector*, Gloucester, Mass; *The Review*, (2 copies), Newton; *The Delphian*, Moses Brown School, Providence R. I.; *The Pioneer*, Reading; *The Radiator*, Somerville; *The Oracle*, Bangor, Me.; *The Oak, Lily and Ivy*, Milford; *The Beacon*, Chelsea; *The Penn Charter Magazine*, William Pen Charter School, Philadelphia, Penn.; *The Polytechnic*, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.; *The Mercury*, Milwaukee, Wisc.; *The Student*, Clinton; *The Clarion* (12 copies) Salem, Oregon; *The Broctonia*, Brockton; *The Blue and Gold*, Girls' High, Broklyn, N. Y.; *The Voice*, Concord; *The Sassamon*, Natick; *The Mount Hollis Outlook*, Holliston; *The School Life*, Melrose; *The Recorder*, Winchester; *The Enterprise*, Keene, N. H.; *The Student*, Freeport, N. Y.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The Student, Freeport, N. Y. You certainly have a fine list of exchanges.

The Mount Hollis Outlook. Your stories and jokes are excellent, your whole paper is, in fact, but how can you run such a paper on so few advertisements?

The Broctonia. Your paper is interesting. The reading matter is very good, and we wish to commend the author of the poem "The High School

A. B. C." However, a few cartoons would liven it up a little.

The Mercury. Your literature is splendid and the school calendar is a good idea. More illustrations would improve your paper. Your exchanges could be more complete.

The Student, Clinton...We consider you one of our best exchanges. Your literary department deserves special mention. We are especially interested in you, as two of our former faculty, Mr. Clerk and Miss Richmond, are with you.

The Brewster considered Walter Chamberlain's "Antony's Revised Speech" so good that they printed it in full in one of their numbers, saying that "it was too good to miss."

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The Mercury. We consider you our best exchange. We can find no adverse criticisms to make about your paper, as it is excelent in every way.

The Orange and Black. Where are your athletic notes? We think a few more would improve your paper.

The Student. Your literary department needs to be enlarged by some good live stories.

The School Life. We would suggest that you add a table of contents to your paper.

Extract from the notebook of a chemistry shark:

It tastes like salt—
It looks like salt—
And by gosh it is salt!—Ex.

All good boys love their sisters,—
So good have I grown,
I love other boys' sisters,
As well as my own.—Ex.

Adapted from an exchange:—

"Some few years ago today, when our teachers went to school,
I can tell you they weren't perfect, and kept every single rule.
Why that model Mr. Gordon and Miss Eaton too, they say,
Kept the teachers in hot water with the notes they passed each day;
Then I've heard that Mr. George I. Cross, at whom all pupils quake,
A can of red hot pepper o'er the schoolroom well did shake.
And Miss Ford some awful faces at poor Mr. Epstein made
When he gave some wicked twitches to her long and yellow braid.
Then Miss Flagg, sedate Miss Flagg, who has such a boundless knowledge,
Persisted still in chewing gum, all through four years of college.
And please believe me, for 'tis true, whatever you may say,
Miss Robertson a tack did put in her teacher's chair one day.
It's strange, too, that Mr. Clerk, who in "hookey" won't believe
Often went to the river fishin' as from school he took French leave.
Oh, I tell you they were terrors, and broke every single rule.
Yes, they were just common people, when our teachers went to school."

—Ex.

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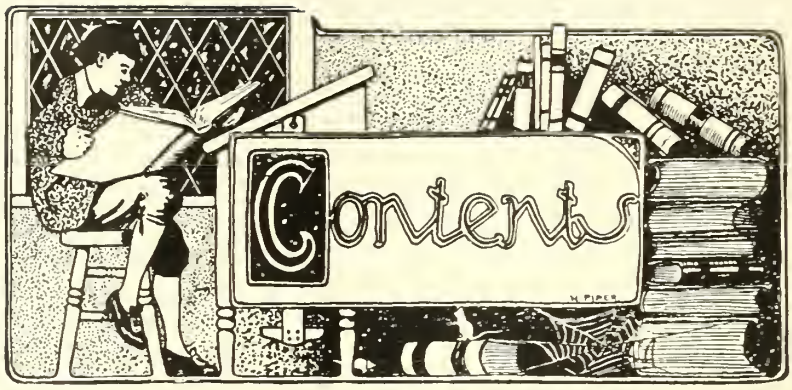
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A Sketch

Bertrand Holmes Wallace was born and brought up in the city of Rochester, New York. After graduating from the grammar school, he entered the Rochester High school in 1893. During his four years here he found but little time for school activities because of the necessity of working during spare hours. He did, however, make the baseball team although he never devoted much time to athletics in general.

The next four years were spent at the University of Rochester, from which he graduated in 1901. Here he was a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity.

Being obliged to work his way through college, Mr. Wallace undertook a great deal of tutoring, at times having as many hours a week of this as he devoted to his own recitations. In his senior year, he secured a position as assistant in the department of modern languages. This naturally prevented him from going in for athletics or many other of the college activities. He was greatly interested in music, being a member of the glee club and of a college quartet for the entire four years. In his fourth year he was made the leader of the former. Mr. Wallace was also the president of his class in his junior year.

After taking post graduate work the next year at the University of Pennsylvania, he became an instructor in modern languages at the Princeton Preparatory School in Trenton, New Jersey. His next position was that of head of the department of modern languages in West Chester, Pennsylvania, and afterwards in the High School of Trenton, New Jersey.

From Trenton, Mr. Wallace went to Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, where he combined the duties of Superintendent of Schools and Principal of the High School, and later a similar position at Westboro, Massachusetts, from which town he was called to Arlington.

Mr. Wallace lives on Lombard Terrace with his wife and two children, a boy of thirteen, who is a Freshman in the High School, and a daughter of eight.

The Clarion bespeaks for Mr. Wallace the hearty cooperation of all the members of the Arlington High School in an endeavor to make this the most successful year of our school.

Editorial

We could well say at the opening of our schools, "The Kings are dead. Long live the Kings." For while we were sorry indeed to lose our good friends, Mr. Scully and Mr. Clerk, we are very glad to welcome as new friends, Mr. Minard and Mr. Wallace.

We have been rather unfortunate in our enforced vacations so that our school activities are not yet organized. Let us hope that this vacation has encouraged us to go into our school work with greater interest and determination for success.

Schoolmates, you all have a wonderful school year ahead of you; Freshmen, this is your first year, make a good start; Sophomores, one year of your precious four has already gone; Juniors, remember you are now upper classmen; Seniors, your last year, make the most of it and leave the best reputation ever known behind you.

We are all so sorry that we have had to lose Miss Eaton for a time and we surely hope that when this number is ready for circulation, she will be here to read it with us.

This little poem whose authorship is unknown to the editor will give us all something to think about:

"I would be true for there are those who trust me,
I would be pure for there are those who care,
I would be strong for there is much to suffer,
I would be brave for there is much to dare.
I would be friend to all the poor and friendless,
I would be giver and forget the gift,
I would be humble for I know my weakness,
I would look up and love and laugh and lift."

Have you noticed our Public Opinion Column? Come, air your news, large or small, about the school or the Clarion to the listening ears of the little box in the library marked "Clarion Notes." No names need be signed. Let's make the Public Opinion Column show your lively interest in the school.



That Clarion Theme

"Tomorrow will be the day for Clarion themes, and the home lesson will be to write out the outline of your story." So said our Most Honorable English Teacher one morning. Now our Most Honorable English Teacher had no intentions of breaking hearts and causing despair to all those who reside in Room 27, the fifth period, but, be that as it may, we tried to spare the feelings of the Most Honorable English Teacher, by suppressing all signs of inner anguish until we were well out in the corridor.

Scene II. (At Home).

"An outline!" Of all things! A theme is bad enough, but when one has to write an outline to be fitted on to it, the result is——, but here we cheek ourselves in time to spare the Most Honorable's feelings.

Well, we might as well have it over with! It won't "get in," anyhow! And here we apologize for delay while we chew our scientific pens (more apologies to Mr. Cross for the use of the word "pens"). If we could only think of a subject for the outline; if we had a subject it would all come like a flash.

Oh, what's the use? We have thought and thought. Here are some suggestions from our worldly-wise Senior Sister: "Why don't you write on a Halloween party, or a description of an autumn sunset, or a trip to somewhere, or——, oh my! you Sophomores never can write anything decent anyhow," etc., etc.

Well, we dip and think, and think and dip, and dip and think once more, but, oh fiddlesticks! Sophomores ought to be excused from Clarion themes anyhow!

We might write on a sunset, we-er-suppose, but-er-"Oh, Senior Sister, what color is the sun when it sets?"

We might-er-write on a hike through the woods,—but "Oh, Senior Sister, what color does a fir tree turn in autumn?"

We might-er-write on that party last Halloween,—but "Oh, Senior Sister, what color dress did Mary Jones wear?"

Our Senior Sister is studying an American History lesson, and says, "Er, I guess so. Was Andrew Jackson a secretary, representative, or what?" Oh, for the wisdom of a Senior Sister!

We might write on a football game, but alas and alack, the last football game (with Belmont) I did not attend, and, anyhow, far be it from me to write an account of a football game, when the result was-er-er-well, anyhow, they played very well.

At last we take a chance and put down on the paper an old, worn, useless topic—"That Clarion Theme"!!—and here it is!!!

Alice Melly, '19.

Lieutenant Von Stern's Last Victory

Lieutenant Von Stern and his observer were returning from a successful raid on a small town not far from the German lines. The lieutenant had an enviable record, for he had shot down no less than fifteen enemy aeroplanes. In the raid from which he was returning he had added one more aeroplane to his list and had beaten off another.

Now, having apparently escaped all pursuit, he was flying at no great speed toward the German lines. Suddenly the drumming of another engine was heard and about half a mile to the lieutenant's left another aeroplane arose, bearing on its wings the emblem of the British aero corps.

On catching sight of each other both aeroplanes ascended, each striving to go higher than the other. After much maneuvering, the lieutenant became exasperated for never before had he met such an enemy. Every move he made was blocked by an equally skillful move of his opponent.

Finally the lieutenant resolved to try a trick which he had used but once before. He flew toward the German lines, as if fleeing from his enemy, with the Englishman in hot pursuit and steadily gaining.

When the Englishman was within twenty-five yards of him, the lieutenant sprang his trap. He exploded four smoke bombs in rapid succession, making a dense black cloud all around him, which the Englishman, on account of his great speed, could not avoid. Half blinded by the smoke, he was an easy prey for the German, who with a well-placed shot, broke his propeller.

But the German had not reckoned on the Englishman's determination, for the latter steered his disabled machine straight at his foe. With a sickening crash, the two machines collided and both victor and vanquished fell to the ground five thousand feet below.

J. H. Morgan, '19.

My Funeral—As I Planned It When Misused

It was a warm, muggy day and all through the day I had been badly treated by teachers and scholars. I felt sad and lonely. Why should I be scolded if I hadn't done my lesson? It wouldn't harm the teachers!

As I had a study period with nothing to do, I planned my funeral. I would write a long letter to my folks, telling of my wrongs and making them feel despondent, so that they would avenge my wrongs. Then I would take a necktie and revolver. I would turn on the gas, hang myself with the necktie, and shoot myself with the revolver.

As I had now killed myself, I planned my funeral. My folks would receive a golden casket from the President with a note saying he had lost a wonderful successor. All the flags would be at half-mast and the state militia would attend the funeral. The Fords would all be painted black (even the radiator and tires) from then on. My death would become a Memorial Day and a monument be raised over my grave.

Then I awoke when the bell rang for the next period.

Walter T. Chamberlain, '17.

Freshman Impressions of High School

I.

My one and only ambition was to go to High School. I used to watch the pupils going and coming from school. The girls, with their books slung over one shoulder, while grabbing hold of their chum's arm with their free hand, all talking at the same time, looked so altogether happy, that I thought to go to High School was all one could desire. When I say High School, I mean the Arlington High School. That's the only High School there is, in my estimation.

I was a bit timid of the grand Juniors and Seniors, and could almost see them strutting down the hall, never deigning to look at us poor little Freshies. I imagined I would be considered an inferior being, who was supposed to do my lessons faithfully, and wait patiently for a year to elapse, until I was given the title of Sophomore; then probably if I spoke respectfully and in an awed voice, I would be allowed to tap a Senior on the arm and say, "I-I-I beg your pardon, but you dropped your comb."

After having spent a few weeks in the school, I find it is very different. There is no sign on each person stating whether he is a Senior or a Freshman. The Seniors do not seem to be a bit over dignified or snobby. Of course, one can feel a superiority owing to their position, but altogether I think the Arlington High School a fine place and I hope to spend four good long years here, and leave, having gained in knowledge and discipline, and with always a good word for the Arlington High School.

Edith S. Baumeister, '20.

II

Before one enters High School he probably has two or three friends who are already scholars there. As I had a few such friends, I, of course, asked them all the questions I could think of. From the answers they gave me, I gathered the general idea that the High School was easier than the Junior High. They told me that if I didn't have my home lessons, nothing was said. They told me that if I was late to school or to a period that nothing was said. They also told me that the Freshmen were the "goats," that they

were only allowed certain privileges, and were looked down upon by the Seniors, Juniors, and the rest.

The first day there wasn't very much of a chance to prove their statements. The second there was still less because everybody in the Freshman class seemed to be late to every period. We couldn't seem to find the rooms, and I can still see myself walking all over the second floor looking for Room 29. I heard two or three other Freshmen asking where Room 4B was, and I wondered myself, until I was told it meant LIB. But now after three or four weeks of school, things seem to have been straightened out, and I do not find that the Freshmen are such "goats" after all. I do find, however, that you do have to have your home lessons, and that you cannot be late to school or to classes without a note.

Hereafter I will form my impressions from experience and not from what my friends tell me.

Norman Rosie, 20.

III.

When I first entered High School I did not even know the principal's name and as I was a week and a half late, I did not get acquainted as early as I should.

My first impression was that the school building was too big. The distance from the boys' entrance to Room 37 seemed enormous. I spent much of the first day in hunting for the rooms and, as I got too rattled to guess how the numbers went, I came into each room late. I also had to borrow some of my books as the teachers could not supply me. Another mistake I made was to leave some book in my home room desk so I would have to go without it.

Moreover, it seemed to me that I had to go up or down three or four flights of stairs to get to each room.

I tried not to appear "green" but somehow I could not seem to help it. Luckily now I am a happier and wiser Freshman.

Charles Tobey, '20.

Why I Am Against Suffrage

People often ask me my opinion on suffrage for women, and I doubt not that they are much surprised with the gusto with which I denounce it.

As I am generally a very mild spoken fellow it is doubtless even less assuring when I literally "fly up in the air" over this seemingly innocent question. So now, to clear myself to those misinformed parties who have been unfortunate enough to have asked me my views on woman's suffrage, I will tell my tale of woe, hoping for pardon if I seem disposed to be prejudiced on the subject.

Let me say that before this happening I had at least a reputation of being a quiet, unobtrusive fellow, who knew how to mind his own business, and was held up by mothers as a model for their boys. Alas, however, since suffrage came to the little town of Jonesville, my reputation has been ruined. It may seem a trivial matter to be the laughing stock of the town, but I deeply pity any one who has gone through what I have.

I was engaged to be married to a girl by the name of Mabel Larrett, and had seemingly nothing but happiness in store for me when my dreams were sadly shattered.

When suffrage came to Jonesville, Mabel was one of the first to become interested, and she soon became one of the leaders. Things went smoothly for a time, although even then I was against suffrage, for it takes brains to vote and therefore I think women should stay at home.

Then one day the cloud that had been rising on my horizon burst, and the deluge came, that swept away all my hopes. The suffrage party an-

nounced they were to have a parade on the 26th of June, three weeks away.

Mabel was elected chairman of the committee in charge and after much coaxing I finally, much against my wishes, promised to be in it. I was to be dressed up as "Uncle Sam," and was to head the parade on a white horse. I suppose the white was to represent purity, for the women said their votes could never be bought, but if they had wanted anything to represent them, they should have had a non-stoppable phonograph. Women always wag their tongues faster than anything I ever met, but this suffrage party had them all beat.

I balked a lot at having to ride a horse, for I never was very graceful on horseback, and always felt more like hanging on to the steed's neck than sitting erect. But Mabel had her way as usual and I gave in.

The fateful day finally came, and it was the worst day for a parade I have ever seen. It had rained hard all night and the streets were covered with a layer of mud. It was drizzling just enough to make it disagreeable when we started, and I heartily wished that I had not promised to go. At every step that horse took I felt as though I were being jolted to death. How I wished I could put my dignity aside and grab the horse's mane! I could feel my spine creaking and my jaws knocking together and then—the band started. At the first note the old nag pricked up his ears, and the next thing I knew I was going down the street at a rate which far exceeded the speed limit. I clung to that horse as though I were stuck fast, gritted my teeth, shut my eyes, and wondered what I had done to deserve such a fate.

I wondered how I was ever going to stop but it was decided for me. Just as we got into the square, where there was a big crowd waiting to see the parade, that fool horse decided he had found the best place to halt.

Of course, I was not satisfied but wanted to keep on moving, so I sailed through the air over the horse's head, very gracefully I can assure you, and landed in the biggest puddle I could find.

You can imagine that I was quite a sight, for besides being coated with mud from head to foot, I found to my chagrin that one leg of my trousers had been divorced from its mate, and I stood exposed to the weather, not to mention the crowd.

It did not take me long to hire a taxi and get out of sight amid laughter which still makes my cheeks burn.

And now that I've told you my story of woe
Do you wonder that I am to suffrage a foe?
Do you blame when November election comes 'round
If I on the anti's side always am found?

Chester Kenneson, '18.

A Bad Spell

Said Lucy: "Don't forget at eight
To meet me, or we'll both be leight."
Said Keight, "Of course—as sure as feight."

Said Lucy: " 'Tis quite cold enough,
I think, to use my heavy mough,
The wind blows fiercely on the blough."

But soon did this poor maiden sigh.
She caught a bad cold in her igh,
And thought she was about to digh.

Now you who chuckle at my ryhme,
And think my spelling quite a chryme,
Just learn to spell while you've the thyme.

Lucretia Kellogg, '17.

His Confession

He had done it again. In fact he had been doing it as far back as he could remember, and each time she had pleaded with him, and begged him to stop, but with no results. He sat on the window seat of the library and watched the rain come down unceasingly. His thoughts wandered back to the last time he had done the same thing. Oh, the look of anguish and despair which had come into her eyes when she had discovered his act! How could he be so weak and cruel as to disappoint her again! But, worst of all, what would she think of him when she found out this time—as, of course, she certainly would?

The rain had ceased to come down in one steady downpour, but he still remained on the window seat gazing listlessly out of the window. A new thought had suddenly come into his brain. Up to now, his deceitful wrong doings had been told to her through an outsider. Why not tell her this one himself? He was surprised at this new idea. Yes, he would tell her at once before he lost his courage.

It was five o'clock, her favorite hour. Could he disturb her now? Yes, she would be more likely to forgive him now. Forgive him? How many times had she forgiven him before? Was there an end to her forgiveness? Slowly he rose and climbed the broad staircase. Pausing for a single moment at the top stair, he resolutely walked the length of the corridor and timidly knocked at her study door.

"Come," said a soft voice.

Slowly he opened the door, then almost running across the room, he stood and screamed:

"Mother, I've been stealing jam again."

Gladys P. Leighton, '18.

The Whims of My Girl Chum

Lucile is indeed out of the ordinary. Her whims are many and seem to last about a week. As a child, her greatest fondness was for color. Pretty flowers or papers fascinated her. Often she would demand a pink, blue or red story. The furniture and all the articles in the room must be in the shade her whim demanded even down to the cakes and frosted cookies on the table. Her room was done in saphire blue with blue carpets, rugs and curtains, but at times she had it, in imagination, some contrary color such as yellow or pink. Then off must come some unhappy red quilt or lavender bureau scarf.

At the age of twelve she read a few books on humanity. Humanitarian she must be. Bridget, the maid, below stairs, had a sister with eight children, all of whom were under twelve. The whole house was astir, sewing machines running, eggs beaten, furniture moved, all in preparation for Bridget's tribe. Small chairs and oaken tables with A. B. C. books on them, rocking-horses and improvised carts, workbenches and swings for the boys, littered the nursery. At last came nine o'clock. Seven of Bridget's kin and seven even dirtier and more brazen kidlets stepped cautiously into the luxuriously appointed house. In the nursery all alone and in her best frock sat Miss Lucile. She had often seen pictures of sweet-faced babies and laughing, sturdy lads, and of course Bridget's would have a resemblance. The door flew open. Brazenly, eight-year-old Pat walked in, gazed at the workbench with shining eyes and immediately took possession. Now it happened that a certain Tommy also eyed that particular bench. A rowdy fist-fight soon ensued. Lucile's tiny foot stamped on the floor unheard and screaming she frantically backed her-

self into her room and clicked the key. Lucile as a humanitarian was given up.

Two years from that memorable day Miss Lucile had a friend from New York visiting her. She was considerably older than Lucile and had even seen a touch of society. Miss Lucile would be a society queen.

Everything was arranged. Father was to order boxes in the largest theatre after which the guests would enjoy a midnight supper in a private suite, in the most exclusive hotel in the city. If exclusiveness meant money, it was exclusive, father believed. All came through beautifully. The theatre was large and airy and the entertainment capital. However, society was not ready to recognize Lucile at the age of fourteen, as a queen. So it must be dropped for a time. She had many callers of the masculine gender but she soon found the regulated calling age was eighteen, so she immediately intimated she did not care to be called on until eighteen. That finished her popularity.

After reading one of Miss Alcott's books, Lucile came to the conclusion that an old-fashioned girl is respected and liked more than any one else, so an old-fashioned maiden she must be. Her clothing was altered, her eyes lost their frivolous gleam and she was at last sedately demure. Her friends were old-fashioned; mama must meet every young man, before she could be introduced; mama's friends were her friends and mama must chose her daughter's clothing and plan her work.

Her first gentleman caller after this innovation was the son of the minister with whom she had sported when in the country. He was full of fun and very good natured. Imagine his shock to find her so serious and demure. After meeting her two or three times, he found her secret out in overhearing her remark—"It's so hard to feel obliged to be old-fashioned." As a result a group of college fellows was invited to his aunt's home to liven her up. Old-fashioned is passé now.

At present she is engaged in model housekeeping, planning meals, sewing, cooking, and cleaning, thereby showing a particular friend how housewifely she is. There may be a reason, but I'm not sure, are you?

Katherine Bixby, '18.

When Mother Was Away

"Joe," said Mrs. Snider, to her husband, "I'm afraid I'll have to go and see Cousin Emmy. I've heard she is sick with no one to take care of her. I'll be back in a few days. Do you think you can take care of the children and the house yourself?"

"Sure," replied her husband, "I can do it. A woman's work is easy enough."

Mrs. Snider only smiled a little, saying nothing. In another hour she was on her way.

"Now, children," said Joe to the three children whose ages ranged from two to eight, "I want you to go out and play. I'll attend to the dinner. I'll call you when it's ready."

So the children went out and soon their joyful shouts were heard by their father. He proceeded to prepare the dinner. Fortunately the mother had things under way so there was some chance for a dinner.

Suddenly Joe stopped. He heard shricking and loud sobs. He rushed to the door and saw his three children. One, Angelina, was hurt, for her arm was bleeding profusely.

"What's the matter?" he asked, anxiously.

"I was climbing a tree and I fell and hurt my arm. Oh, but it hurts!"

"There, there, dear," said her father. "I'll fix it." But this was easier said than done. First he tied a large cloth

around the arm, which did no good. He then put ointment on the cut which caused Angelina to shriek even more, for it was peroxide. Finally when at his wit's end, the sore stopped bleeding, and Angelina's sobs ceased.

Then, what was that he smelled? Potatoes, and burned ones, too! Joe rushed to the kitchen, put water on the potatoes, but left them in the same pan. This caused them to smell even more.

"O, dear," thought Joe, "now they are spoiled. But how could I attend to them when Angelina was hurt?"

The rest of the morning passed peacefully. The family sat down at the table to dinner, which consisted of clumsily cut bread, butter, half-done meat and burned potatoes. The children looked disappointed. "Oh," they murmured, "this dinner isn't near so nice as Mama's are."

Joe turned upon them crossly. "Keep quiet," he ordered. "This dinner is good enough. Why, what's wrong, Mary?"

Something, indeed, was wrong for Mary was coughing, her face was red and tears were running down her cheeks. A piece of the stringy meat was causing her to choke. Joe, frightened, seized her, shook her, and after much effort, had her choking stopped. When he had finished he looked exhausted. He wondered what else would happen, frightened at the prospect of enduring an afternoon similar to the morning.

After dinner was over, he washed dishes in cold water, for he had forgotten to heat it. When he had finished, the dishes looked scarcely cleaner than when he had begun. He forgot entirely to sweep the floor and wash out dishcloths.

"Now, he thought, "I'll rest. I certainly need it, for I never felt so tired in all my life."

But would he rest? No. For he no sooner had lain down than he heard something bumping and rolling down the stairs. The baby, George, was falling down the steps. Joe rushed to the bottom, picked up the screaming child, crying, "Where are you hurt? Tell papa where you are hurt." But George only cried louder. Joe saw a large black and blue spot on his head, swelling rapidly. He was nonplussed; he didn't know what to do. He could only try to soothe the child. However, George only continued crying. Just when Joe thought he would have to call in a neighbor, the door opened, and Mrs. Joe Snider came in. "Cousin Emmy wasn't sick at all." she began. "But—why!" she exclaimed. "What has happened? Did the baby fall? Give him to me, Joe. I'll fix the bump."

So George was handed over to his mother under whose care the swollen bump stopped aching, and his crying ceased.

Soon everything was peaceful in the house. The children were happily playing, and the house was clean. And Joe was not the person who accomplished this. He who had just that morning bragged about his capability for taking care of the house, sat silently and shame-facedly, watching his wife bring order out of chaos.

"Well, Susan," he said at last, "I guess there's more to a woman's work than I thought."

Susan smiled and said. "I thought you would think differently at the end than at the beginning."

"I do," said Joe briefly.

Ruth Lovewell, '17.

Times When I Pity Myself

There are times when I pity myself. That's exactly what I'm doing now. I stepped jauntily into my English recitation today, beaming with smiles. The teacher killed my joy by saying that I must write a Clarion Theme. This method of joy-killing is not new to me. I've experienced its pangs before in my young life and always with the same unavoidable question, "What shall I write about?" I slid my sinewy frame far under the desk, till my feet touched those of the young lady in front of me, and rested my head in my hand, braced by resting an elbow on the desk, and thought. Ten tedious minutes of deep, sluggish, brain-teasing thought and no results. Ten more, with corresponding success. Then the teacher informed the class that she had a booklet of suggestive topics for themes and stories.

My hungry imagination saw possibilities and I put in a bid for its temporary possession. The booklet was given to me and again I slid into that luxurious lounging position half under the desk, and sought its pages for inspiration. The results of my search were startling. Here are some sample topics suggested:

Topic No. 15. "The Meanest Things I ever Did."

Topic No. 50, "The Perils of a Razor."

Topic No. 83, "My First Appearance in Long Trousers."

Topic No. 93, "The Worst Break I Ever Made."

"Such topics are not for me," I sighed.

Imagine my English teacher reading such intimate confessions! Think of such vital "life secrets" becoming known to A. H. S. through the pages of the Clarion!

Here's another, No. 123, "An Automatic Lunch Room."

Imagine trying to picture the wild confusion of the famous "Penny-ante Lunch." That also was not for me.

I crept gingerly over No. 126, "A Painful Subject to Me," and was just about to give up when I came to No. 222, "Times When I Pity Myself," and thus fooled myself into writing a Clarion story.

Amos H. Stevens, '16.

Honorable Mention

"A Lonesome Little Lad"..... Helen Rice, '17

"The Gay Head Indians"..... Grace Donahue, '17

"The Quest"..... Dorothy Roberts, '18

"The Shepherd Boy"..... Elizabeth Hoxie, '18

"Force of Habit"..... Inez Zecher, '18

"The China Monk"..... Anna Prendergast, '19

"It Often Happens. Has it Happened to You?"..... Marietta Bell, '19

"My Impressions of High School"..... Helen Preston, '20

"My Impressions of High School"..... Lillian Beasley, '20

English Department—Public Opinion

The quality of learning is much strained;
It falleth as a ehilling rain, from twixt the lips of teachers
Upon the ears beneath; it is twice curst, and
Oft far more than twice, by him that doth receive.
'Tis worst in English teachers; it becomes the sage Senior
But slightly better than the green Freshie,
The mark of four years' agony of toil.

Therefore, Freshmen:—

We Seniors can hold out but scant consolation to you. As English is compulsory, the next years must needs be to you, as experience has taught us, "four years' agony of toil." If you have thoughts of resistance against the yoke now settling on your shoulders, we from our experience advise you not to try it out. From time to time, all through the active lives of our teachers, and the lives of their predecessors, rebels have bucked, kieked, bolted, and balked. These conflicts have invariably ended in favor of the teachers, and today the teachers have attained a pinnacle of knowledge, both of these attempts, and of the methods of subjecting them. Therefore make the best terms you can, and surrender gracefully. Doubtless you have seen your English teaeher, and have thought her attractive and harmless. Do not be deeived. They are all very sirens, who by their friendliness lure you to total destruction. Take Mrs. Wood for example: She seems, and indeed is, very pleasant. Yet at stated times, she will approach you with one of the most horrible instruments of torture ever devised. I refer to the "book-review" sheet. It is an invention which will cause you hours of frantic cramming, and will leave you limp and "woozy." As with Mrs. Wood, so with the rest, they will one and all lead you "like lambs to the slaughter."

"Is there no escape," you ask, "from these and other terrors?" No! We have found that there is small hope for absolute freedom. It is, however, not impossible to ease the burden of the book-review, but as to how this may be done we dare not divulge in public.

After years of patient endeavor, this class has made a unique discovery, namely: "If you never flunk in class you will never fail on report cards." This is the best we can do for you. Therefore, go to it! And remember, "The worst is yet to come."

Parry Reiche, '17.

Latin

Honorable subordinates: those of you who bear the enormous burden of Latin upon your shoulders; those of you who have scornfully, disgustedly dropped it by the wayside, as I very nearly did, and those who either are denied the privilege of taking it up or who from obstinacy or indifference do not desire to do so; each and every one of you "lend me your ears" for a leisurely discussion on the subject of Latin. To those of you who feel that Latin is kept from you I would recall Periander's saying, "Nothing is impossible to industry." If you wish hard enough the way will be shown you, even unto the gates of Latin.

Possibly there are some in your midst who are not quite sure what is meant by the word "Latin." Latin is the title by which we designate the language of the people of ancient Rome. Why any one should be interested to study such an antiquated proposition is difficult to determine. It is a more or less personal matter. There

are numerous opinions, however, on the subject, one of the most absurd being that those fanatics in long-ago Rome have had a big influence over present-day conditions of life. As if Caesar's crossing the Rubicon could have made any difference to the world! Some people maintain the ridiculous idea that it did. Others are sufficiently assuming to suppose our ancestors, our noble, upright forefathers, appropriated Latin words for use in our own language. That is unbelievable, is it not?

The whole course in Latin is a farce ab initio ad infinitum. It is like an extremely elaborate dinner, menu as follows:

Course first: Fruit Salad, composed of one grammar school year of miscellaneous vocabulary and baby sentences, half ripe rules, lemon declensions and grape fruit conjugations, very sweet (in comparison to what will come.)

Course second: Very comprehensive vegetable soup, peppery with rules and hot with repeated declensions and conjugations which sizzle your tongue for the whole Freshman year.

Course third: Fish and onions. This comes during the Sophomore year. The fish is Caesar Fish, dry and full of bones which stick in your throat. The onions are odious sentences in composition.

Course fourth: One year of Cicero's deep, pithy, skillfully prepared Chicken pie with Cabbage composition on the side. This takes the Junior year.

Course fifth: Vergil pudding with Reptile sauce (Vergil had a fondness for snakes) also Iced Composition (frigidly hard, rendering it difficult to chew, in other words, far from easy to assimilate.) This course is designed as delicious dessert for Seniors, but, sad to relate, as in the case of other grand dinners, so in the case of this: when you reach the fifth course you've eaten too much either to properly digest or enjoy the dessert. After the dinner is over how you wish you could have postponed the dessert to a future time; the same applies, alas, to fifth-year Latin. How much better it would be if we could save it for ten years, then we could appreciate the splendors of Vergil's poetical beauty far more than we do.

Now I have told you what our High School Latin course consists of, allow me to state the reasons why every one should study Latin. Of course he should. No one could deny that, especially if he hadn't studied it himself. My elders tell me Latin teaches the mind to think, it is mental gymnastics, it requires more concentrated application than any other study. It is, excepting Greek and Chinese, the coldest of language showers, enlivening every sleepy cell of the cerebellum and cerebrum. Besides all these beneficial attributes, it is said to be helpful to every other study, especially English.

Still, what is forever puzzling me is the origin of the thing. How did such a wonderful brain stimulant come into existence? One single person couldn't be expected to know all the consecutive steps and processes by which the Latin language, as it comes to us, developed; but perhaps this is how it came about. Rome at one time had a perfect language, smooth, logical and easy to understand. Then there arose in the city of Rome a soothsayer who prophesied that some time in the history of the ages there would spring up a race called the Arlington High School Latin Pluggers who would excell the elite Romans in the use of their own language. Now the Romans became more and more angry, the more they thought about this, and their jealousy broke all bounds. What do you suppose the mean misers did? They resolved to change their language completely so they went and consulted the oracle of Delphi and with its mystical aid concocted the revised Latin language as it now is. It is so intricately mixed up and jumbled that

no one but a Roman could ever decipher all of it and since then no one has ever wholly mastered the language, not even our most esteemed instructors.

But as I said before, Latin is worth studying. When you have had five arduous years of it you will have learned many things you never knew before, but you also will have come across some situations and anecdotes very commonplace and ordinary. "Caesar came, saw and conquered," just as many a wooer has done, the old story retold, you see, the only difference between him and a modern bridegroom being that he loved power and dominion better than his wife, whereas a modern husband is supposed to love his wife above all else. One of those extraordinary things you become aware of is that a "forest may bristle with shadows" (spooky like Halloween, you know).

Inasmuch as Latin is a thing which is good for you, partake of it freely. All who have not elected it should do so in the near future. And remember, if you don't, that what Olive Schreiner says is true. "There is only one way and one only, 'Down the banks of Labor and through the waters of suffering.'" All of us will labor sooner or later but not all of us will have such tender guides and doctors as Miss ——and Miss ——, need I say whom I mean? Our sufferings in experiencing knowledge, they alleviate by their gentle nursing. Very efficient doctors in their specialty they are, never half so easily satisfied as Zeke Practical, M. D. Year in and year out they administer to our wounds of bleeding ignorance, free of charge to all who knock at their doors or stagger in. Firmly and constantly they rub into hard-shelled brains (such as I possess) the inguent of mental lubrication. Let me add in closing, I know from experience all I say to be true about them, having been under their care and supervision for four consecutive years.

I thank you for your kind attention but maintain that I have enjoyed myself far more in writing this than any one possibly could in reading it. "Just so" with Latin, you will get more out of its strenuous thought drill by taking it yourself than by letting another do it for you. You have heard the saying many times and you will hear it again, "As ye sow, so will ye reap." Here endeth the discussion on Latin.

D. W. Allen, P. G.

Cooking

After that boiled dinner of Latin, I want you to listen to a more logical study, Cooking. I said "study" for it needs study to master such a noble art, and Cooking is a noble art. (What could we do without it?) Nothing "really good" is gained in this world without work. Don't you agree with me, boys, that some of the things the girls cook are "really good?" I'm not saying a word about the rest of the "somes" for occasionally some careless female will omit a portion of the receipt or get some of the ingredients mixed, such as salt for sugar. A mere trifle, but then, the boys in A. H. S. are fussy. They buy more candy than they do home-made goods, which goes to show they're fussy.

Along with the pleasures of licking out the bowls and washing dishes we have some horrid accidents. Every time we cook, something is bound to happen; first some one burns her fingers by carelessly sticking them into boiling water to see if it's getting hot; then, another brilliantly pares potatoes with a finger in front of the knife, which of course is bound to slip and slice off a piece of the lily white skin; and then, worst of all, the floor is slippery, especially around the corners.

Just fancy some maiden with a pan in each hand hurrying for dish water or returning with it, when suddenly her underpinnings shoot to the left or right and then the great spill—a rattle of pans, a heavy thud, and a head bobs up from behind the bench with the clever remark, "I slipped!" It isn't right, we should be furnished with chains.

For the girls who have omitted this enticing course of study, what chance have they? Think what they will have to go through when the right "One" comes along. Why not practice on the boys in A. H. S.? "Opportunity knocks but once!"

Hazel Kimball, '17.

Sewing

From the cooking room where all kinds of dishes are produced, some delicious and some otherwise, we pass to where clothes of every description (and size) are being built. One first sees many pretty maidens seated around the tables with their backs to the windows so as to escape any temptations from the outside. Every one appears very busy but appearances are often deceiving especially when visitors come to give us the "once over."

Some make things fly in their haste to get them done. Whether they are making enough clothes for their future old maids' lives or for their trousseau, I don't know. Naturally, we all aren't so industrious but could be called the sewing cut-ups; of course, it wouldn't be proper to mention any names here. Very often, some one asks if she might "please" ask her neighbor the hows and wherefores, but usually the conversation runs something like this:

"Did you see the rig she wore this morning? I know—I never heard of such a thing! O! when! Miss Simonds must be cooking "sauer-kraut," and so on until Madame Russell gently reminds us to "please not converse any more."

As every one, of course, minds instantly, a second request is never necessary and the room is immediately restored to order.

Among the artistic decorations of this establishment are four "Singers," generally out of commission because of the Freshmen; an annex, partitioned off by gorgeous hangings of damask where gowns are designed by the "Madam"; and also, a new ironing board and electric iron which hasn't any history as yet.

All gowns from this sewing department may be seen either here in the corridors of the Arlington High School or in Bacon's Bargain Basement, so you see the place is bound to attain a place in the history of this town.

Dorothy Jordan, '17.

The Languages

These few words are to tell you about the languages which we study in our school. We have four regular languages, English, French, German, and Spanish; and Latin is also taught. Here is a short anatomy of these languages. They are all similar but different. They have verbs, nouns, adjectives, pronouns, conjunctions, prepositions and other things. They also have conjugations and declensions but these are rare. The subjunctive is the name of a very complex part of these languages and is prominently used in examinations for any of the four regular languages as well as Latin.

These languages also have teachers. These are particularly interesting. They sit at a desk and assign the next lesson and listen to a recitation of the last lesson. They speak with strange accent, words of any of the languages

and expect the pupils to speak in the same manner. We learn from these teachers that when it is quarter past two in Arlington, a German would say it was "Ein viertel auf drei," or a Frenchman would say, "Deux heures et un quart." Also we learn that a good English quarter is called a "Mark" in Germany (approximate value), and a Freneh "Franc" is worth 19 cents in America, and the same value in Spain beeomes a "Peseta." Although this is hard for us it must be perplexing to the poor quarter, or the 19 cents.

I have often eomplained to the teachers about these languages, saying that they were of no avail to me. It is claimed, however, that the knowledge of many languages broadens the brain, so now I know why some bad boys call their teaehers fat-heads. In closing, I would say that the best language for an Englishman is English; for a Frenehman, French; for a Spaniard, Spanish; and so on ad infinitum.

Amos H. Stevens, '16.

Poem for Students of Mathematics

Take heed, ye Freshmen, young and strong,
For days grow short and lessons long.
If problems now before you flash,
Come, get ye to them with a dash.
'Tis now that counts, not bye and bye,
In algebra, so that is why
This warning to you is displayed.
Take heed; strive till your goal is made.

Come now, you Sophomores, proud and fine,
All who for mathematies pine,
For this year's Plane Geometry
Or 'Rithmetie whate'r 'tmay be
Is something that must be done well
And if this done, will later tell
In life and all your higher work.
So, come, now is no time to shirk.

Well, Juniors, in this year, your raee
To fill the haughty Seniors' plaee
Is started and well under way,
So hurry onward, do not say
That Algebra eannot be done.
('Tis true it eanuot be in fun.)
Then study now in earnest work
No more as Juniors need you lurk.

Oh, Senior, now your goal is near
Let no one of his downfall fear,
For this year above all the rest
Your patienee will be put to test.
It's Trig and Plane and Solid here
That hinder in your final year.
So, now, a good example be
For lower classmen follow thee.

David Snow, '17.

Why?

Why is it that Freshmen will invariably take home every portable thing in their desks even to peneils and erasers? These things are faithfully earried home every night and just as faithfully brought back every morning often having served the only purpose of burdening the owners. We will all agree that the tendencies of the upper elassmen differ from those of the Freshmen in the respeet that some of them take home reluctantly (or not at all) the books which they really need.

Clara Allen, '18.

Calendar

School, which was scheduled to open on September 6, was postponed on account of the epidemic of infantile paralysis, to Monday, September 11, and again until September 18. On the opening day every pupil was duly examined for symptoms of poliomyelitis before receiving his program card which was to admit him to the building on the morrow. On Tuesday we all assembled in the hall, where Mr. Wallace, our new principal, spoke to us of the year's work. The periods were short, and school was dismissed early in the forenoon.

On Wednesday of the next week, we were hurriedly sent home before the last period on account of several new cases of infantile paralysis in town. It was not until Wednesday, October 11, that we returned for examination by the doctor, and Friday of the same week when we again began work with a short day of half-hour periods.

* * * *

A number of the A. H. S. boys have returned to school this fall after having spent five weeks of their vacations at the Junior Training Camps at either Plattsburg or Fort Terry. They are very enthusiastic over those weeks of real soldier life, and the experience has been of great value to them all. They found, however, that being a soldier does not consist of marching on parade before the "Colonel," or even in wearing Uncle Sam's khaki uniform, but like every other profession, is good hard work, and lots of it, too. As Colonel Roosevelt said to the Fort Terry cadets, "If any one tells you that, should this country be threatened, a million men would jump to arms in twenty-four hours, you could tell them what a jump they'll have to take!" The training is a fine thing, especially for fellows of High School age. In a school of this size we could raise, as many High Schools have done, two good companies. It would be a fine thing for the boys. Why not?

* * * *

In the Assembly Hall, on Friday, October 20, at 8.10, we were greeted by our old superintendent, Mr. Scully. He told us of his new work in Brockton, where he superintends a school system much larger than ours. We know that he has great interest in us and in our town after eleven years of public service here; and we, in turn, feel that he is, as he always has been, one of our best friends!

* * * *

During the last period of Friday, October 20, we were addressed in the Assembly Hall by Mr. Landers of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society. He gave us a fine talk on temperance, which was not only greatly appreciated on account of the vital importance of the question, but also because of his very interesting and often humorous way of expressing himself.

* * * *

Each home room in the building has chosen two representatives for the Student Council. There are great opportunities for a good live body of this kind in the school and we have every reason to believe that it will be a great success. Your representatives, however, need your support and interest. Many times a day little things come up for which you could suggest an improvement. By taking note of these, and informing your representative, you can help the Student Council be a great benefit to the school.

Student Council Members

Postgraduates, — Pauline Crosby, Amos Stevens.

Seniors, — Doris Chauvin, Walter Chamberlain, Norah Kelly, Nelson Jost, Helen Sampson, Donald Strout.

Juniors,—Sabina Anderson, Ralph Adams, Marguerite Kenney, Parks Odenweller, Madeleine Thacher, Everett Tileston.

Sophomores,—Marguerite Baird, Joseph Bowler, Marion Davis, Patrick Donnelly, Harriett Johnson, Elbridge Johnson, Pearl Middleton, Chester Nass, Thyra Upton, Philip Robinson.

Freshmen,—Theresa Binnig, Russell Connor, Miriam Crosby, Edward Hansen, Anna Lane, Walter Murphy, Hazel Wadman, Alvin Strout, Ruth Pike, Wilson Wylie.

An Enigma

My 7, 18, 17, 14, 12, 11, 13, 12 means to scatter or separate.

My 9, 16 is an article.

My 2, 15, 19, 4, 21, 6, 23, 24 is a body of persons ranked by birth over the common people.

My 3, 22, 5, 12, 11 is one whose occupation is to explore under water.

My 8, 20 are vowels.

My 10, 1, 7 is a cover.

My whole is something which ought to belong to every pupil in Arlington High School, according to Mr. Clerk's favorite slogan.

Constance Taylor, '17.

Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter.

Pupil, translating: "The men on deck were straining their ears trying to see through the fog."

From a Sophomore composition:

"He balanced himself on the upper story in the window sill." Remarkable man!

Our Faculty

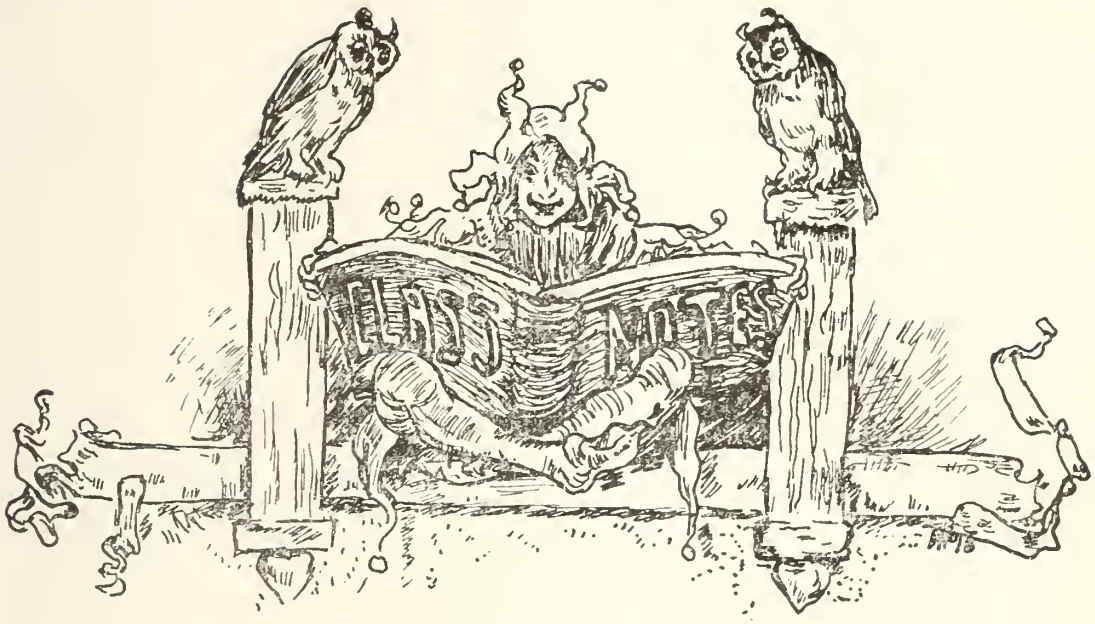
MISS EATON
MISS HEARD
MRS. BOWKER

MR. WALLACE
MR. GORDON
MISS BLODGETT
MR. ROBINSON
MR. MINARD
MISS MAGNER
MISS FOSTER
MISS FORD
MISS SIMONDS

MISS RICHMOND
MISS FISH
MR. LONG
MISS WRIGHT

MISS ROBERTSON
MR. CROSS
MISS BUTTERWORTH
MRS. WOOD
MISS GOLDSMITH
MISS LITTLEFIELD

MISS FURDON
MRS. BAKER
MISS CHENEY
MISS RUSSELL
MISS BULLOCK
MISS JEWETT
MISS ALLYN



Here we are: The Class of 1917!!!
Miss Magner: Class advisor.
David Snow: President.
Dorothy Jordan, vice president.
Walter Chamberlain: Treasurer.
Hazel Kimball: Secretary.

Executive Committee:
The Officers and
Gertrude Viano
Mildred Wadman
Doris Chauvin
Stanley Kellogg
Herbert Collins

We are all organized and ready to start and make a success of our year of years. In order to make the year a success, EVERYBODY attend class meetings, support associations and work together under our leader.

Hazel Kimball,
Secretary.

1917.

Comus had all the makings of a villian, according to Viets.

"Them's harsh words, Jack."

A woodpecker lit on a student's head
And settled down to drill,
He bored away for half a day
And finally broke his bill.
Note: Of course it was a Freshman's head.

ENG. IV. B.

Mrs. B.: "Give your description."

Collins: "Haven't had time to think. I've been talking to myself."

Hopeless case, but he must have money in the bank.

"What did Henry V. want to get out of France?"

"A wife."

1918.

The results of the Junior elections which were held last May were as follows:—

President, Jordan Silver.
Vice president, Elizabeth Hoxie.
Secretary, Priscilla Watts.
Treasurer, Parks Odenweller.

Mrs. Wood has been elected class advisor.

ALG. III. A.

Miss B-l-k: "Keefe, next example, please."

Keefe: "Haven't done it."

Miss B-l-k: "Were they too hard for you?"

Keefe: "No'm. I fell asleep over 'em."

LATIN.

Miss S-k-y (translating "Mehercule"); "So help me, Hercules! Why isn't that swearing, Miss Robertson?"

Miss R.: "No. He was praying."

Miss R. (translating the same thing a few minutes later): "Oh, fudge!"

Miss S-k-y: "Why, is that the way you pray, Miss Robertson?"

BORROWED PLUMES.

Miss Robertson,—

"Latin is a dead language,
As dead as it can be.
It killed off all the Romans
And now it's killing me."

If a Chinaman speaks broken English, would an Englishman speak broken China? Ex.

Brilliant Juniors!

First: "Where are you going for nuts on nutting day?"

Second: "Why, where do you suppose? Marsters' Neck."

Beware of Odenweller! He'll be after your class dues before you know it!

Alumni Notes

As our Alumni rapidly increase, it becomes difficult to announce through the pages of the Clarion just what our older friends are doing. Any information that concerns the Alumni will be welcomed by the Clarion, for its "Alumni Notes." It is always a pleasure to hear from an A. H. S. graduate and it will be mostly volunteered information that will make our Alumni Notes interesting.

The latest addition to the Alumni is the Class of 1916. Of that class the following members have returned for a post-graduate course: Dorothy Allen, Helen Chellis, Pauline Crosby, Helen Hadley, Katherine Kennedy, Ruth Leetch, Elizabeth Lyneh, May Lyons, Olive Rich, Carol Rowse, Cora Wyman, Rena Young, Harold Bixby, David Geary, William Kirlin, Elmer Lowe, Kenneth Reed, Moulton Reycroft, George Saunders and Amos Stevens.

President Berquist, of '16, has entered Tufts College with Lawrence Pierce and John Waage, Jr., as classmates.

Dorothy Quimby, our past Editor-in-Chief, is taking the Liberal Arts course in Boston University.

Marion Pierce has entered Jackson.

Rodney Hardy is now at Harvard. Hardy distinguished himself by getting highest honors in Physics and honorable mention in French, in his entrance examinations. This distinction brings much credit with it, when one considers the large number of candidates who took the same entrance examinations as Hardy.

Harvard Dental School also claims a 16 graduate in its enrollment, Oswald Banks having chosen this training for his profession.

Among those entering Tech this year are: Robert Black, '15, who after working in a mine last summer, will study Mining Engineering; Eliot Perkins, '16; James Moire, '16; and Foster Doane, '16. Russell Smith, Daniel Hall, Roger Hall and Leo Kelley, all of '15, are Sophomores at Tech this year

Marion Allen, Eunice Eberhardt, and Norah Johnson, all of '16, are at Radcliffe.

Edith MacBride, '16, and Agnes Livingstone, '16, are attending the Girls' Latin School of Boston.

Several of our Alumni are engaged

in the study of art. Arthur Dallin, '16, and Helen Jardine, '16, attend the New School of Design and are greatly absorbed in their work. This is Dallin's second year in the study of art.

Ruth Gleason, '16, and Hilda Prescott, '16, are also developing artistic talents in the Fenway School of Illustration.

Priscilla Crockett, '16, and Vida McCarthy, '16, are studying in the New England Conservatory of Music. Helen Doughty is also studying music.

Katherine Sawyer, '16, and Anna Hooker, '16, are Freshmen at Smith College.

Ruth Scully, '16, has entered Simmons.

Many '16 boys attended the Plattsburg training camps the past summer, among whom were: William Anderson, William Barry, Leonard Collins, Francis Maguire, Kenneth Reed and William Robinson.

Other members of '16 are working and although we cannot furnish a complete list, here are some of our toilers and their occupations:

Stanwood Cook is with Geo. S. Harrington Co., Boston.

Leonard Collins is with the Underhay Oil Co.

William Robinson is engaged by the United States Tire & Rubber Co.

Emmett Keenan is employed by the New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.

Francis Power, Charles McCarthy and Ralph Hatfield are also working.

Francis Maguire, '16, is preparing for a business career in the Boston University School of Business administration.

Marguerite Lamson is at Framingham Normal School.

There are, of course, many '16 graduates, as well as older Alumni, whose names have not appeared in these notes. Let us not forget to share our knowledge of Alumni activities with our A. H. S. friends by reporting them through the pages of the Clarion. Any Alumni notes which you can contribute help to make our notes more interesting and keep the school in touch with old friends.



Field Hockey

This branch of sport got under way Monday, October 16. The previous Friday the girls met the coach, Miss Anna V. Condon, who also assists Miss Bowker in the Physical Training of the girls. Miss Condon hails from Sargent's and has had much experience in Field Hockey having played on Sargent Varsity. The girls may be seen Monday, Wednesday and Friday chasing the sphere at the playground. We wish them a successful season and hope they "show their heels" to our old rival Lexington. Miss Helen Hadley is again the captain for the third successive year. That alone speaks for her ability. About forty turned out in hopes to participate in the following games:

Nov. 15—Arlington vs. Newton at Newton.

Nov. 20—Arlington vs. Winchester at Winchester.

Nov. 24—Arlington vs. Lexington at Arlington.

Nov. 29—Arlington vs. Malden at Arlington.

Dec. 4.—Arlington vs. Sargent 2nd at Arlington.

Dec. 8—Arlington vs. Somerville at Arlington.

Winthrop pending.

Why not all support this phase of athletics as well as any other?

Football

On the nineteenth of September, about thirty-five candidates reported to Mr. Long for football practice. The team was late in starting, owing to the numerous cases of infantile paralysis. Schools were closed after a week's practice. This stopped practice and cancelled two of the opening dates. Many veterans are back strengthening the new material. With a fine set of second-string men the first team should account for itself in a laudable manner. H. Collins is manager and some good games have been scheduled. Everything points toward a successful season.

Arlington 0—Belmont 0.

The season opened October seventeenth after several setbacks. The whole squad journeyed to Belmont via Arlington Taxi service. Here our neighbors lined up against A. H. S. for Arlington's first encounter. The game started with Arlington kicking off towards a terrific wind. It was mainly an offensive game for Arlington. Ar-

lington would get within a few yards of the desired goal only to lose the ball on "downs." Our boys showed their weakness in the pinches, being unable to score. Long runs by Donnelly, Ryan and Geary failed to make a tally and the score read 0 to 0. Arlington has been unable to score on Belmont for the last three years.

Boston College High 12—Arlington 0.

On October 24, Arlington was slated to play Peabody, but owing to a disagreement of the officials the game was called off. The date was used for a game with B. C. H. at our home grounds. The teams lined up with Donnelly out of the Arlington lineup on account of injuries. Arlington again performed the initiative kick. Boston College High outweighed Arlington's warriors. Aside from their weight B. C. H. had the break of the game. A drop kick by Boston's fullback was stopped by Geary but one of the fleet-footed opponents seized the opportunity of scoring by falling on the ball Geary lost. Failing to kick the goal the score read 6 to 0. The ball changed hands and the half ended with B. C. H. about to score again. In the last half our opponents gained by successive rushes until they scored another touchdown. This added six more to the first score. Arlington fought hard to score but the half ended and the game was over. Arlington showed a surprisingly good defensive game. The game produced in Long a new fullback for A. H. S., who showed up as one who would prove his worth in games to come. Geary, the newly elected captain, played well, in fact every one of the eleven men could be seen in every play. "Team work wins." It would mean a lot to the team if the Arlington Cheering section could be strengthened. Remaining games are as follows (subject to change)): Nov. 3, Watertown (abroad); Nov. 10, open (at home); Nov. 17, Woburn (abroad); Nov. 25, Melrose (at home); Nov. 30, Lexington (at home) a. m.

Stanley N. Kellogg, '17.



What We Think of Others

The Quarterly (Stamford, Conn.)—What a splendid idea to have a public interview, so to speak, with each member of the graduating class! But we wonder if the expense incurred was not great.

The Argus (Gardner, Mass.)—We find your paper interesting and entertaining.

The Brewster (Wolfboro, N. H.)—Your senior hikes certainly do make us envious. We can readily see how they carry out the original purpose of the hikes—to foster a spirit of unity.

The Oak, Lilly and Ivy (Milford, Mass.)—Your graduation numbers were really excellent. We enjoyed them every much.

Cried a Senior in tone very bold:
"Your sweet face I delight to behold,
For nearly a year
I've loved you, my dear,
And your name is the Blue and Gold."

Ex.

How High School pupils answer teachers:

Freshman—Huh?

Sophomore—What?

Junior—What did you say?

Senior—I beg your pardon; I didn't quite understand your question.

Heard at the Lexington Game:

Freshman: "Look how dirty those football players are! How will they ever get that dirt off?"

Sophomore: "Easy. What do you suppose the 'scrub' team is for?"

Teacher: "Do any of you know when William died?

"Well, open your books; he died on page 11."

Junior: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Freshie: "No—Who teaches it?"

Teacher in Latin: "Will you decline eating?"

Bright pupil: "No, I never did."

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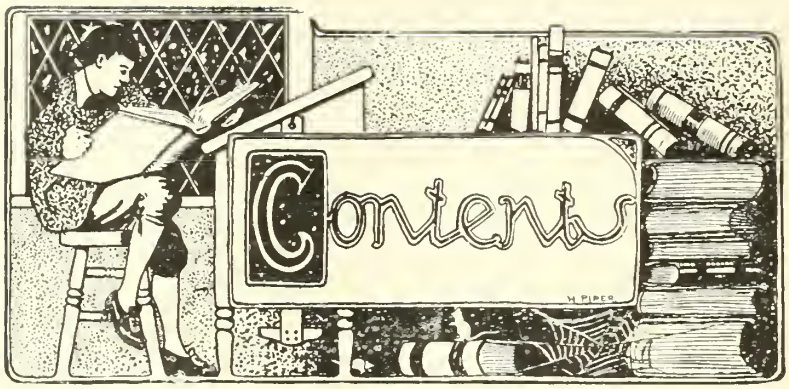
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Editorial

THE CLARION extends to its readers its most hearty wishes for a "Merry Christmas" and a very "Happy New Year!"

What does Christmas mean to us as a High school? Surely, it means more than a few days' vacation and the beginning of a new term. There is the Christmas spirit which should show itself in the school, as well as in the home. This is the spirit of giving, of giving unreservedly the best that there is in us and that cheerfully. The A. H. S. stands high among the secondary schools of the state, because the individuals in it have given the best that there is in them for their school. Every pupil has some of this spirit of doing for and helping others. There isn't a fellow in the school who wouldn't give a hand to a friend who needed a lift. Why not give your teachers and your school a lift whenever you have a chance?

Don't be afraid to let this spirit show itself. Don't let false pride prevent you from picking up a piece of paper from the floor or from helping in other small ways to keep up the good name of our school. Just keep in mind that we have a splendid reputation to live up to, and that future success will come only through co-operation and a true spirit of loyalty to the A. H. S. Not only will our school benefit thereby, but our town also; and so, living the Christmas spirit throughout the year, we are putting to practical use the lesson of this season of Good Will to all men!

E. W. S.



Ivanhoe at a Football Game

The automobile came to a stand-still in front of the house. Ivanhoe rushed up to it and said, "I, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, challenge thee to mortal combat."

He drew his sword, waved it above his head, and brought it down with all his force on the hood. It dented the hood and broke his sword. This made him furious and he rushed at it with his lance. The lance struck a headlight and shattered it to bits.

I then interfered and told him about it and its use. We were to go in it to the ball park and at first he refused to get in. I finally persuaded him. We went slowly at first, but finally reached the speed of forty miles an hour.

When we arrived we gave the man our tickets and went to our seats which happened to be one of the best boxes the park afforded. We sat down and Ivanhoe looked around him and said, "It behooves me to say that we are in the wrong seats. Without doubt we are in the seats meant for the king and his attendants." I told him there was no king and anybody could sit there if he paid the proper price.

Then the game began. When the teams came together for the first time Ivanhoe exclaimed, "By the rood, this is a tournament worth seeing."

I said, "This is not a tournament. It is a game."

"Thou art wrong," he said. "This is a tournament. It remindeth me of the one I fought in as the stranger knight, but in place of armor they wear pads and in place of weapons they oppose each other by main strength."

I said, "We call it a game. Do you know what the ball is for?"

"Nay," said Ivanhoe. "I do not."

I started to explain the game when from one section of the park came the sound of a band. Ivanhoe exclaimed, "By St. George of England, I have never heard anything like that before." At last the game ended and Ivanhoe said, "I am sorely in need of something to quench my thirst."

We took him to a drug store and he said, "I would like a large goblet of English wine." The man stared and then grinned and gave him a soda. He drank it and said, "This tastes little like the wine I am used to, but by the Holy order of the Temple, it is surely good."

We rode home in the evening, had supper and went to bed.

Margaret Chickering, '20.

Tommy and the Gun

I'm just a little feller and my name is Tommy. When I get grow'd up, you bet I'm gonna have a gun what won't shoot cats.

Gee! I liked Tabby awful well, cause when I was lonesome I always played with her, but the gun shot her and, now she's dead, I'm afraid to tell Ma.

Don't cha tell, if I tell ya about it?

The o'der day when Ma was over ta Aunt Ann's, I said ta Tabby, "I'd like ta play with that gun, what's on the shelf in the closet, jest ta see what it 'ud do." Ma 'ud never let me play with it and I think I know why now.

So I climbed on a chair and got the gun and took it out-doors. Course Tabby went with me. I put the gun on my shoulder and walked up and down the path playing so'jer. I took it down ta look at it and then, "Bang." What a noise! Then Tabby hollered and I runned away and left the old thing.

I hid the gun, I won't tell ya where, and then I came back after the banging was over but Tabby wouldn't move unless I moved her, so I guess she was dead.

When Ma asked me that night where Tabby was, I said, "I don't know, Ma, I ain't seen her since this afternoon."

I suppose I'll have ta tell, cause it wouldn't be right for me to tell a lie again. I had ta tell some one so I thought I'd tell you, but don't tell Ma, will you?

Edith Henderson, '20.

How to Eat Grape Fruit

One of the many dangers of the present day is the danger of being struck in the eye by grape-fruit juice when eating it. First, get a strong, square table and a chair and take position in chair at table after having split grape-fruit into two parts. Place an oxygen helmet over head and roll up sleeves. Then, place a rubber blanket over neck and tie around waist. Then proceed to eat, grasping a large, sharp spoon in right hand, if right-handed and left if left-handed, and hold the fruit in other hand with a firm grip. If fruit cannot be dug out successfully sitting down, stand up, placing one knee on chair. All the dangers of eating this fruit will then be avoided as the juice when striking the helmet rolls off down over apron into trough which is provided for this purpose. I guarantee this to be a safe method.

R. Baker, '19.

The New Superintendent

The new superintendent had arrived at Biggstown, which was a little railroad town in a very mountainous district of the Rockies. All the men of the town worked for the railroad. Rafferty, the foreman of the repair department, perched up in the cab of a large engine, had just concluded a description of the new "super" to his men. The description could not have been very favorable judging from the way the men laughed and jeered. About two hours afterward the "super" entered the repair shops and walked up to Rafferty.

"I thought I told you to repair 513 before 87." said Munford, the superintendent.

Rafferty took his time in answering and finally said, "So you did."

Munford looked at him and said, "I see you do not intend to obey my orders."

"I know my own business and do not," said Rafferty.

"Well, then, you're fired."

Rafferty had been fired before and he knew if he left all the men in the shops would follow, so he said, "Well, I'm willing, only your next reports won't listen very well." The "super" turned on his heel and walked out of the shops.

"Come on," said Rafferty, and all the men walked out.

They had just collected outside to decide matters and the superintendent was entering his office when the whistle blew three times. This meant a wreck somewhere along the line. The dispatcher came running out with the orders and the wrecker even then was being assembled. The men from the shops eyed each other and then Rafferty, for he was always the leader at a wreck. He forgot all about Munford and his quarrel and started on a run for the wrecker. In ten minutes they were on the way. It was forty miles to the wreck and they made it in as many minutes.

Arriving at the wreck, Rafferty immediately became the leader. Munford, who had come along, could do nothing but help some poor victim from underneath a car or make himself useful at other places. The express car had caught fire and was burning rapidly when Rafferty, who had been at the rear of the train, was attracted by the crowd which had collected around it. He came running up and asked a man what the matter was. The man looked at him in amazement and said, "Why, the new 'super' has gone inside that car; some one told him you were in there."

Rafferty did not hesitate a second but made a few leaps and landed inside the burning car. He nearly fainted but he got as near the floor as he could and crawled along. He finally reached a heap of something which he knew was a man. He never could really explain how he got Munford to the door, but after what seemed a century to the crowd, he appeared dragging himself and Munford.

Two weeks afterward he was perched up in the cab of the great engine. His hands were bandaged as he had been quite severely burned, but he was making a speech just the same. He was talking about the new "super," but this time his words were different. At the close of his speech he said, "And any man who says anything against him will have to settle with me," displaying one of his huge fists which, although burned, were still serviceable.

Wesley Johnson, '19.

EXTRA **Roman Daily Globe** EXTRA

J. C. CAESAR MURDERED

Terrible Tragedy in Senate—Mr. Brutus Says All is for the Best

Rome, March 15, '44. 10.30 a. m.—As we go to press the whole city is in an uproar over the death of our best known citizen and consul, Mr. Julius C. Caesar. Mr. Caesar met a fearful death this morning in the senate at the hands of a body of senators, including Hon. M. Brutus, Trebonius, Casca, Cassius, and others of equal popularity. This event is not altogether a surprise, for there has been for some time a feeling of discontent over Mr. Caesar's administration, and Mr. Brutus has announced to our special reporter, who was on the spot, that his death is all for the best.

The deceased left his home soon after eight o'clock this morning to attend an early session of Congress. Upon leaving his taxi at the capitol, he was surrounded by a mob asking loans from their consul. Among these was our esteemed citizen, Hon. Metellus Cimber and also Mr. Artemidorus. The latter presented a petition to Caesar, saying that it concerned him personally, but the noble consul spurned it upon that account.

Once in the senate house he proceeded with the business of the day. Senator Trebonius was seen to draw Anthony to one side, inviting him to a game of golf on the next day. Our reporter noticed that the hands of the clock pointed to exactly nine o'clock as the clerk finished his report. Mr. Cimber then urged his petition upon Caesar, supported in his demands by Senators Brutus, Casca, and Trebonius. The consul haughtily refused to give the petition any consideration, and turned away from the senators as if to dictate to his stenographer. As he turned, Casca struck him in the neck with a dagger, and as Caesar struggled with his foe, other senators drew and struck at his already mutilated body. Our noble consul resisted manfully, endeavoring to draw his revolver, until attacked by his friend, Mr. Marcus Brutus, when he exclaimed, "Et tu, Brute?" and fell, striking his head against a radiator, at the foot of Pompey's statue.

The consequences of this act are hard to foretell. If Mr. Brutus, Cassius, and the Democratic party are able to persuade the public that it really is for the best, they can take the government into their own hands. If, however, Mr. Anthony and the Republican party are able to condemn the Democrats in the eyes of the people, it will go hard for Brutus. It is rumored that young Octavius Caesar is already speeding towards the capitol on a special train, and his arrival may have important results.

As this news is telegraphed around the world, it is likely to have very far-reaching effects, and some fear is expressed for the fidelity of the provinces.

We are asked to announce that Senator Anthony will give the funeral oration this afternoon in the Forum. The body will be buried at the close of the services in the Cemetery of Venus.

Ernest W. Spaulding, '18.

Dogs Is Dogs

A few years ago Waltham decided to have a parade to celebrate the Fourth of July. The feature of the day was to be a prize of fifty dollars for the best float on exhibit in the parade. Naturally we all set our hearts on the prize.

I thought over everything I had ever seen that might be used in a parade and at last decided to give a "take-off" of the Myopia Club which occasionally rode through town on their wonderful horses with their thoroughbred dogs in leash.

I had four dogs of my own—different breeds to be sure—but nevertheless dogs—and set out to make a round of the town and gather in all the dogs I could find. Some were white, some black, some brown, some gray, some lanky, lean, boney ones, some soft, fluffy ones, some bull dogs, some French—and, in short, every type of brute or beast that the broad empire of Waltham could furnish. When I got home I had exactly 52.

But now something unforeseen crossed my peaceful horizon. My mother meekly said, "Where are you going to keep those dogs until tomorrow?" Indeed, where was I? Fifty dogs, two kennels, an unfenced yard, and a strict mother! Such combinations were never foreseen by the one who said we should live in peace. But wondering didn't help the situation one bit. Something must be done. Suddenly—strange things have happened, though they are rare—I had an Idea!! I could tie the dogs up in the cellar—some to the coal bin, some to the steam pipes, some to the stair railing—oh, well, I could get them all standing room, at least.

Consequently, I tied them up in the cellar, the overflow meeting being held in the kitchen, and threw in a few bones. That night I went to sleep early—no, not to sleep, to bed, and tried to go to sleep. So did every one else in the neighborhood; but "try" doesn't always mean "succeed." This was one of the times when it didn't. Almost all of the great schemes of the world have some weak point; so did mine. I had failed to introduce the dogs to each other. By the melodies which floated up from the lower regions, I judged the dogs were getting acquainted, and supposing that they would be quiet after the formalities were over (informalities would be better), I rolled over and again tried to guide my skiff to those mysterious realms of slumber. But alas! In less than half an hour I was in other mysterious realms than slumber—so were several of the neighbors.

The ways in which we tried to stop that symphony of howls and growls is hardly worth mentioning. Once I tried to sing—for they say that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast—but so did they and I thought I had better stop.

The next morning, after about two hours of the hardest kind of work, I found myself mounted on an old "nag" that was used in the day time to draw a fish cart, with 47 dogs (five had broken loose in the night), waiting to start down the line of march.

At first the idea of the band, the people and general excitement seemed to mystify and amuse the dogs, but—

The horse, as I said, was old, the rider, as I have inferred, was foolish. Never before in my life had I worn spurs—naturally, I wondered how they worked. When I came to the center of the town, a few yards from the judges' stand, I decided to see. I dug in the spurs; the horse started—and kept going. By the time I reached the judges—and it was only a few seconds for we were going at "some" speed—there was not one single dog on either side, before, or behind, which was not at war with his next door neighbor, and in many instances there were regular mob riots.

I sat—or rather hung—on the horse as gracefully and with as much dignity as possible.

The rest of that ride, until I landed a few hundred yards away in a soft spot near the gutter, is too bloody and hair-raising to reeall.

I remember, however, that when I regained my composure and looked around I had two lonely, woe-begotten dogs on those chains and forty-five collars—all sizes and all descriptions. The only soul who addressed me for some time was a man from the S. P. C. A., whose gentle words I shall never forget.

It was some time before I had the courage to return those collars, and dared inquire after the health of the family pets. But when I did, I found they were all "resting comfortably" at least—"the little dears"—and so was I, for I got the fifty dollars.

Ethel Burt, '17.

Seeking for a Gift

Clara lived in a lonely cottage on the mountain side. Far below she could see the village, and the people moving about, and when she was lonely she went to the door and looked at them. In the autumn she often gazed down at the children playing about, and the women going from door to door.

As she stood at her open door one cold, clear morning, she heard faintly the chiming of the bells. She listened and knew the melody they played.

"It is Christmas!" cried Clara. "They are playing a sacred hymn."

She turned back and ate her breakfast, but her thoughts were in the village. Well she could picture the joyous scenes, the merry wishes, and the gifts for old and young.

"There is a gift for me somewhere," said the girl. "I will go and seek it."

She wrapped some food in a package, and started down the mountain.

Half way down the mountain side she overtook an old man, walking slowly with bent head.

"Merry Christmas to you, father, and where are you going this day?" said Clara.

"I am going to the city to seek work so that I can buy bread," replied the man.

"Have you any food for your journey? Then take half of mine. It is a Christmas gift."

After the old man had taken the bread and left, Clara realized her kind act. Then she saw some birds about in the snowy trees and she crumbled up some bread for them.

"Another gift!" she cried, "and I thought I had nothing. Why, I am rich, here I have given two gifts, and perhaps I can find some one to whom I can give another."

Later she met a gypsy woman carrying her babe. Clara stopped with a kind greeting, and seeing that both the babe and mother were cold she gave the woman her cloak as a Christmas gift.

Clara then went into the village. The bells still chimed from the church. She went in and sat awhile in the quiet church to rest for her journey home. When she felt in her pack for her kerchief, she felt something that had not been there before. She drew it out, and found in her hands the jeweled Christmas crown.

Now in that land there was a story that an angel in heaven gave a gift to one of her children on Christmas day. Clara knew that blessings would follow her as long as she possessed it.

She put it on her head and went forth, and all who saw her questioned what she had done to win it.

"You must have given great gifts," they said.

"No," said Clara, "I came seeking, and I saw those who needed what little I had and I gave it to them. But the crown was given me as God's grace."

Edith E. Meehan, '17.

How I Earned My Xmas Money

As November draws to a close, the prevailing thought in the minds of every one seems to be about Christmas presents. Some people, of course, are more concerned about what they are going to get, while others are figuring on how to crowd a big list into a small pocketbook, but the number of people who have these as main ideas is less by far than the number that entertain these thoughts only as occupants of their innermost minds.

The usual procedure is as follows: Make out a list, cut it down, and then reflect on the depleted condition of finances.

I adopted this schedule and, after due reflection, decided to raise money somehow.

This is how I did it.

I first borrowed money from my mother on security of washing the dishes on some far-distant occasion.

Secondly, seeing an "ad" in the paper which said that Lew Fields was playing at the Majestic theatre, I got a couple of iron men from my father, so that I might see this most excellent comedian. I didn't go; that made four dollars for handkerchiefs.

Thirdly, having saved up (most of) my Buffalo nickels, new dimes, and Lincoln pennies, I added this amount to the fund, bringing the total to $4.16.

In the fourth place, seeing a dandy storage battery in a display window, I didn't buy it, thereby earning five dollors more, total when this is added, $4.16.

My fifth was a brilliant idea, if I do say it. I cut out banana splits, got hot chocolate instead, saved a nickel, spent it for gum. Net earning $0.00. Total to date, $4.16.

Sixthly, acting on the advice of a well-meaning friend, I decided to walk to school every morning, but, as I walked anyhow, this didn't get me any farther. Total still, $4.16.

Next, on the plea that the high cost of face powder in Brazil made it necessary, I secured an increase of two plunks in my monthly allowance.

Hip! Hip! Hooray!!! Total now, $6.16.

Seventhly, I bearded (I mean moustached) my father in his den, kept him from supper about twenty minutes, until overcome by my eloquence (and possession of the key for the den) he "shelled out" three more counters. Total, now $9.16.

Eighthly, and lastly, but not leastly, I conceived a most daring and brilliant plan. I said that the carburetur was missing from the differential, and I couldn't find it. After waiting a few moments to estimate the sentiment of my hearers toward me, I gently broke the news that I thought it would be necessary to put the car up for the winter. (Just as a little insert, I suppose that when I reach the Heavenly Gates, Gabriel will confront me with this most awful piece of evidence against my reputation for never telling a lie).

There was one thing I neglected to mention to the family, however, and that was the fact that the car didn't use gas when not running. In consequence of this trifling omission, I kept drawing my gas allowance. Total to date, $14.16.

This amount seemed to fill all requirements so I started in town to buy my presents.

On the way, I passed the window of the George Saunders Company, and saw a peach of a rotary spark gap in the window, price $15.00.

Needless to say, I succumbed to the temptation, and I bought my presents on the family charge accounts.

C. A. Palmer, '18.

An Afternoon of Field Hockey Practice

The athletic field is empty except for Miss Condon, the beloved coach, and a small group of girls about her. She is, as usual, patiently awaiting the arrival of the girls. They are coming from the railroad track, from the archway, and down the steps. In a jiffy most of them are ready, with bloomers and middies on, and their little white caps with the red "A," some with shin guards and sneekers, others with boots. The sun is hidden behind the clouds, and a strong wind has sprung up, but this does not bother the girls much.

The whistle blows and they gather about the coach, then having had positions assigned, they run out on the field. Again the whistle blows and now the fun has begun. A "tie" dribbles the ball down the field while our coach frantically tells her to "Pass! Pass! Pass to your wing." The ball is suddenly stopped by two fat legs and sent back by the force of the fat arms, members of same family as the legs. "Stieks" makes sticks and the whistle is blown. Hardly a second after the "no ties" have taken the free hit, "sticks" are made again by some frantic player. Miss Condon, hardened to this mistake, lets some go by. The ball goes out, although a heroic effort is made by "Wingy" to save it. A bully off now and the familiar words are heard, "Ground-sticks, ground-sticks, ground-sticks, hit!" There is fighting going on now and a variety of legs and arms and heads are seen, when suddenly somebody yells, "Goal!" It didn't seem possible that a ball could get by that heap, but it was sent through a corner by "Ged." The practice continues during which E. Roberts tries to stand on her head, while C. Wyman kneels before the goal, Capt. "Had" sits on the ball and "Batey" breaks two stieks. That famous exclamation, "Oh! my toe," is heard from the mouth of "Babe." During the rests, "Kimmey" is busy with the "Kitten," healing skinned knuckles, and taking other courageous parts, mending broken hearts and necks and renewing the "school spirit" among us, of which we hear so much.

It is getting dark and cold but they still play on, saying, "Just one more goal." At last, happy but tired, they gather up their belongings and leave, by as many directions as they came, all thinking of the next game.

Eleanor Willard Bateman, '19.

My Charge Account

By the death of my uncle I was left in very reduced circumstances. A small annual interest and the claim to his large, beautiful country estate was left to me by his will. But as ever with my queer old uncle, there were conditions. I must live on this estate for two years, not leaving for a period of time longer than two days. If I lived up to the conditions of the will, the estate and all the property that went with it were mine at the end of two years.

"How perfectly ridiculous!" I exclaimed, as Mr. Brown read the will. I well knew that country estate for hadn't I spent every summer there with my queer, peculiar old uncle ever since he had adopted me ten years ago at the age of eight? Oh, yes! I knew it only too well. There were plenty of horses, cows, sheep, and chickens, but there wasn't a young person, except Jack Hamlin, a very jolly person indeed but not much good considering that he spent most of his time at a law school in the city. However, there was dear old Mammy and Joe to be thought of. Joe and Mammy were colored servants who had lived with my uncle for the last twenty years and they must not, now that they were, as Joe said,

"gitting mahty stiff wid de rheumetiz," be deprived of their home. I resolved to go to the country and stick it out as long as possible.

After a week, I found myself in the country still in the best of health and established in business, amusing children for a living, much to the sorrow of Mammy and Joe. My charges were four who lived at the house the year around. "You are such a young girl," was the complaint of everybody. "Yes, so very young to take ze charge of ze little Nino," said one Italian man, who had placed the most troublesome bit of humanity I had ever seen in my charge for six months.

Nino was my first and Annette my second. Annette was a little French girl. She was seven years old and very slight and pretty, but her beautiful mother, who was now traveling, had brought Annette up to believe she was a goddess let straight down from Heaven on a golden cord. My other two charges were Americans, two small girls, and though troublesome enough, goodness knows, not possessed with so many moods and caprices as Nino and Annette.

"Here he am, Missy," said the voice of Mammy at my elbow. At last the young culprit stood before me. It was Nino after being gone all day. I was glad enough to see him but where had the child been? Poor Joe had been hobbling around all day hunting for him and informed me about an hour ago he thought "by the way ob his thinkings dat de place de young rascal was had bin sperited away."

"Nino, where have you been?" I demanded. His long, dark curls were shorn and his suit was flying in ribbons. Nino had tact and cunning and I knew it. "Mea carissima, you are not angry with Nino? He loves you, ah! see for yourself what he has brought you." He held out his dirty, grubby, little hand for me to view his present. A poor, little robin's egg lay in his hand. So he had been robbing a bird's nest. He must certainly be punished. But his curls! His father would be wild and I could not possibly get them to grow long again in six months.

"You are not angry with Nino, mea carissima?" Nino was inquiring again hopefully. Oh, no! I was not angry. Who could be angry at such a darling little child as Nino? I—I was boiling. Hot tears rose to my eyes. I took Nino's hand and marched him into the house. In his own room I tried to talk to him. Nino saw the tears of anger in my eyes. "You are crying," he said, "you are crying because Nino is bad. Kiss him, he will not be bad any more."

"No, Nino," I said, as I kissed him. "Run down stairs and get a clean suit from Mammy. If you have good luck and are put straight to bed after supper you will not be bad again until tomorrow."

Nino was not bad again that night. In fact, the next day's sun was almost setting before Nino again troubled me. Joe had just finished milking when I heard the strangest sort of a noise coming from the back kitchen I had ever heard. It was between a wail and a laugh and my heart immediately took the elevator to my mouth. I stood for a moment petrified with fear, then grabbing up the infant whom a lady had given to my care that morning, I ran toward the back of the house.

Mammy met me in the doorway. She certainly was a picture of distress. Her little white cap that she always wore was awry. She was holding up her full skirts in one hand and with the other she was holding Annette. "What is it, Mammy, what is the matter?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Lord a massy, hear the chile talk!" said Mammy. "Yo hab de very great privilege of stepping inside de doorsill and viewing de havoc yourself." I pushed Mammy aside and opening the back kitchen door, found myself in the cream room.

The siege of Troy was the first thing

that flashed through my mind. Kittens, cream and pups were everywhere, and in the middle of it all stood Mary and Lily, the two little American girls, and Nino, who held a squirming little pup covered with thick cream in his arms. Mammy had rescued Annette. The children had meant to give the kittens and pups a saucerful of milk, but the cream cans had proved too heavy for their little arms, and losing their balance had let fall cream, cans, and all, flooding the floor with milk and cream. The kittens and pups, thinking it was Thanksgiving or Merry Christmas, resolved to drink up as much as their little bellies could hold and roll around the floor in the rest. I reprimanded all the children severely and after Mammy and I had finished our contract in the bathroom washing them up, I sent them all to bed.

Nino was the last to say his prayers that night and when I told him to ask God to forgive him for being such a bad boy and for hitting Annette that day, he told me he was glad he spilt the cream 'cause God teaches you are to be generous and, as far as Annette went, she hit him three times before he touched her. "But what if Annette should die tonight, Nino? How would you feel when you knew that God had taken her to Heaven without being forgiven by you?" I asked him.

Nino thought this over for a long time. Presently he sat up in bed and ran his hands through his shorn curls. "Well," he ejaculated, "I suppose I'll forgive her, but if she don't die tonight, she'd better look out in the morning."

Many were the trials and troubles I had with my little crew before the two years were up, but as Jack Hamlin said, when he returned from law school, "You have had the experience anyway and that helps some."

Minonah M. Lewis, '18

Orchestra Notes

The first business meeting of the orchestra was held on Thursday, Nov. 23, for the purpose of electing officers for this year, the result being Louis Patriquin, '17, president; Lawrence Chellis, '17, treasurer; Evelyn Chamberlain, '17, secretary and librarian.

The orchestra is now holding its regular rehearsals, on Thursdays, under the leadership of Miss Ruth Prescott. Miss Lindaquist is acting as subdirector.

The orchestra has been sorry to lose a few members but fortunate in securing twelve new members.

At the request of Mr. Wallace, the orchestra will play for the Thursday morning Assemblies, as it did in the past year.

Evelyn Chamberlain, Secretary.

Honorable Mention

Diary of De Bracy.....John Ericson, '20

His Tribute.....Alice Melley, '19

The Spirit of Christmas.....Dorothy Roberts, '18

A Warning to Late Risers.....Clara Allen, '18

How We Have Fires.....William Kenneston, '18

Was It a Dream?.....Harriet Johnson, '19

A Fisherman's Christmas.....Sterling Webber, '19

Public Opinion—Quips and Quizzes

Little Rocks and Boulders,
Little Chunks of Slate,
Make the Coalman's fortune,
Something rich and great.

"Out of the mouths of babes."

Algic Teacher—"How many quarts in a gallon?"

Freshy—"There are three."

Teacher—"Now, carefully, how many quarts in a gallon?"

Freshy—"Four."

This is a Freshman joke. Bears some relation to the English type. doesn't it?

Have you been in to hear Billy Sunday yet? If not, you have missed something.

Passed in by Anon.

Senior, taking room in hotel which is over bowling alley—"Is this room quiet?"

Porter—"Oh, yes sir, you can hear a pin drop."

Was Room 15 ever like that at 1.05?

"A blotter is the thing we look for while the ink is drying," writes a senior.

Did it take much time to discover that, Senior?

Post mortem of last month's Clarion.

Judging by Stevens' article, he should be an expert at "stalling" a teacher when he didn't do his lesson.

Miss Allen's article on page eighteen states something of which the Freshmen should take notice.

Where were the Sophomore and Freshmen class notes? Get busy, editors.

The report of the Athletic department looks better in the current issue than in the previous one.

Evidently this one comes from a Soph who has just started Geometry.

To prove that a Freshman is an affliction.

Proof I—A Freshman is new.

Proof II—"New" means "not old."

Proof III—"Old" means "stale."

Proof IV—"Stale" means not "fresh."

Proof V—"Fresh" means "smart."

Proof VI—A "smart" is a pain.

Proof VII—A "pain" is affliction.

Proof VIII—Therefore, a Freshman is an affliction.

"A Senior" suggests that the school form a chess and checker team to play one made up by the faculty. If you like the idea, speak to your student councilor about it.

Collins tells us that—

A Freshman knows not and knows not that he knows not.

A Soph knows not and knows that he knows not.

A Junior knows, but knows not that he knows.

And a Senior knows, and knows that he knows.

Did those noses and knots ever get mixed, Hubber?

We extend a cordial invitation to Mr. Minard to speak to us some morning in assembly.

We now come to consideration of the railroad question.

Having considered, we pass on.

Have you noticed the work of the Field Hockey team? Read about their

most successful season in the Athletic department.

Health Hint—"If you stay outside during recess, you will be in better shape for the next two periods."

What's the use of a last line anyhow? Nobody ever reads it.

C. A. Palmer, '18.

Pawns and Pieces

It seems to me a shame that more students do not take up the game of chess. No! That's not meant to be a joke. Any one who has studied the game even to a slight degree is struck with the similitude between the life of men and the life of the integers of chess force. This sounds as if I were decidedly cranky, but nevertheless, "Pawns and Pieces" do exert influence on the courses of their neighbors, and on the character of the board in general. This is the life of which I speak. In the same way, the moves of men exert influence for good or bad on their contemporaries; and the trend of a man's life often (even if he is sacrifieed) gives a boost to the side of good.

To use chess terms: Aim to be a queen, don't be a pawn. If you wake up finding that you are a pawn in the game of life, don't be a sluggard; there's a chance that you'll be queened yet.

Of course, every one can't be a queen; but remember, an active knight is far better than an inactive rook who is hemmed in on every side. Therefore, wake up now, decide what your move is, and fight to checkmate evil.

Parry Reiehe, '17.

Debating Club

Owing to the very small attendance at the meetings of the Forum last year, it was decided that this club should be abandoned and the debating club resume its usual duties. A debate in our school hall has been arranged with Cambridge Latin for Feb. 10. The subject for this debate has not yet been chosen. Mr. Epstein will again coach this department and a good team is expected to represent the school. Tryouts for the team will be held early in January. If the whole school would back up this team, the school this year ought to make up for the defeats suffered last year.

My Dog

He's a nice brown dog
As sound as a ring,
He'll be eight years old
If he lives till spring.
He sleeps all day
And he howls all night;
When he doesn't do this,
He gets in a fight.

He has four long legs
And he's full of fleas,
And he has a hard time chasing these.
His tail stands up.
And his back sinks in,
But he's a pretty good dog
For the shape he's in.

Hazel Cooledge, '18.

Calendar

On the evening of Monday, November 6, in the High School hall, Marshall Darraeh gave a fine recital of Shakespeare's "Tempest." It was very well attended by an audience of both High School pupils and adults. Mr. Darrach was well applauded for he was at his best, and held the interest of his audience throughout the evening. These entertainments, which are given under the auspices of the Pratt fund, are certainly very much appreciated.

* * * *

Here in this building there are classes in American, Ancient, and Modern History, studying the wars of Washington, Caesar, and Napoleon, wars which have surely influenced the progress of nations and of races to a very great extent. But even as they read of Hannibal and of Lincoln, history is being made as it was never made before, by men whose deeds will be read hundreds of years hence, but whom we consider mere politicians and generals whose battles bore us as we read the daily press. Alexander and William the Conqueror have shaped history up to the present time, but the Great War is shaping it for the future. We take too little interest in that terrible struggle. Read the war news every day in a good paper. Form your own opinions, and study the campaigns of Von Hindenberg, Joffre, and French, in the greatest war the world has ever known!

* * * *

On Tuesday evening, November 14, a reception was given in the Junior High school building by the Arlington Teachers' club to Mr. Minard, our new superintendent, and to Mr. Wallace, our new principal.

* * * *

A short meeting of those pupils interested in dramatics and in the forming of a dramatic club was held on Tuesday, December 5. Mr. Wallace spoke to them of the value and work of such an organization in the school. On a later date, officers were elected and other matters pertaining to their work discussed. This club will act as a nucleus to any work of a dramatic sort which the school may take up. It will be a fine organization, full of interest for its members and of great service to the school.

* * * *

On the Tuesday preceding our Thanksgiving vacation, we had brief exercises in the Assembly hall. Mr. Wallace spoke a few words to us of Thanksgiving and of its worth and meaning to us. Herbert Collins gave a recitation entitled "The First Thanksgiving."

* * * *

On two occasions we have been represented by a body of pupils at services in the Billy Sunday Tabernacle in Boston. All who went thought that the trip was well worth their while. Billy Sunday is one of the most talked-of Americans of today, and we appreciate the splendid opportunities which have been given us to hear him.



"P." "G." NOTES.

"Dave" Geary has become a chemist; it is astonishing to watch how quickly he can juggle tubes.

We regret to learn that the "P." G." girls were not allowed to play on the field hockey team this fall; that is, in the final games of the season. Helen Hadley, Pauline Crosby, Katherine Kennedy and Cora Wyman were the unfortunates.

We have noticed Harold Bixby and Amos Stevens dancing with a good many different girls at the recess period. Careful boys, remember what "she" will say!!!

The class of 1916 is to hold a reunion on Friday, the 22d in the High School Gymnasium. A short entertainment is planned; also refreshments and dancing are scheduled.

1917.

In Cooking:

Miss S. (after having the class sample a new soup): "Don't you think the tomato adds a rather unusual flavor?"

Kim.: "Yes, indeed VERY unusual!!!

History IV B.:

Brokinshire's serious remark: "In the South, laws were passed to prevent the 'RESSURECTION' of the slaves."

(I wonder is he a Spiritualist?)

The Puritans didn't wish to stay in Holland for fear of getting in "Dutch."

A valuable piece of information to future farmers:

After you sell your cows, butter may be purchased at the "Creamatory."

Seniors, where are your Clarion Themes? You are put back in the class with the Freshmen with only one theme in this number. Next time show what you are made of and give us some good "stuff" in themes and help out your class editors.—Ed.

1918.

GERMAN III. A.

Noted voice from the rear as Crosby is saying the German for "I am having

a house built." "He was declining 'bride,' yesterday." Look out, girls!

FRENCH III. C.

Miss C-o-us-ns (exeiting part in battle) "And grape-nuts (shot) whistled by us."

Bright Pupil: "There's a Reason."

LATIN III. A.

Miss R-b-r-t-o-n: I'd just as soon die now, hadn't you?"

P-l-er: "Sure, of old age." (What did he mean?)

A chink by the name of Chunk Long
Fell off a street car—bing bong!
The con. turned his head.
To the passenger said,
"The car lost a washer"—ding dong!

ENGLISH III. A.

To the reseue, Sherlocke, Miss Roberts has lost her bag!

Is "limburger" a strong verb?

The Eighth Wonder of the World.

Spaulding was caught whispering unawares in German III. A class. O, Horrors!!

LATIN III. A.

It would be a great help to Miss C. Butler if Gallagher confused his name often with hers. (He did once).

LATIN.

J-hs-n: "When I get through with that Cicero test they'll have to carry my paper out in a waste-basket and me out in an ambulance!"

We'll all send you flowers, Johnson!

GERMAN II. C.

Teacher: "Give the plural of Hatte.

St-v-ns: "Furnace."

Smith was absent from school the other day. He went to see Santa Claus. We hope you get what you asked him for, Robert.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

Who owns, or would like to own, two stray dogs who were found wandering around the building, the last period, about a month ago? One was marked "Steve," and the other "Ody." They eame into Miss Robertson's room but she "kieked" them out.

And then the captain yelled, "Shoot at will." And I yelled, "Which one is he?"

Why did they take away my gun?

St-ns was ehased by a wild squirrel, climbed up in a hiekory tree, and then he was with all the rest of the nuts.

Fat and flustered Junior hurrying into a five and ten eent store, "Give me a mouse trap quick, I've got to eateh a train."

1919.

President, Philip Robinson.
Viee President, Marguerite Baird.
Seeretary, Carolyn Shawhan.
Treasurer, Harry Johnson.
Class Advisor, Mr. Cross.

If Ralph Stevens should die would Helen Vail?

Teacher: "Remove what you have in your mouth."

Pupil: "I can't, it's my tongue."

—Ex.

German Telegram:

Send one thousand pounds of Limberger cheese to the Western front. We are going to take the offensive. We ean feed the Germans on the rind (Rhine).

—Ex.

Mr. C. to pupil: "Where is your penmanship today?"

Pupil: "I didn't do it."

Mr. C. in sort of a melodious tone: "I didn't do it?"

"Did you ever hear the story of the little negro boy who had been absent from class?

"Well, Master So and So, where have you been?" and he replied, "My shoes hurt me," and the teacher said, "where?" and he said, "In the tummy."

Freshman in Algebra:

Pupil: "How do you do this example?"

Teacher: "First, you remove the brackets."

Pupil: "Where shall I put them, on the table?"

Man in the water: "Help! Help! I can't swim!"

Man on shore: "Neither can I, but I ain't hollerin' about it."

French II. H:

Les legumes sont dans le jardin.

Pupil translating: "The vegetables are in the boy."

How interesting!!!

Percy: "That automobile is goin' fast, gran'ma."

Grandma: "Percy, don't leave off your G's."

Percy: "Gee! that auto is goin' fast!" —Ex.

One day Mary was absent so her mother wrote the following excuse to her teacher:

Dear Teacher:

Please excuse Mary for being absent as she fell in the mud and dirtyed her dress by doing the same you will oblige her Mother.

—Ex.

The teacher asked the class what was the largest army. One boy got up and said "The Salvation Army."

Mr. Bead was a good athlete. He was always fond of fresh air, but not night air. One morning about two o'clock, he was awakened by a knock at the door. He went to the window and opened it and said:

"Who is there?" The answer was, "A friend."

"What is wanted?" said Mr. Bead.

"One of your windows is open."

"Which one?"

"The one where your head is out," was the reply. —Ex.

Ring 'Em Again, Please.

In a recent conversation the subject on the force of habit came up for discussion, and brought out the following story:

Miss Marie was a pretty little telephone girl. One night she went to church and, being somewhat tired, she fell asleep during the rather protracted sermon. Finally, the sermon was concluded, and after the usual prayer, the minister picked up the hymnal.

"Brethren and sisters," he announced, glancing first at the choir and then at the congregation, "We shall sing Hymn 343, Hymn 343."

"The line is busy!" cried Miss Marie, suddenly, waking up and hearing the preacher's last words, "I'll call you." —Ex.

If you don't believe in mental telepathy, just start to get a drink from one of the fountains in the corridor, and watch everybody on the same floor try to beat you to it.

ENGLISH II. C.

Shinley (giving three-minute speech): "The superdreadnought Arizona"—(thinks) "The superdreadnought Arizona—" (giggles) "The superdreadnought Arizona—" (class laughs) (Desperately) "The superdreadnought Arizona—"

Miss Blodgett: "Never mind the superdreadnought Arizona, go on with the story."

To the Freshman who inquired concerning the Constitution of the United States, we suggest that he ask somebody in the corridor on the third floor. He will find out at 2.30 in the afternoon.

DIRGE OF THE EPICURE.

One thing I can't get through my head,
It always makes it ache;
Why they should make flour into bread,
Instead of into cake!

Something for the Freshman's Christmas present: a Kiddie Kar.

The Sophomores are abused. Think how much more important we would feel if we could go down to the gym, at recess, meeting with haughty stare the envious looks of the poor fresh!

1920.

Freshmen, hurry and elect your Clarion editors, so that you can be well represented in the next number.

Club Notes

Boys' Glee Club.

As yet this club has not been fully organized under the leadership of Mr. Gordon, but it is hoped that in the future it will be as successful an undertaking as in former years.

Dramatic Club.

A great deal of interest was shown in connection with this organization and the first meeting was a very enthusiastic one. It is certain that their efforts will be fully appreciated and entitled to the support of all.

Forum.

Owing to the lack of interest and support, this organization has been withdrawn from the school activities.

Girls' Glee Club, 1916-1917

The Girls' Glee Club has reorganized under the direction of Miss Florence Hale. The officers elected for this year are as follows:

President, Julia Currier.
Vice President, Geraldine Loveitt.
Secretary, Evelyn Lake.
Treasurer, Helen Sinclair.
Librarian, Dorothy Jordan.

The president wishes to welcome all the new members and thanks all the girls who showed an interest in the club this year.

The club expects to go carolling, Christmas eve, as it has in former years.

A kitchen extravaganza will be given by the club about the last of February. This will be a rather novel affair and we hope that everybody will come.

Evelyn Lake, Secretary.



Field Hockey

The first game was played at Milton the 13th of November. The A. H. S. girls were victorious, beating the Milton High girls 3-0. Under Capt. Hadley, the girls played a remarkable game for their first encounter. The leader scored the three goals and it looks fine for the coming season. The second game was played at Newton, but the A. H. S. girls were forced to defeat at the hands of Newton, 3-0.

Arlington 6, Winchester 1.

The Arlington High girls registered their second victory of the season Nov. 22, at Arlington. In a very exciting game A. H. S. trimmed W. H. S. 6-1. The girls were always on a jump. An Arlington "man" could be found at any angle to shoot the ball to.

Under Miss Condon's coaching, the girls are surely playing the game and it is team play that counts. With this victory fresh in their hands the girls hope to defeat their old rivals, Lexington.

Lexington 7, Arlington 0.

The A. H. S. girls were compelled to give in to a superior team. On Nov. 24, Lexington played Arlington on Spy Pond field in a very interesting game. Although the score read 7-0, nevertheless, the A. H. S. girls tried their best to get the game. The A. H. S. girls played mainly a defensive game. Only on two different occasions did the Lexington goal tend have a great deal to do. Misses Hadley, Stickney and Kennedy excelled for Arlington.

Arlington 5, Malden 2.

Arlington was forced to play its best when they took the game from Malden on Nov. 29, Spy Pond field, 5-2. The A. H. S. girls had no easy time of it. It required much ability, which the girls seem to possess, in this contest. Malden had the ball all but in on several occasions, but for the crack goal tending. Arlington scored two in the first period, one in the second, and two again in the final period. Malden's first goal was scored when the center forward hit the ball straight and accurate. The ball finding no resistance rolled past for first tally. The second came in the last period.

Arlington 7, Sargent 2nd 3.

Dec. 4, at Spy Pond field, saw a crowd watching Arlington score their fourth victory. Sargent's 2nd was sent to defeat 7-3 by Arlington's successful girls' hockey team. The girls are going fine with four victories and two losses.

Arlington 10, Somerville 0.

The A. H. S. girls played circles around Somerville, Dec. 8, at Arlington. Right off at the start the A. H. S. girls smothered around Somerville's goal and began their scoring immediately. The ball was always in the

territory of Somerville's goal, but occasionally the A. H. S. girls had to drop back and protest their own. Capt. Hadley was out of the game, due to being a P. G. However, the girls played wonderfully well, G. Loveitt and H. Kimball excelling. With this game, the season closed. The girls have won five out of seven contests—a fine record. We feel very much encouraged for another season after the form shown this year, and take this opportunity to extend our thanks and appreciation to Miss Condon, our coach, and Miss Bowker, our faculty manager and friend. Ice hockey is now in the air for girls! Here's hoping!! The following are the winners of the field hockey A:

Helen Hadley (captain); Hazel Kimball (manager); Ethel Roberts, Dorothy Roberts, Rebecca Stickney, Cora Wyman, Madeline Thatcher, Marion Wing, Mary Willis, Geraldine Loveitt, Eleanor Bateman, Katherine Kennedy.

Football

Arlington 0, Watertown 0.

On Nov. 2, Arlington opposed Watertown at the opponent's field. Being rather a cold fall day, the A. H. S. boys should have had more "pep" and trimmed Watertown. Before a crowd of a hundred, the two teams tussled for four periods with neither being able to score. During the third quarter, a discussion arose as to whether Watertown should reinstate one of their men previously withdrawn. After five or six minutes it was decided to allow the man to play, at the same time his team was to be penalized. The fourth quarter started when it was already getting dark. After a few minutes the game was called. Brainard, of Powder Point, appeared in an Arlington suit, for the first time, in the contest.

Weymouth 28, Arlington 0.

Weymouth High attached another victory to their long string of successive victories by defeating Arlington High in a one-sided game, Nov. 9. The W. H. S. boys made great gains by one or two lateral passes and punts. Aside from this their hard line plunging brought them their necessary distance. End runs figured, but not so numerous. However, the A. H. S. boys were able to hold their opponents to 28, while previous to this Weymouth had rolled up 57 points on an aggregation which A. H. S. tied 0-0. A marked improvement is here shown.

A. H. S. Independents 34, A. H. S. 0.

Arlington High again gave way to their superior opponents Nov. 20. The "Independents" of Arlington High took away laurels in a one-sided affair. Although the A. H. S. boys got the better of their victors at the beginning of the second half, they failed to score and were soon rushed back. The Independent squad touched the ball over the line for five touchdowns. Three came in the first half, two in the second with four goals in addition. This shows that if the "Independents" were satisfactory in all school reports the competition for the first team would be keener.

Arlington 13, Melrose 0.

At last the A. H. S. boys were "there!" Saturday, the 25th of November, the Arlington boys entertained Melrose High at the home grounds in a decidedly one-sided affair. They also entertained themselves and rolled the 13 points on our hockey rivals. It was a cold, windy day and on account of the Harvard-Yale contest there were not many to witness this affair. Also many who took part in an entertainment that afternoon missed what proved to be a decisive win for us. The main feature of the game was the playing of the Schwamb twins, Edward and Theo-

dore. Both play at tackles and it was through their star performance that two touchdowns were secured, each contributing his share. With these two brothers another member of the team succeeded in kicking a goal; this was O'Connell, l. h. b. Toward the end of the game, Coach Long used his subs. With this second lineup, Melrose could not gain. Speaks well for 1917 football! With this victory fresh in mind, the eleven hope to trim Lexington on Thanksgiving.

Lexington 2, Arlington 0.

The Arlington boys were obliged to "take the count" in an evenly fought battle Thanksgiving morning. It was a showery day to witness a football game, nevertheless, there was a crowd of 1,500 which enjoyed the excitement of the play. The A. H. S. cheering section was on hand to shout encouragement to the boys on the field. In the first half, after see-sawing for most of the time, Lexington performed a punt which was touched by Donnelly on the five-yard line, but slipped from his hands and sped past the goal line. Donnelly ran and fell on it. This play was considered a safety, which chalked up two for our opponents. Since the game, however, discussion has arisen as to whether the score should be 0-0 or 2-0. The contenders claim that the ball was a free ball after touching Donnelly's hands. But since he recovered it the play should have been merely a touchback and should be brought out 20 yards for first down. Nevertheless, the decision of the officials holds sway and for that reason Lexington won the day. The season is now over with five defeats, two tied and one victory. But that "one" is the game we're all mighty glad to have.

Ice Hockey

The candidates were called out for this branch of winter sport on Nov. 26. They came "forty strong" to the Old High School building at 2.30 for the initial practice. After shooting the puck for an hour and three-quarters, the boys are led over a half mile course so as to strengthen their wind. Practice sessions are held in this way every day until ice appears. Practice dates have been asked for at the Arena. Everything looks great this year for a championship winning team. Louis Reycroft, the rover of 1915, is back and he should be one of the best rovers in schoolboy hockey this year. N. Jost is back to repeat his playing this year for the fourth successive season. Donnelly, last year's captain, but for scholastic reasons was unable to play last year, will appear on one of the wings. Morton, the defense strength of 1915, will again perform in that position. Others of last year, as McCarthy and O'Connell, are out to strengthen the new material which looks promising. A second team will in all probability be formed. David Snow is manager this year and Louis Reycroft has been elected captain. At this writing no coach is yet in sight. Suits have been ordered from J. W. Brine and all that is hopefully looked for now is ice.

Cross Country

Although no team was organized this year, owing to lack of funds and coach, Arlington was represented at the Worcester meet by Capt. Forrest Cameron. Since he could get no team together he went for individual honors, which he received. He came in among the first four or five to finish and thereby received a medal. He was given a hearty applause when he stepped forward to receive the same.

S. Kellogg, '17.



"My college certainly takes an interest in its graduates," said Jones to Smith.

"How's that?" asked Smith.

"Why, here I get a note from the dean saying he will be glad to hear of the death of any of the alumni."

What a funny bird a frog are!
When he hop he jump.
When he jump he sit.
He do. he do.
He ain't got no tail at all
'Mos hardly! —Ex.

He: "I am sure Cupid had nothing to do with our wonderful language."

She: "Why?"

He: "Beeause if he had, he'd have put U and I closer together."

A Debate on Woman Suffrage.

Negative: "What is woman more than a rag, a bone, or a hank of hair?"

Affirmative: "And what is man more than a drag, a drone, and a tank of air?"

—Ex.

Youth: "I sent you some suggestions telling you how to make your paper more interesting. Have you carried out any of my ideas?"

Editor: "Did you meet the office boy with the waste paper basket as you eame upstairs?"

Youth: "I did. Yes, yes, go on."

Editor: "Well, he was carrying out your ideas."

Why is it that Billy Sunday doesn't get a hair eut while in Boston?

Because all the barbers are union men and do not work on Sunday.

"Gladys," said her mother. "You stood on the poreh quite a while last night with that young man."

"Why, mother, I only stood there for a second."

"But," said her mother, "I'm sure I heard a third and fourth."

One day a new pupil coming home from a settlement school of musie said, "Mother, how many carrots are there in a bushel?"

"What has that to do with mnsic?" answered the mother. "I don't know," the child replied. But npon going to school and inqniring what kind of music her child was being taught, the

teacher laughed and said, "Well, that is hardly what we asked your child. The question was how many beats there were in a measure."

"Willie," said his mother, severely, "You must stop using such dreadful language. Where in the world did you learn it?"

"Why, mother, Shakespeare uses it."

"Well, then, don't play with him."

"Mr. Casey," said the landlord to Pat, "I'm afraid I'll have to raise the rent."

"Ah, now, Mr. Dooley, don't be afraid, sir. Sure you'll have to for oi can't."

"And have you had any experience with children?" asked the woman of the grinning applicant.

"Sure, mam, I have. Wasn't I one meself?"

Will every one please try to avail themselves of the opportunity to read the exchanges, which are to be found in the school library. And please tell us what you think of them through the "Clarion Notes" box in the library.

The "Clarion" wishes to acknowledge: The Recorder, Winchester, Mass.; The Clarion, W. Hartford, Conn.; The Chronicle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; The Student, Freeport, N. Y.; The Newton H. S. Review; School Life, Melrose, Mass.; The Delphian, Providence, R. I.; The Reflector, Gloucester, Mass.; The Oak, Lily and Ivy, Milford, Mass.; The Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.; The Blue Owl, Attleboro, Mass.; The Brewster, Wolfboro, N. H.; The Authentic, Stoneham, Mass.

F-r-e-s-h-y

F is for his very Funny costume,
R means that he thinks that he's all Right.
E is for the Ease he has in walking,
S means that his Shine is none too bright.
H is for his Hair so long and ragged.
Y means Young, and young he surely is.

Put them all together, they spell
FRESHY—
A class we all would surely miss.
To the tune of "M-O-T-H-E-R."

Brokenshire, '17.

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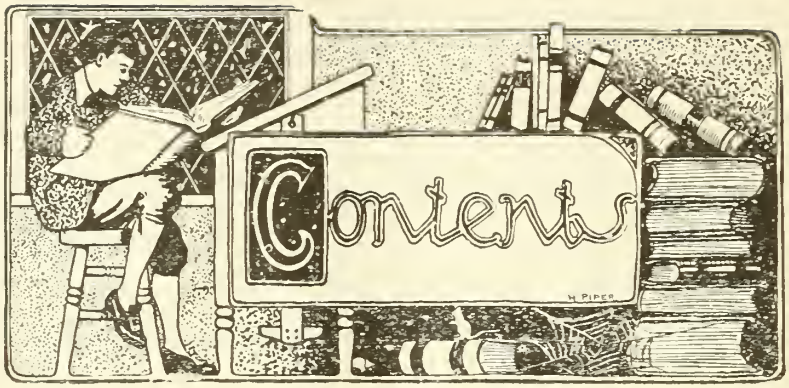
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EDITORIAL

Preparation for Preparedness

The message of the Grand Army men on Lincoln Day had a deep significance in view of the crisis which our country is facing. Preparedness requires preparation. And that is our duty to our country now. And how can we become prepared? There are many ways we High School pupils can prepare. What about our Wireless Club? Some of its members are already signed up for government positions and many others are preparing for them. And then our Chemistry classes: are they not preparing our boys for many lines of inventions and war and peace materials?

There has never been a time when our modern languages will be of such need and use as they are bound to be soon.

Our business courses are a very much needed item for preparation.

Girls! these are not entirely for the boys. You can do a great deal along these lines. Then add to these the sewing. There are many ways in which the sewing helps in times of trouble as well as peace. We have a wonderful system for Red Cross Work, but all the workers who will offer themselves for the work are needed.

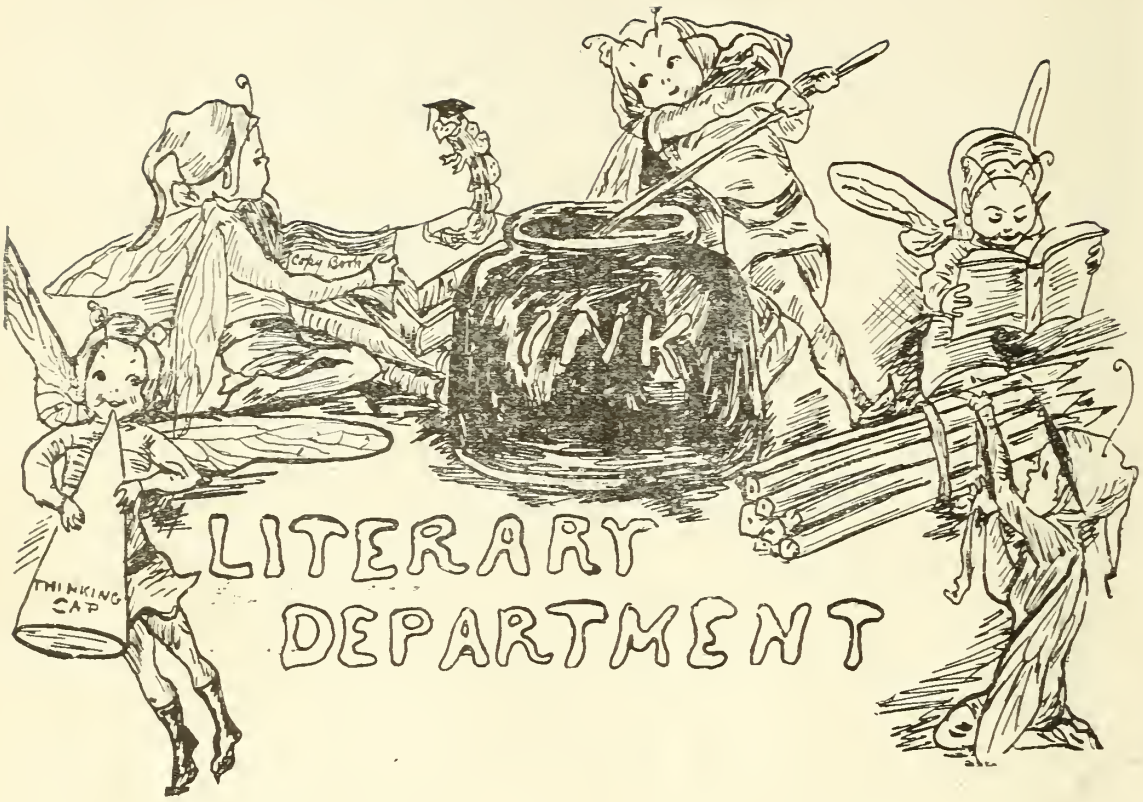
LET'S PREPARE.

In March is the twentieth anniversary of the founding of THE CLARION. We will have a celebration and a big number.

We are very glad of your contributions put in THE CLARION box. Keep up the good work.

The recent death of Richmond Parkhurst, a member of the school, is deeply regretted by us all. He was a kind-hearted, industrious fellow, popular with us all. The school, and especially his fellow students of the Senior class, miss him, and we all extend our most sincere sympathy to his father and mother.

Welcome! The Freshmen column appears!



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

WINTER

At all the dreariness of winter we need not sigh.
At the leafless branches and the frozen plain;
If in our hearts we hear the spring bird's cry
And see the earth in gladsome green again.

Doris Chauvin, '17.

THE RE-TAKING OF THEBES, 379 B. C.

(As told by one of the exiles.)

As I was sitting in my study in my house at Athens one day, just after Thebes had been taken by Sparta's act of treachery, a boy knocked at the front door of the house and upon being admitted handed me a note summoning me to come to the house of one of my friends at once. The business on hand was very important, my friend said.

When I arrived at his house I found there Pelopidas, a man belonging to one of the best families of Thebes, and four other men besides my friend.

Pelopidas at once began to tell us of a plan to re-take the city of Thebes, of which we were all exiles. Pelopidas had a friend who had remained in Thebes, he said, and who would help us to get into the city at night and kill the Spartan leaders there. We discussed the plan for an hour or more and finally decided to try it in three nights.

When we started we travelled in twos, the person left over going with one of the sets. My friend, whose house I had gone to, travelled with me. We met with no adventures and arrived at the appointed meeting plaee an hour or so before the next party eame. The third party arrived a few minutes later. Every move was now made with the utmost eaution.

We now got into the shadow of the wall and proceeded along it. Our destination was a small gate whieh Pelopidas' friend knew about. This friend had told us that there were only two guards at this gate. We were very careful where we stepped for if we had made much noise the guards plaeed at short intervals on the wall would have diseovered us, and our ehanees of carrying out our purpose would have been spoiled.

As we neared the small gate, moving with the greatest stealth, a sentry loomed up on the top of the wall. He was standing almost over the gate. If we tried to get through the gate he would certainly hear us.

Pelopidas asked us all in whispers if we eould think of a way to get rid of the sentinel. I volunteered to climb the wall and bind and gag him. Taking some rope whieh we had with us I started. It was hard elimbing. I threw my himation to those below and finding the elimbing easier I eame nearer and nearer the top. I had to be very eareful for if I had made seareely any noise at all it would have attraeted the sentinel's notiee. When I was about four feet from the top, the guard, who had been standing faeing away from me, turned around. My heart stood still. I dared not draw my breath. Aeting quickly I felt around on a small ledge whieh I was holding on to. I soon found what I desired, a small pebble. Holding on for dear life with one hand, and leaning against the wall as mueh as I eould, I managed to toss the pebble so that it fell a few feet the other side of the sentinel, and on the wall. He turned around with a start. Now was my chance. I drew myself up on the wall and jumped on the sentinel at the same time thrusting a cloth which I had with me into the fellow's mouth. I had hung this cloth on the belt of my ehiton before I started on my elimb. The sentinel was so surprised that I got the rope around his arms before he knew what had happened. I quickly tied it and bound his feet too. Then leaving him on the wall, I deseended on the other side, and making my way to the plaee where Pelopidas' friend had promised to be waiting to help us to get into the house, where the Spartan leaders slept, I told him who I was and explained to him about the guard on the wall.

Then we went back to the gate and attaeked the two guards, at the same time ealling to Pelopidas to break the lock on the gate and help us. We somehow managed to hold the guards in silence until Pelopidas and the other men could come to our reseue. Then we gagged the two prisoners and bound their hands together.

Next we hurried to the house of the Spartan leaders. We had no diffieulty in getting into the house for there were only two active guards, the rest having fallen asleep under the effeets of some liquor whieh they had taken at a party a few hours earlier. The party had been given by Pelopidas' friend, who reasoned that the men would drink so mueh that they would get very drunk and fall asleep.

The Spartan, sleeping in the farthest room along the hall, was assigned to me to kill. I entered the house first and made my way stealthily along the hall. I did not know whether there would be any guards in the house or not. When I had gone about half way along the hall a statue of the patron diety of Thebes loomed up in front of me. Convineed now that there were no guards in the house I quiekened my steps and started around the statue. Suddenly I stopped. My heart

stood still for the second time that night. There, not ten feet away from me, standing at the entrance to one of the rooms was a Spartan guard! I quickly dived back into the shadow of the statue hoping he had not seen me. He had evidently heard a noise anyway for he looked intently around. However, he did not move from his position. I now went around to the other side of the statue where the shadow was very deep all along the wall. I crept along until I was within two feet of the unsuspecting guard. Then, with a sword which Pelopidas had given me, I struck him through the heart. He was standing a little out of the dense shadow so it was easy enough. I held his mouth shut until he was dead lest he wake the sleeping Spartans with a call or rouse any other guards.

This done, I sneaked slowly on down the hall, always on the lookout for other guards. As I was creeping along my foot slipped on the edge of a pool which I had not seen. I regained my balance, however, and kept on my way. Meeting no more guards I soon found myself in the room of the Spartan leader. I did to him as I had done to the guards a few minutes before and then crept out the back door and around to the street.

Hearing great shouting, I hurried along the street and turning a corner came out upon a great crowd with Pelopidas in their midst. Spartan guards were running toward the citadel and Thebans were chasing them. There was great confusion, but everywhere the people were moving to the citadel.

On the way I learned that all the Spartan leaders had been killed. We greatly outnumbered the Spartans at the citadel and they were forced to give up and go back to Sparta. The city was now ours but still the excitement did not subside. I saw Pelopidas mount a ruined portion of the wall and in kindly words tell the people that the night's work was over, that they had all shown the utmost patriotism and that the old government would be revived and the Thebans would again rule Thebes.

Donald Wallace, '20.

THE TRAIL OF PANCHITO'S GHOST

In southern Mexico on the western coast stands an old crumbling Spanish fort. The weeds have sprung up all around it, and at a distance the tourist would not notice it. It was called in its early days, "The Fort of Don Paréz," not being named after a leader of that name, but for a boy who performed a brave deed for his country. But that is another story and does not deal particularly with what I am about to say.

A mile to the east of this ancient fortress a hundred years after this there sprang up a small village of thatched roof huts among which there were houses belonging to a richer class of people. These Mexican half-breeds all had a sort of fear for this old fort and therefore never went near it. However, there was a boy in that town named Panchito, who herded cattle on the hill just north of the fort and one day braved his fears and went into the fort.

Day in and day out he looked on the fort and wondered at its mysteries.

One noon as he was finishing his lunch, he noticed in the valley near the fort two mules tied to some Palmetto trees near the entrance. He was astonished at their owner's daring. He was not afraid but the superstitious nature of his race was born in him.

For an hour he watched the fortress to find other signs of life, but none ap-

peared. He still waited and then after another hour's elapse, he mustered up his courage, leaving his dog to follow the cattle and went down the valley to the fort.

He entered the crumbling gateway and started towards the weird-looking structure, within the centre of which the soldiers had probably lived. There were three doorways. The middle doorway had long ago been filled in by decay and fallen stones and earth. He entered the one on the left and passed down a long dark passageway at the end of which was a pair of winding stairs.

These led downward perhaps one hundred feet. As he neared the bottom of the stairs he saw that he was entering a long gallery at the farther end of which he noticed a light not from a fire, but from what looked to be a hot molten mass of metal. When he stepped down to the stone floor he stepped on a small pebble which tripped him up and he fell into one of the new empty fonts. His head struck the centre post, knocking him unconscious.

When he regained consciousness he tried to rise, but found that his left ankle pained and upon examination, he discovered he had sprained it.

As he rose on his knees in the darkness, a man passed him within a yard, but not seeing him. He carried a long-handled ladle which contained some of this bright molten substance Panchito had seen some time before.

The man startled the boy for a minute for he looked ghostly and weird with the bright pot of gold lighting up his face from beneath. As he trudged along he left a small trail of the metal as it spilled over the sides of the ladle. A sight like this in the darkness way under the earth would have startled any ordinary boy.

But the fright of Panchito wore off and he saw that it was a man, though some one he did not know, carrying red hot gold from the big vat that sat in the corner, putting it in the cooling molds next to the font.

When the man passed back he dropped a small roll of paper written in Spanish. This Panchito read by the light from the cooling molds.

The paper read translated: I Don [last name gone] will and bequeath one mold of radium the size of a persimmon, to Razio, the faithful, also 90,000 pesos worth of gold in vessels, urns, and baptismal dishes, to be used by him, as he sees fit for the purpose of building (if there is not one close by at the time this document is found) a city improving foresaid.

Signed .....

Panchito read these lines with astonishment; these men (one of whom he had already seen) were making off with the radium and gold themselves. He knew the man to whom this treasure had been left. He must save the gold. He must aid the cause of his town. The pain in his foot was intense. He crawled as near the vat as he could and saw the radium beneath keeping the contents hot. He knew it was radium because only a few weeks before some men from the States had been down in this region hunting for specimens of the rock in which it is found. He had been hired by them as a guide and in the week he was with them he learned of the qualities and value of the ore.

He saw now that these men had been melting up the golden vessels and urns into bullion, for it was easier for transportation. Slowly and cautiously he painfully crawled up the stairs and out into the open air. He laboriously mounted one of the mules and started to the town for help.

He got help from the townspeople and the old heir to this fortune, and routed out the two men who had found the will.

Panchito in years to come was rewarded for his noble act by being made a Muriato. The piece of radium was thrown into the sea, and today the people near the coast only speak about the spot where it still lies as Panchito's Hot Spring.

Howard Marple, '18.

AN OLD SKI FOR SALE FREE!!!

The sun shone down on a frosty morning in the New Hampshire hills. I was just about to enjoy the sport of skiing. My hopes were high and the biting cold nipped my face and nose.

In back of the house was a long, steep hill with an abrupt drop of about twelve feet at the bottom. I had seen three or four other fellows gliding down the steep slope to land at the bottom and slide about twenty feet. It fascinated me and I decided there would be no harm in trying it. Oh! Ignorance is bliss. Why didn't I let well enough alone?

I carried my skiis to the top, and after tying them securely on, started down. It was a flying start, but just then I happened to wonder how I would land. Oh, fool that I was, that I hadn't practised landing from a smaller drop, but I couldn't help it now I was surely going ninety miles an hour easy. Luckily, there was a hard-beaten track which the other fellows had used. While all these things had been going through my mind I was rapidly nearing the top of the small cliff. I arrived —— with a rush and a roar and then —— I landed. I've read of a good many landings, William the Conqueror, Columbus' and the Landing of the Pilgrims, but never a landing like this. Somehow in my swift descent my feet got twisted and by a common impulse each wanted to be higher and I couldn't prevent them from obeying that impulse. I landed, as I said before, but not on my feet with that graceful motion, but with a crash on the top of my head, or hair, because I was so scared my hair stood upright. One ski tucked its toe playfully under my ear; the other chuckled me under the chin so forceably that it broke. But enough's enough! I'm not going to try it again, but it would be selfish for the world and if there is any one who has an old ski and would like to gain some knowledge along skiing lines he may have mine and welcome as for me.

I'm through!

Milton Estabrook, '17.

"THE BUREAU OF MISINFORMATION."

"Say, feller, want a job?"

Thus called out a man in a little round office, as I was striding along through the waiting-room of the big station.

"Sure," I said, "what is it?"

"Hold the fort for a couple of minutes, I'm going around the corner for a bite of lunch. Slow, just now; you can get by easy enough."

"What shall I tell 'em?" I asked.

"See—here is a list of all the trains, time and stations. If you get stuck, string them along. I'll be back in a couple of minutes. Nothin' to it—nothin' to it."

And saying this the information man scurried away leaving me in possession of the bureau—without further information.

I started to examine the cards to absorb information.

"Buzz-zzh," tingled the phone.

"Hello!"

"Information! Will you please tell me when the next train leaves for Bluberry Junction?"

"Bluberry Junction?" I asked.

"Yes, and speed it, I'm in a rush!"

I looked over the B's in Massachusetts, Mexico and Milwaukee, but alas, I found no Bluberry Junction.

"I say!" yelled the man, "have you gone to sleep?"

At this point I was interrupted by a flashy woman led by a fluffy poodle.

"Oh! my dear Sir," she said, "would you mind keeping Tootsie for me for a few minutes?"

"I say!" yelled the man on the wire, "does your bloomin' train go to Bluberry Junetion or not?"

"It does not," I said, hanging up, and taking Tootsie in the eage.

"Is this Information Bureau?" asked a stately woman. "Can you tell me a good plaee to buy a suit of elothes? I'm a stranger from the West, you know."

"From Missouri?" I asked. "Take the first street and turn to the right and then left. Jump on the first trolley car—you pay as you enter—and—"

"Buzz-zz-zz," angrily buzzed the telephone.

"What time does the 2 o'eloek train leave for Doolittle Junetion?" asked a voiee at the other end of the wire.

"At about half-past three tomorrow afternoon," I replied, hanging up.

"Say, pard," said a weather-beaten looking individual peering into my bureau of misinformation, "can you lend a feller a dime? I'm starving for a drink."

"Try some of our shaving soap," said a lady peddler.

"Will you help the little ones?" asked Salvation Sue.

"Oh, Mister Information Man!" eried a woman, running up to the window. "Can you hold Flossie for me until I get back? Please do!"

"But I have a dog in here," I protested.

"Oh, Flossie is the dearest kitten you ever saw, and she won't hurt your dog. Will you, Flossie?"

I hauled in Flossie, putting her on the shelf, and grabbed Tootsie by the collar.

"Girk-grip!" yapped Tootsie.

"Wow-o-ow!" yelled Flossie.

"Buzz-buzz-buzz," went the telephone.

"Is this the information bureau?" asked a feminine voiee.

"No," I replied. "This is the Animal Rescue League."

"Oh, Heavens!" she replied, quickly hanging up.

In the meantime Tootsie made a grab at Flossie, and Flossie endeavoring to eseape, jumped on my head, digging her claws into my neck.

"Buzz-zz!" went the phone.

"Wow-wow!" yelled a baby in its mother's arms.

Me for the tall timbers! I had not signed up for an Orphan Asylum!

At this point the information man returned, and out I ran leaving him to settle the troubles of Tootsie and Flossie and the howling babe.

Still I held the fort in the presenee of the enemy until the guard returned.

Erford C. Kemp, '18.

?

When, or rather if, you read this, you will doubtless think it necessary to remind me that I am not quite all there, and—"hadn't I better—ah! keep quiet and unexeited for a time?" If sueh be your impulse, let me hasten to inform you that this advise has already been presented to me by my friends, at intervals of approximately twenty minutes, for many moons. It has been useless.

Now then; to explain this eandid beginning. You see it's like this: I am unfortunately one of those unappreciated few who "dream-nightmares, and see visions (?)" It all happened the other night, when I was supposed to be studying; or rather, taking my

daily exercises in mental calesthenics as prescribed by Miss Allyn. In reality, however, I was blissfully entering that dream-haven reserved for poetic souls. Slowly the paper before me assumed expressions, and when, a few minutes later, I emerged from my oracular tranee, a beaming 4 met my wondering gaze. Then a benevolent 7, a shrewd 2. Now, I ask you, is my case hopeless or do you see this, too?

4—worried 5—questioning
2—reckless 5—grouchy

Yours in hope,

Parry Reiche, '17.

COASTING

On a great big farm not far away,
There's a hill, where the children like to play.
They start at the top with a whoop and a yell
And go 'way to the bottom, just pell-mell.

It's not so much fun when you start to come back,
'Cause they're always yelling, "Get out of the track!"
And it seems such a long way to go up the hill,
That we all stop to rest at the cider mill.

Finally we're up to the top and then,
Why, what will we do but coast down again!
We're half way down, when, lo and behold!
We're dumped in the snow and oh! isn't is cold?

When we are coasting, we don't stop to think
If our cheeks are nice and rosy and pink,
We just think of what great fun it is
To start at the top and go down with a whizz!

Helen Snow, '20.

SUNSET

The boat steamed out of the harbor as the sun, a ball of red fire, was sinking in the west. Its rays danced across the water in a golden pathway to the boat. Soon the sun was gone, leaving the sky a beautiful pink with many tiny gray clouds scattered here and there. One could almost detect familiar objects in its picturesqueness. Streaks of black appeared in the distant horizon until finally the dark curtain of night fell, bringing the moon with its silvery beams. Myriad stars blinked at each other as they looked at the world below. There was a crisp breeze with the night, ruffling the cool, green ocean. Everything presented a pleasing aspect at sea.

Eudora M. Rice, '18.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY

(A True Story.)

It was about a half mile from Schofield Barracks, which is an army post on the Island of Oahu. We were returning from an afternoon swim at a nearby beach. On our way, we had to pass through a large gulch, considered to be one of the most dangerous on the island. At the bottom, there is a small, wooden bridge which is about twenty feet from the ground. Between the bridge and the fence, on one side of the road, there is a gap, about three yards wide.

As we neared the bottom of the gulch, we saw two Japanese laborers coming down the other side on bicycles. They were riding very rapidly, one being in advance of the other. The one in the rear was driving with one hand when he came near the gap in the fence. As he was about to put his other hand on the handlebars, he lost control of the bicycle and shot through the opening.

He landed head first in a clay-bottomed brook, which ran under the bridge, and was buried up to his waist in the muddy substance.

His companion did not miss him until we told him of the accident. Then he quickly dismounted and ran down the side of the hill to see if, by some chance the man still lived. He immediately pulled him out of the brook, saving him from suffocation.

By this time we had arrived at the bridge. We leaned over the rail and asked the man if his companion was dead. He answered in very broken English, "Yep, he dead," but the truth was that he was only unconscious.

In about ten minutes, he was up and washing his face and hands in the clearest part of the brook, which was not very clear, I can assure you. We were surprised because he so quickly recovered, and were astonished to learn that he hadn't as much as a scratch or a bruise on his body.

Helen Preston, '20.

THE CLOCK ON THE WALL

A critical pupil has noticed that the clock in Room 15 is not placed at the proper angle.

Little clock upon the wall,
Don't you know your place?
You look so tipsy where you are
I hate to see your face.

You clocks should always mend your way
And ne'er be fast or slow.
But keep the tenor of your gait
And be always on the go.

A school clock should be wise enough
At least to stand up straight.
Take down your hands and fix yourself
Before it is too late.

Martha Hooker, '20.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT TO SKATE

I had just received a new pair of skates for Xmas and felt the necessity of using them. I chose a day that wasn't too cold because I had an idea that I wouldn't move very fast. I thought I would glide gracefully over the ice and, if not very speedy at first, I felt that surely in two weeks I would be able to join the Arena Hockey Team.

I walked into the boathouse, trying to look like a professional. I don't know whether I succeeded or not, but if I had known what was coming to me later, I wouldn't have even tried. My skates went on very easily and I started for the door. It didn't seem very hard walking on the wood, and I even tried to walk down the plank on my toes, as I had watched the others do, but it was rather slippery, and after fanning the air for several moments, I succeeded in getting on my feet again.

On getting off, Dorothy asked me if I wanted "a lift," but I gave her a crushing look and said I guessed I was perfectly capable of taking care of myself. She said "I'll show you an easy way to get off. You put your feet together and jump off, land on your two feet and slide a little and then—skate away." Well!—I thought that a good idea so I followed her advice. I landed on my two feet all right, but I found that I had to stop to pick myself up before I could "skate away." Dorothy was having a terribly hard time trying to suppress her mirth. She came over and helped me up. This time I was perfectly willing to let her hold me. We were getting along pretty well and I was thinking, "It isn't so hard after all." I said to Dot, "Aren't we going Gre———" Flop! We were both sprawled on the ice. I don't know how we got there and I didn't care. All I wanted to do was sit there. I hadn't felt so safe all afternoon. So ended my first try at skating. On the way home, I was thinking of the Arena Team. Instead of two weeks I now saw it shining dimly in my senior year—perhaps?

Edith Baumister, '20.

HONORABLE MENTION

The Overthrow of the Spartans in Thebes .....D. Allen, '20
My Favorite Subject.....D. Clifford, '17
My First and Only Poem.....C. Allen, '18
Woods in Winter.....E. Gannet, '18
A Hunting Trip.....J. McCarthy, '18
The Man of the Hour.....A. Stackpole, '19
That Clarion Theme.....G. Jerardi, '19
A Country Store.....R. Smith, '20
Pleasures .....P. Staples, '20
A Trip to the Art Museum.....L. Foss, '20

CALENDAR

Arbor Day is not far distant. We hope that the admirable custom, begun last year, of planting class trees will be continued this spring. Those evergreens, however, have been a standing joke on account of their size. Why not plant some real shade trees, which in years to come will beautify our building and lawn? A group of elms would greatly detract from the bareness of the grounds, and could be bought for a sum quite as reasonable as that paid for our diminutive evergreens.

* * * *

On Friday, December 22, 1916, Christmas exercises were held in the hall. After a selection by the orchestra, a recitation entitled, "When North and South Join Hands," was given by Ethel Burt. "Christmas a Hundred Years to Come," a poem, was read by John Lyons, and a selection was sung by a German octet. Finally, "Christmas at the Trimbels," was read by Mildred Wadman and David Snow.

* * * *

The Junior class gave a most enjoyable reception to the Seniors on Friday evening, February 9. A playlet, "Her Busy Day," was presented by members of the Junior class under direction of Mrs. Wood, the class advisor. The cast was as follows:

Cora Allen, a domestic.....
Rebecca Stickney
Ethel Newwed.....Priscilla Watts
Mrs. Eleanor Sabina Knowser.....
Dorothy Roberts
Barbara .....Marguerite Kenney
Katie Farmer, hired girl.....
Vesta Taylor
Patrolman Eagle, on the beat.....
Parks Odenweller
Freddy, a schoolboy....Edwin Keefe
Happy Jack, a tramp.....
Roswell Baker
Tom Bluffer.....Howard Marple
Nick Prior, a grocer's boy.....
Preston Budreau
Mike Dooley, in love with Katie...
Ralph Adams
Newwed, Ethel's husband.....
Forrest Cameron

A beautiful bouquet was presented to Mrs. Wood by the members of the cast. Ice cream and cake were served, and greatly appreciated by all, in the lunch room. Dancing followed in the gymnasium until 11 o'clock.

Howard Marple was chairman of the Social committee. Elsa Haller and Ralph Adams had charge of the refreshments; Forrest Cameron and Vesta Taylor of the decorating; Dorothy Roberts of the invitations. Roswell Baker was stage manager, and the cast was coached by Mrs. William MacOnie from Medford Hillside. Programs were printed by the school press.

* * * *

On Thursday, January 18, in the Assembly hall, the school was given a very interesting talk by Charles Flamand, the son of the French consul in Boston. He spoke of his own experiences in the French army, and gave a most impartial account of France and French views of the war. We are always glad to hear such speakers as Mr. Flamand and so get an insight into all sides of questions of the day.

* * * *

The High School press in the basement of this building is doing a rushing business. This printing shop is run in connection with the Mechanic Arts Course, and so is under the supervision of Mr. Robinson. They are doing a great deal of school printing, such as that of tickets and programs, and have kept so busy at this school work as to find it impossible to do outside printing. Their aim is the printing of the "Clarion," but several new presses and much equipment will be needed before they can handle the school paper.

* * * *

We were addressed on Tuesday,

January 23, by Mr. Philpott of the Boston Globe on "Airships." He gave us a complete account of the history of flying, and his talk was most instructive and interesting.

* * * *

A snow-shoe hike of some thirty pupils, with Miss Littlefield, on the night of February 6, was a great success. Another party from the school went on a similar hike on the next afternoon. The snow was fine and the full moon favored the evening expedition.

On February first in the hall, a violin duet was played by Louis Patriquin and Louis Weiner and very much appreciated. It is good to hear from the talented members of the school and we hope to see and hear from them often on assembly mornings. At the same assembly, Mr. Hall, '15, and Mr. Kelley, '15, each gave us a brief talk on Technology, where they are studying. We were all interested to hear about it, especially from graduates of our own school.

SENIOR RECEPTION TO JUNIORS

The annual reception of the Senior Class to the Juniors was held Friday evening, Jan. 26, 1917, in the High School hall.

President David Snow extended a very cordial welcome to all present. The first part of the evening was taken up by an entertainment in the form of a cabaret, given by thirty-four members of the class. Afterward refreshments were served in the lunch room. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing in the gymnasium, which was very tastefully decorated in the class colors, orange and black. Music was furnished by a three-piece orchestra.

The evening proved to be a great success in every way and all present spent a very enjoyable evening.

The following Friday evening, Feb. 2, the entertainment was repeated for the public and the proceeds given to the Athletic Association.

CLUB NOTES

WIRELESS CLUB.

The Wireless Club has been started again this year. The officers are as follows: Harold Bixby, president and chief operator; David Snow, vice president; Samuel Hatfield, secretary and treasurer.

Those desiring to join, please attend the meetings on Thursday afternoons.

A note was received lately from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., stating that, because of a new wireless station, they would be able to communicate with college and High school clubs within a radius of 1,500 miles. This is certain to be of interest and valne to onr members.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

The Girls' Glee Club will give a kitchen extravaganza on the ninth of March. The participants appearing in custume will render interesting selections. EVERYBODY COME AND SHOW YOUR SCHOOL SPIRIT.

Evelyn Lake, Secretary.

A. H. S. ORCHESTRA.

The orchestra has been carrying on its usual work.

Respectfully submitted,
Evelyn Chamberlain, Sec.



"P. G." NOTES.

—We have noticed that "Jeff" Kirlin has got rid of the misplaced eyebrow. You certainly will look fine, Jeff, in future years.

—The "P. G's" wish to extend to the Senior class our thanks for the "bid" to their social. It certainly was a great show—almost as good as ours.

—We hope on account of the present situation between the United States and Germany that the two "Plattsburgers" will not have to join the submarine corps which does not come up or the aerial squadron which does not go up.

1917.

Mr. G.: "What is it that is so peculiar about carbon?"

Miss R-b-ts: "Why-er-r—the part that it plays on the organ."

Mr. C. (discussing characteristics of corn):

"What are the by-products of corn?"

Pupil: "Corn husk, corncob pipes, and beef."

Mr. C.: "Beef! How's that?"

Pupil: "Why, corned-beef."

We wish to loan M. E-ter-brook a fur coat to keep him warm in the Arena.

HISTORY IV.

Teacher: "What happened in 1811?"

Pupil: "The banks had a panic and busted."

LATIN III. B.

Miss St-ck-y, reciting Latin: 'Amo—I love, audio—I hear, Odi—I hate." General laughter in the class. I wonder why?

AMERICAN HISTORY IV.

Steidle: "If the Mexican president died, who would get the job?"

Voice from the rear: "The undertaker."

HISTORY IV. B.

After a confused discussion on the leak in stock market.

Mrs. B-k-r: "Now you're just pulling things by the heels."

Bright One: "What's the difference, so long as you get them?"

History IV. B. before writing on Jefferson and Hamilton.

Amos: "Can't we call them 'Jeff' and 'Ham' for short?"

For "special" instructions in cooking "conglomerations," visit W. Chamberlain in the Library, Wednesday, 5th period.

He sure will make a very good chef as well as a "Very Good Eddie."

English:

"Where did Hamlet tell Ophelia to go?"

"Oh—um—oh! to a nunnery."

In behalf of the American History Class IV. B, I wish to extend a hearty vote of thanks to Clifford and Cahalin for their exceeding kindness in taking up the periods by their debates and sincerely hope they will continue their needy serviees in the future.

Overheard in the hall:

Miss Wy-n: "What will I do about my geometry? I can't do it. Of course, any one with brains can do it all right."

Miss Br-k-t: "Well, I can't."

History Pupil: "What was the President's name 10 years ago?"

Teacher: "Why, Roosevelt, wasn't it?"

Bright Pupil: "No. Wilson."

1918.

Johnson Going to Dancing School.
Girl Trampled to Death.

ENGLISH III. A.

Miss Roberts is quite superfluous in her conversation. Speaking of "Morning Star" (Idylls of the King), "He is represented as the morning sunset coming up with a rosy pink."

WELCOME!

We are all delighted to welcome Miss Eaton back!

JUST SO.

Miss R-b-r-n (noticing that one of the boys is idle): "Wilder, the devil always finds something for idle hands to do. Come up here and let me give you some work."

ENGLISH III.

Tupper, in answer to question by Miss G. ("What is the meaning of Virginibus Puerisque?"): "The Virgin Boys!"

THANK YOU.

We all thank the Seniors very much for the fine time we had at their social.

GERMAN III. A.

S-a-l-d-y (discussing the war): "The Germans look to the poles (Poles) for reenforcements." They must be getting hard up, Ernest!

STUDY PERIOD.

Miss R.: "Don't you know you shouldn't laugh out loud in the schoolroom?"

Poor Freshman: "I didn't mean to do it. I was just smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted."

ENGLISH III.

Miss G.: "Where do you go to look up the derivation of words?"

P-l-r: "To the fellow in front of you."

GERMAN III. A.

C-o-s-y (translating "die Burgunder fliehen," etc): "The field was covered with Burgundian fleas." Must have been some battle!

HEARD IN CORRIDOR.

P-l-e-r: "Have you ever done anything to make the world happier?"

Miss B-t-er: "Of course, I have. I was invited to sing in assembly once and declined."

Debey: "O, I read it when I was very veree young."

Anything to amuse the children! Come and see them write on the boards in Room 16 at reeess. Wonderful work!

ENGLISH III.

Miss G. (discussing released prisoner): At what period did he come out?"

P-m-r: "Oh, at the end of his sentenee."

THE TERRORS OF ENGLISH.

If an S and an I and an O and a U,
With an X at the end spell Su,
And an E and a Y and E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then if also an S and an I and a G
And a H E D spell side,
There's nothing much left for a speller to do
But go eommit siouxeyesighed!

—Ex.

Johnson seemed to have a peculiar pain the other day. He probably ate indigestible Latin. We hope he will be better soon.

Telegraph from Ringling Bros. to the Kaiser: "Please save us two Germans."

CHEMISTRY.

Mr. Gorden: "What is dynamite?"

Pupil: "A shoek."

1919.

Mr. C. (to a lazy boy): "What is work?"

Boy: "Everything is work."

Mr. C. (sitting on desk): "Is this work?"

Boy: "Yes, woodwork."

Mrs. B.: "What is it that enables countries to carry on extensive business?"

B.: "Confidenee enables eountries to carry on business and to feed the world."

E.: "Confidence wouldn't feed me."

The bell rings. Miss B. speaks. "There's the bell boys."

Miss B.: "For what was Charles Lamb noted?"

Bright Boy: "Lamb's Tails."

1920.

The elass offieers:
Robert Smith, president.
Eleanor Eastman, vice president.
Edith Baumister, secretary.
William Long, treasurer.

HEARD IN ENGLISH I. P.

Miss B-l-g (giving out slips): "R-y-n, come here."

R-y-n (politely): "Thank you."

AT CLASS MEETING.

Freshie: Mr. President, I move that we eleet a captain of our hockey team."

Mr. G.: "Yes, but we haven't any team yet."

Teacher: "Have you a couple of books there?"

Freshie: "No, I have only two."

SOME JOLT!

Teaeher (explaining Algebra example): "A train going at fifty miles an hour—"

Freshie approaches with a slip, his nose is bleeding.

Teaeher: "I hope he didn't run into that train."

Alg. I. C. Miss Butterworth (taking attendance): "Why! what is the matter with Miss B.?"

Pupil: "She's absent."

(Aneient History Class Rm. 11.)

"PRETTY HARD ONES."

Miss Walter (explaining Greek columns): "The Ionian and Corinthian style of pillars were almost alike."

Freshie (interrupting): "Were they sofa pillows?"

BEFORE THE JUNIOR AND SENIOR SOCIAL.

Two Freshmen and a Senior walking to school. Time, 7.45.

First Freshman: "I wish the Freshmen could go to the Junior and Senior social."

"So do I," agreed the second Freshman.

Senior: "We don't want to have to supply rattles."

Miss Damon: "Who were some of the dramatists in the Age of Pericles?"

Pupil: "Shakespeare."

Miss D——: "What was the important part of the plot in the last act of the Merchant of Venice?"

Miss D-d-e: "The scenery."

Miss D——: "No. It was something round."

Miss D-d-e: "Oh! the moon!"

Lorenzo and Jessica's moon outshone two rings in that girl's opinion.

MIXING LUNCH WITH ALGEBRA.

Pupil: "What is that little sign in the seventh example?"

Teacher: "That is the letter "pi."

Pupil: "Dinner!"

"THE DIFFERENCE IN WORDS."

Mother to Son: "What have you been learning in Mr. Gordon's science class, young man?"

Son: "I have been learning about the moving of molecules."

Mother: "Well, well. I've been trying to get your father to wear a monocle on his right eye for a month. Now that you have learned, perhaps you can teach him that one may improve his eye."

Mrs. Wood in Latin I. A 3rd period: "Give the present subjunctive of sum."

"Sm-h, sim-sim-sim."

Brilliant Pupil: "Let it simmer and be done with it."



ICE HOCKEY

A. H. S. 4, A. H. S. Alumni 3.

The first hockey encounter took place Xmas morning on Spy Pond. After two thirty-minute halves, one ten-minute period and a "Sudden Death" period, Justin McCarthy took the game away for A. H. S. by driving the puck hard and accurate past Barry, the Alumni goal-tend. The High school seven outplayed their superiors, despite the latter's experience. A. H. S. probably would have won sooner had not "Bill" Barry, last year's star goal-tend, been guarding the Alumni net. Opposed to him was O'Connell, who showed well his worth. Many a hard and wicked shot did O'Connell turn away. Much credit is due him. Donnelly and Morton, the outer defence for A. H. S., broke up many attempts of team play and interfered, in no little way, their getting a shot at the A. H. S. cage. Captain Reycroft and McCarthy, of the forward line, were the stars of the game. Their steady team work, dribbling and accurate shooting brought these two men the scoring honors, Reycroft getting three of the four goals and McCarthy the winning tally. Not only on the offensive, but they repeatedly snatched the puck away from the attacking opponents.

The following are those figuring on the Alumni seven: G. Percy, Harvard Varsity; W. Reycroft, Dartmouth Varsity; Hicks, Boston Hockey Club; Peabody, Robbins, Osgood and Hutchinson of B. A. A.; Buckley, Plaisted, Hill and Robinson, former A. H. S. players; and Barry B. A. A. candidate, at goal. Such experienced stick-handlers, dribblers and skaters as these were subdued by our worthy A. H. S. septet.

Newton 4, Arlington 2.

Before a comparatively small crowd, the A. H. S. boys lost their first Interscholastic League hockey game at the Arena, Jan. 5. The result was a great surprise to a good many hockey followers. That Arlington, with practically a veteran seven, who a week previous had trimmed the Alumni, should lose to a High school seven in such an important game is surely rather a set back. When the puck was dropped between the sticks of Jost and Buntin, Jost sent the rubber gliding into Newton's territory. In less than three minutes, Capt. Reycroft sent the puck flying past La Croix, the Newton goal-tend, for the first tally. Just then it looked as though it were going to be all-Arlington. But it was not long after that Buntin took the puck out of the scrimmage around Newton's goal, and raced with it up towards Arling-

ton's goal: by clever dribbling, he managed to evade every Arlington man and shot the puck flying past O'Connell. This same performance was repeated a minute later by the same man and the half ended with Arlington on the small end, 2-1.

In the second half, Arlington was very strong again and the puck was kept right around in the vicinity of Newton's cage. For a while, Newton's goal-tend was kept busy. At last Jost managed to score with a long, accurate drive, 'Ray 2-2. But once again the dreaded Buntin took the puck and made his third tally. Another goal for Newton soon followed and the gong sounded with Newton 4, Arlington 2. Reycroft, Jost and Donnelly played well for Arlington.

Arlington 4, Harvard '20 2.

Arlington High's septet returned to the game strong on Jan. 13, after their defeat at the hands of Newton. A. H. S. outplayed Harvard in every department of the game. Right off at the start, the A. H. S. boys shot the puck into Harvard's territory, thereby carrying out a pointer George Percy of Harvard Varsity had advised. After a succession of shots at their goal-tend, Justin McCarthy secured the puck from a scrimmage and drove it hard into the corner of the net. This tally was soon followed by another from Morton's stick. "Cricket" accomplished this after a sensational dash down the rink. But before the half ended the Harvard Freshmen had evened the score up with two goals shot by O'Connell.

When the puck was dropped for the start of the second half, the battle became warmer. Each A. H. S. man would get a hold off the puck, jump, and with the team together race toward Harvard's cage; but not for long because the tide turned and O'Connell was the target. After five minutes of such struggling, Louis Reycroft shot a goal, placing A. H. S. on top. Morton and Donnelly, Arlington's crack defense, interrupted many of Harvard's attempts to get in scoring position. Reycroft repeated his performance and scored Arlington's fourth goal. McCarthy and Gillespie, the two Arlington wings, have greatly improved their style of play exhibited in the Newton game.

Arlington 9, Rindge Tech. 0.

A small crowd witnessed a game which proved to be a mere practice game for Arlington, Jan. 15, at Arena. The Rindge seven showed no signs of hockey experience, just a roughly played game was demonstrated. The playing was always in Rindge's territory and had it not been for Goal-tend Burgess, A. H. S. would have run up a record score. Not one shot was aimed at the Arlington goal-tend. When the second half started there didn't happen to be a goal-tend on the ice for a full minute, but little did this matter. In the second half the puck didn't cross the center more than once or twice, then it was at the face off. During the game, A. H. S. rolled up nine goals, while Rindge didn't have a "look-in." Arlington's team play was very noticeable. If such a game could always be played for A. H. S., the Interscholastic League title would not be a great way off. Practically a full new seven was substituted in last half.

Arlington 2d 9, Ranger 0.

A second team has been formed and the first encounter was a great success. The M. T. S. Ranger seven were entertained on Spy Pond with an utter defeat. Collins at point, on paper but not on ice, scored goals at random, while Robinson and Merrigan have credit for two-a-piece and D. Clifford one. We hope for their future success.

Arlington 4, Wakefield 0.

Arlington had little difficulty in defeating Wakefield High, Jan. 20, at Spy Pond. A. H. S. seemed to play a

one man defense, that being O'Connell in goal. Morton and Donnelly stayed such a short way behind the forward line that it looked to be a line of six men. Gillespie played a fine game for A. H. S. After securing the puck amid rink he cleverly dribbled and dodged till about fifteen feet from the goal, they "shot" and the puck whizzed by for the first score. Reycroft and Jost, teaming together, brought one goal from the former's stick and two from latter's.

Arlington 4, Winchester 1.

At the Winchester Country Club rink, on Jan. 25, 1917, Arlington High met Winchester High. The game was quite rough but was not marred by any infringements of the rules. The A. H. S. boys started off with their usual fast pace and very little time had elapsed before "Duke" Reycroft shot a goal. W. H. S. soon tallied and there was no more scoring that half. The second half, Arlington played the offensive game and due to their fine condition, Winchester was rushed off their feet. Three more goals were registered by McCarthy, Jost and Gillespie. Thus the four forwards had an even share of scoring honors.

Arlington 1, Medford 1.

After two exciting twenty-minute halves and two extra five-minute halves, Arlington and Medford left the ice on even terms. Monday, Jan. 30, a large crowd saw one of the best Interscholastic hockey games yet played. It seemed as though the puck was in the air as much as on the ice, due to the long shots and strokes as in golf. Medford resorted to a strong defensive game, stationing three big men right in front of goal-tend. Arlington, on the other hand, played a great offensive game. The puck ranged around Medford's goal a greater part of the game. "Bob" Gillespie shot the puck in from scrimmage after 18 minutes' of play in first half. The crowd went wild with cheers and things began to look great for Arlington. It was not until the second half was 15 minutes old that Donnellan of Medford, cleverly dribbled the puck through the A. H. S. seven, getting past Morton and Donnelly almost midrink and shot it past O'Connell, tieing the score. The second half ended without further scoring and it was decided to play a 5-minutes each way. This proved of no avail and the game was called, 1-1. An evening date for play off is now hoped for. A. H. S. played a great game. Team play was very evident as were spirited dashes by individuals. Prior to the game, Jack Viets, sub defense, while practising with teammates, tripped and fell, crashing into side boards. He received a deep gash and was at once removed to City hospital, where eight stitches were taken.

Arlington 21, Woburn 0.

Arlington swamped Woburn High under the heavy score of 21-0, Saturday, Jan. 27, 1917, at Spy Pond. Woburn showed a poor brand of hockey; in fact, hockey was cast aside for shiney. The A. H. S. regulars wanted to set the score much higher, but were not selfish and let the second team play the last ten minutes. The score read 20 when A. H. S. 2d took the ice. The Seconds did not play as well as they performed against the Rangers. A. Clifford of Second team was the only one able to score a goal. The score is the high water mark in schoolboy ice hockey this year.

Arlington 3, Cambridge High and Latin 0.

A small crowd witnessed a loosely played game between A. H. S. and C. H. and L., at the Arena, Feb. 5. Although a whitewash for Cambridge, A. H. S. did not exhibit much of a game. The cause seemed to be poor shooting and attempts of team play were interrupted. No scoring occurred until the first half was almost over,

Reycroft getting a shot off into the air that went flying between the goal-tend's legs. Morton, although not a scorer, made many fine dashes, dribbling through entire forward and defensive strength of C. L. S., but when he had reached their net he failed to score. McCarthy scored second goal in middle of second half and Jost contributed third before the game ended. An efficient goal-tend has been found in Edward Schwamb. Although he did not have many to stop, he turned away all that came his way.

Those appearing in hockey lineups for A. H. S. are: Regulars, Gillespie, l. w.; Jost, c.; Reycroft, r.; McCarthy, r. w.; Morton, c. p.; Donnelly, p.; E. Schwamb, O'Connell, g. Seconds, A. Clifford, l. w.; D. Clifford, c.; Robinson, r.; Merrigan, r. w.; Viets, T. Schwamb, c. p.; Collins, p.; Lindburg, g.

A. H. S. 1919 5, Rangers 1.

On Jan. 31, the Sophomores gave the Rangers a 5-1 defeat, making the second defeat for Rangers by an Arlington High school aggregation.

A. H. S. A. A.

At a meeting of the Arlington High School Athletic Association, the following officers were chosen: R. Adams, president; W. Coolidge, vice president; G. Loveitt, corresponding secretary; E. Roberts, recording secretary. The class presidents shall choose two from each class to act as an Executive committee with some faculty member. Mr. George I. Cross has again been elected treasurer.

Stanley N. Kellogg, '17.

PUBLIC OPINION—QUIBS AND QUIZZES

O, yes! They're going to stop the war.
And call each other brother
When each wins what he's fighting for
And both sides lick the other.

Let's try not to move around in our chairs at assembly. The racket when everybody is restless is, to say the least, disturbing.

Students joining the A. A. do so by paying twenty-five cents down, and two cents a week "till death do us part."

Heard on the Gym floor at recess: "May we butt in?"

Why not put the proceeds from our shows and other entertainments into a special Cross Country Fund, instead of the general A. A. work? We have two legs of the national interscholastic cup, and it seems a shame not to get the trophy permanently, for we have the material for a championship team.

Some folks love to argue. I've seen Dave Snow scrapping with a guidepost on the distance to the next town. Dave lost.

Silver says that he knows that if he must be ruined, it'll be by too much money.

The upper-classmen heard Mr. Minard speak at the senior social. His crisp discourse, sprinkled with bits of dry humor, and delivered in his inimitable style, was certainly something which the lil' fellows should have heard. We hope you'll speak to us often, Mr. Minard.

MORAL: SAFETY FIRST.

Who is it that guards thirty-sixes door?
Who makes the Freshie's heart beat sore,
As a strong voice which* sounds so fine,
Shouts, "Now, young man, get out of line;
A little work I'll get for you
Some Constitution I'll have you do."

So the Constitution before you is laid;
For a two-word sentence, it's some price paid.

By The Sunbeam of Rm. 26.

Miss Magner says that truth is stranger than fiction. It is to most folks, I guess.

Heard on the corridor:

"Say, Louise, why are'nt you taking domestic science?"

"Think I want to eat burned stuff all my life?"

Some social, Seniors!

Health Hint: "Go into the coat-room by the ENTRANCE door."

Famous last line M. 15067. We're sorry, but we have forgotten it.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

On December 14, 1916, Mr. Wallace started the organization of the Dramatic Club. The officers elected were as follows: David Snow, president; Doris Chauvin, vice president; Walter Chamberlain, treasurer; Beatrice Young, secretary.

The club intends to give a school play soon and it is expected that a large majority of the classes will "tryout."

Respectfully submitted,
Beatrice Young.

---

*What did you look down here for, anyway? You've spoiled the rhythm now.

SOME ADVANTAGES OF THE PRINTING COURSE.

While learning the printing business, a pupil must necessarily improve himself in a great many ways. He gains a practical knowledge in the use of good English and in the laws of Rhetoric.

Benjamin Franklin made out of his printing office a veritable den of knowledge, absorbing the best there was to be derived from every article which came to his attention.

Art and originality must be practiced, for no two copies are ever quite alike. Also, the choice of type requires good taste, as there are many possible styles and sizes for every piece of work. Then again, the use of ornaments and the spacing of lines and borders need good judgment. All of these qualities are well developed by the art of printing.

Patience is a great requisite, and this, too, must be exercised. Every day a printer meets new difficulties which he must overcome, thus cultivating resourcefulness. A practice of accuracy in details must also be made.

Printing as a trade has an excellent standing; it is a well paid occupation, in which a good workman will always find an opening. It ranks first in Boston and sixth in the United States in respect to the volume of business as compared to other industries.

Therefore, inasmuch as it fills the desires of technically inclined boys, develops all the aforementioned good qualities, and fits the student for a trade of good standing, an up-to-date printing plant should be an important accessory of every well equipped High school.

E. Brokenshire, '18.

We wonder if this Constitutional Convention will change Mr. Cross' methods of discipline?

If butter is worth 42c. lb. how much is Miss Butterworth?



We gratefully acknowledge the following new magazines:

The Archon, Dummer Academy.

The Voice, Lawrence, Mass.

The Sassamon, Natick, Mass.

The Penn Charter Magazine, Philadelphia.

The Pioneer, Reading, Mass.

The Everett High Clarion.

The Monitor, Wellesley, Mass.

HOW WE SEE OTHERS.

The Delphian: "The Sign of the Cross" was a splendid story—an unusual plot.

The Sassamon: "Your magazine is excellent in all respects.

The Reflector: "For a little paper your amount of 'ads' certainly sets us wondering."

The Pioneer: "A few cuts would add a great deal to your paper."

The Clarion (W. Hartford, Conn.): "You have some good cuts."

The Monitor: "We were more than pleased to receive your interesting paper."

"Do you know Mrs. Gunpowder?"

"No, but my sister, Dinah, might."

—Ex.

HOW OTHERS SEE US.

Your literary department is very full and interesting. The "Public Opinion" department and also the Exchange department hold my attention.

—The Blue Owl.

Your paper is very well arranged and your cuts are the best I have seen in any of the exchanges.

—The Winchester Recorder.

"Have you heard about it? Why, it's all over the school."

"No. What is it?"

"The roof."

Make a complete sentence out of the following: Y' s u r y ' s u b i c u r y y for me.

Teacher: "Your answer is about as clear as mud."

Pupil: "That covers the ground, doesn't it?"

Automobilist: "I have just killed your dog. May I replace him?"

Spinster: "O, this is so sudden!"

—Ex.

To the Tune of the Old Oaken Bucket.

I.

How dear to my heart is this thing they call Latin,
When fond recitation presents it to view.
The clauses, the phrases, all dressed in their satin,
And every loved ending that makes us feel blue.
The high sounding doo-dads and outlandish diet,
The slave with a spear and the Roman who fell,
The verbal Gerundive, the noun crouching nigh it,
Are all hid in Latin which I love so well.

CHORUS.

That time-honored Latin,
That iron-bound Latin,
That moss-covered Latin
Which hangs on so well.

II.

The subject, the verb and the bow-legged compound,
The flexible gerund and subjunctive mood,
The clauses of purpose encourage the pronoun.
To take the possessive and silently brood,
The loose-jointed supine and verbal declensions
Join hands with conjunctives and joyfully dwell.

—Ex.

Relish
Ent**E**rtaining
L**A**ughable
Anec**D**otes.

That's
Honest
Advic**E**.

Every
E**X**change
Contains
At**H**letics
F**A**cts
No**N**sense
Good
Int**E**resting
Stories.

—Ex.

ALUMNI NOTES

There is the usual scarcity of volunteer information to be printed in this column. If every member of the school, who has friends in the Alumni, would drop a note about those friends, into THE CLARION box, which is conveniently located in the library, there would be no end of interesting news about our past schoolmates. The school is always glad to hear about old friends and the best way to inform everybody, is through these Alumni Notes. Every boy and girl in school who has an alumnus sister or brother,

should consider it his or her most pressing duty to act as their publicity agent and let us hear from them.

Arthur M. Dallin, '15, has joined a new unit of the American Ambulance Corps in France and expects to leave for France on Feb. 17, 1917. Although passports have been suspended on account of the recent German policy of indiscriminate submarine warfare, Dallin has already secured one and will leave with the unit if the boat sails. He has promised to write THE CLARION, after his arrival in France and tell us through the Alumni Notes, of his experiences.

Willard Bailey, '15, has returned to Arlington, after serving as quartermaster on a United Fruit Co. boat, and making interesting trips to Panama and other Southern ports. "Touge" McCarthy was one of Bailey's shipmates during the trips.

Wesley Clark, '15, is on the training ship Ranger of the Massachusetts Nautical School, where he is taking a two-year course. Clark has come to Arlington with the "Ranger" hockey team, this winter, but the sailors seem to have lost their sea-legs when it comes to navigating on frozen water.

The announcement of the engagement of Mildred Bolster, '15, to Sherman Peppard, '14, appeared in the local papers recently.

At a recent assembly of the school, Leo Kelley, '15, and Daniel Hall, '15, who are students at Tech., gave interesting talks, telling of the new Tech. buildings and giving advice to prospective Tech. students.

The following Arlington boys are now at Tech.: Senior class, Osgood W. Holt and William F. Tuttle.

Juniors: T. J. Donnelly, Jr., and Frank Olsen.

Sophomores: D. C. Hall, R. T. Hall, Leo Kelley, E. A. Mead, R. S. Smith and Leon I. Snow.

Freshmen: Robert D. Black, Foster P. Doane, Jr., J. G. Moire and E. R. Perkins.

The names of many Alumni are in the lineups of many club and college hockey teams this winter. "Traff" Hicks and Bob Clifford are with the Boston Hockey Club; Forrest Osgood, William Barry and Jack Hutchinson are with the B. A. A.; George Percy is Harvard's star rover; George Currier and Wendall Reycroft are with the Dartmouth team; and Louis Ross, Donald Ross and Dave Buttrick are on the Amherst Aggie's team. There are many others, whose names are not mentioned here, who are playing the game this winter and there are few schools whose Alumni can boast of such a string of sterling hockey players, as can Arlington High School.

Marion McClellan, '15, is president of her class at Framingham Normal School and is captain of the volley ball team.

Edith Byram, '16, is attending Bradford Academy, where she is supplementing her High school education.

Hugh Berquist, '15, has just returned home from a long trip. He has been to Australia, Africa and Europe and has had many interesting experiences during his long excursion. He arrived in New York on the "Borda" and tells of submarine pursuits that are thrilling. We congratulate him on his safe trip across, for it is indeed lucky to cross the Atlantic uninjured when there are such grave possibilities of danger.

We are sorry to learn of the death of Fred W. O'Brien, who attended A. H. S. for two years and later coached our baseball team. His death from tuberculosis occurred at his home, 77 Bartlett avenue, Arlington, Mass., on June 30, 1916.

The news of John Hatfield's death also brings sadness to us. On the evening of Dec. 21, 1916, he was skating on Spy Pond with a young lady from Somerville. They broke through a treacherous spot near "Wyman's Cove," and were both drowned. Hatfield attended A. H. S. in 1910 and was a good athlete. His unexpected death brought sorrow to many friends.

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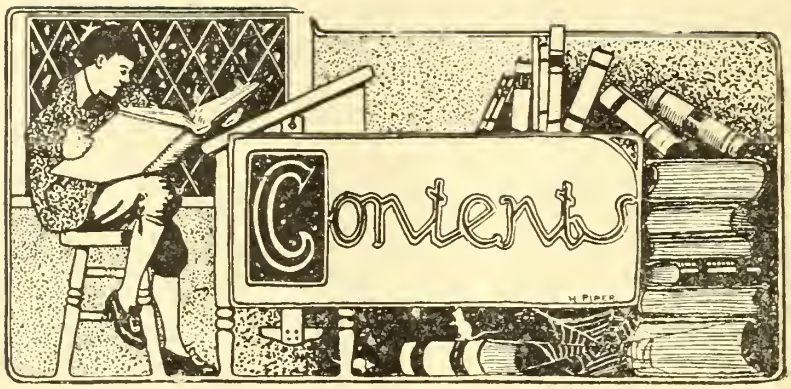
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THE ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION
A RETROSPECT

In the early spring of 1897 the first Arlington High School Clarion was published which has proved to be the forerunner of twenty years of one of the foremost school papers of New England. The keynote of this new publication was struck by its chief editor, John G. Brackett, stating that "it shall sound the buglenote which shall rouse in the pupils of the school a spirit of loyalty to their teachers, to one another, and to every institution connected with the school," and up to the present time, its editors have tried and succeeded in making this paper stand for all that is worth while in the school. So well has The Clarion given voice to the life and activities of the Arlington High that a history of this paper is a history of the school, and so doubly interesting.

The first Clarion staff consisted of the editor, John G. Brackett; business manager, Warren C. Taylor; assistant, Charles J. Dailey; secretary and treasurer, Warren L. Russell, and one editor for each class. It was at first almost entirely managed and published by the boys of the school; so much so, that one advertiser congratulates the "boys" on the success of their paper.

The first issue was remarkably good. It was printed by the Arlington Advocate Print, and its editors were greatly assisted by Mr. Charles S. Parker. It consisted of 16 pages with some 29 advertisements scattered throughout the entire paper. The editorials covered a page and a half, being a combination of our editorial with the school notes. The class notes were called "School Locals" headed by the quotation:

> "A little nonsense now and then
> Is relished by the best of men."

This "nonsense," however much it may have been relished by the pupils of that time, seems hardly worthy of the name. The column, as it is now, was filled with the greenness of the Freshmen, and questionable translations into English, as the battlefield which "resounded with the groans of dead men." But however inferior our predecessors were in their sense of humor, they certainly shone in their use of Latin. Editorials were crammed full of Latin quotations, the "School Locals" abounded in them, and certainly every other theme in the Literary Department was well stocked with phrases from that tongue.

The Debating Club, which was then such a popular body as to give a social to the school, had its page, and continued to be well represented until some years later when the interest died out. On the last page was the "Memoranda Alumnorum," or Alumni Notes, which were well filled up through November, 1898, when they were suddenly discontinued. The main body of the paper was, of course, the Literary Department. This contained, in the first issue, three themes and two long and very well-written poems. The Athletics page was headed by a picture of the "ice polo" team for that year. Ice polo, the predecessor of our ice hockey, was played by five men only; and when several years later, Arlington was forced to adopt that "new-fangled and probably short lived" game called hockey, the manager feared that as many as seven good players could not be obtained, for the school at this time numbered only 111 pupils. The players that season were: Johnson, first rush; Puffer, second rush; F. White, center; Peirce, half back, and H. White, goal; and they seemed to have made good account of themselves for in the 16 games played that season, Arlington scored 53 goals and her opponents 11.

Another very similar number of the new Clarion followed in May. This, as

did every number up to January, 1909, contained 16 pages, eight of which were covered with a few advertisements and a very lengthy and well-written story by the editor. We do not know whether the giving up of one-half of the entire paper to the editor's own story showed a lack of other matter or a realization on his part of the value of his own work.

In the fall, Warren L. Russell became chief editor with a similar staff to the previous one except that the secretary was dropped. The athletics department again boasted of a picture, and a full account of the football season.

The title page of the December number proclaimed that the advertising rates were $1.50 per inch, at which rate the paper must have drawn a considerable income from its numerous advertisements. These were at first scattered through the entire Clarion, then confined to the last few pages, again scattered through every department, and finally confined to the first and last pages as we have them now. As the school was very loyal in support of the paper, which was then issued four times a year at ten cents a copy, the editor was able, and very much pleased, to say in his December editorial that "it now closes the year with a fair surplus in the treasury."

The Exchange Department was introduced the next December with Elizabeth Colman as Exchange Editor. During this season of 1898-9, Helene L. Buhlert was chief editor. A "Wit and Wisdom" page was inserted with newspaper humor in its columns, but was discontinued after two appearances.

The tendency during the season of 1899 to 1900 was for shorter articles in the literary department. They had been rather long, often covering three pages of print much closer than ours at present, but had been very interesting and worth while, as they continued to be up to only a few years ago. Such subjects as "Glass," "Four of the Famous Men of Greece," "Origin of Words and Phrases," "Some Thoughts on the Philippine Question," were very interestingly treated, and they were much better reading than the "Bobby's Birthday," "Jenny's New Dress," and such subjects as The Clarion has to print these days. In every other department, The Clarion has improved almost a hundred per cent. since 1897 but, strange to say, the Literary Department in subject matter seems less worth while than the departments of its predecessors.

Since no editor had been chosen, Warren L. Russell took charge of the November number of 1899, and Herbert L. Kidder of the December one. In March, however, Margaret Champney, a Junior, became editor until the next December, which arrangement of having one staff serve through a calendar year was continued until 1908. Miss Helena Robertson, '01, was a class editor in 1900, and wrote quite a scholarly article on the Roman and Greek busts and statuary with which the building was then being decorated. However, in spite of her enlightening and vivid descriptions of Apollo, the Dancing Muses, and other ancient celebrities, the "School Locals" note that one pupil stated he knew Minerva by her "chest protector."

Although The Clarion of December, 1899, was said by the succeeding editor to have been the best number up to that time, she complained that the school was not supporting the paper and that it might have to be discontinued. This appeal was evidently not in vain for when the next number came out it contained the boast of the greatest number of subscribers yet, and the statement that every member of the Senior class was a subscriber.

Helen L. Bott was the editor for the two spring numbers of 1901 and Therese Norton during the fall. Annie B. Tufts, Josephine C. Frost, Howard T. Viets and Philip W. Taylor each filled the editor's chair a year (1902-1905) during which interval the paper continued to make progress. The first

cut appeared in May, 1903, for the Glee Club Notes which then occupied an entire page. The next October our present Athletics cut was inserted, and then five years elapsed before a "Class Notes" cut appeared in June, 1908. The first photograph since 1899 headed the athletics page in March, '04.

Our Exchange editor of 1904 was certainly frank and open in her criticisms of other papers. The following was printed in the Exchange Department: "Won't 'The Distaff' please get a new cover? Really, the present one is enough to give one the blues." The Latin language still continued to be well represented in The Clarion's columns; in fact, the Salutatory of the president of the Class of 1914 at its graduation was printed in full as it was given, in about 250 Latin words. That president must have made a great impression, but the meaning, we judge, may have been slightly hazy to some.

In March, 1905, the editor complained again of non-support from the school, claiming that the paper was carried on through the generosity of its advertisers. Evidently he met with some response from the school for the paper still continued its existence, although it was not extremely flourishing from that time until December, 1909. We do not wonder that the paper had its difficulties with a school behind it which the next fall numbered only 200 pupils with a senior class of 18. The May number of 1905 contained the first page of "Club Notes," with the Debating Club and the German Club, afterwards called "Mehr Licht Verein." This department, however, was discontinued in December, 1907.

During the next three years, 1906-7-8, The Clarion's chief editors were John M. Taylor, Arthur W. Rolfe and William S. Black. The Literary Department contained more fiction during those years than it had up to that time, but it was all well written and first-class in every respect. The Clarion of December, 1907, mentions a new plan in the school; that of having the pupils change rooms between periods instead or remaining in the same room and having the different teachers come to them as they had done before. The plan was evidently quite interesting and novel to the school then, but it seems strange to us that they should ever have done anything else. As Latin seemed to be a very common hobby in the first few years of the paper, so class pins came to the front at this particular period. The editorials spoke of the Senior or of the Junior class pins, the class notes were full of hits on the class pins, poems were written about class pins, and altogether it seemed as if the main object of high school life was to wear a class pin.

In June, 1908, a cut was introduced for the heading of the "School Locals," which hereafter became "Class Notes." The editorials were very well written and quite long, since they contained everything which now comes under the Calendar. Regularly the first number of the year was sure to contain the editor's apology for what he might not do during the coming year, and no editor semed to think that it was right to start the season without some such remark as: "We know our mistakes will be many, but we trust to the charity of our friends to overlook them —"

Finally, from January to December, 1909, as a result of "financial stringencies," The Clarion was discontinued.

In December, it was again published with Marjorie S. Gott as editor. For the first time it consisted of twenty pages, and the same departments as heretofore, namely the Editorials, Literary and Athletics departments, German Club Notes, Exchanges and Class Notes. In the first issue the advertisements were scattered throughout the paper, but in March they were confined to the last three pages. An "Honorable Mention" list appeared for the first time as the "Honor List," but the name was soon changed to the former. The June number of 1910 was

the first graduation number containing the graduation program, class prophecy, president's address and list of graduates. This season of 1909-10 was the first in which five numbers of The Clarion appeared as they do at present.

The next fall saw the greatest change in The Clarion of its entire existence of 20 years. Even this, however, was not very radical. Gertrude Thomas became the first editor to hold office after the present custom, that is, during one entire school year. Miss Sarah J. Bullock was appointed auditor, and for the first time every class was represented on The Clarion board by two class editors. The list of the faculty was printed on the title page, and the editorials became shorter, making room for alumni notes on the second page. Club Notes again appeared which now included the Science Club, the German Club and soon afterwards the English Club and Girls' Glee Club. The financial reports of the Athletic Association were printed regularly for several years.

In May, 1911, two new cuts were added for the "Club Notes" and "Exchanges," making four in all, although the new Exchange cut was discontinued the next March. The Class Notes were more lengthy but very dry. Soon after the following appeared, and its appearance was fully justified: "All jokes handed in for this publication should be written on tissue paper, so that the editor can see through them." Even the exchange jokes were poor, excepting a very few, probably taken from some first-class magazines, as:

Teacher—"What letter is next to the letter H?"

Freshman—"Dunno, ma'am."

Teacher—"What have I on both sides of my nose?"

Freshman—"Freckles, ma'am."

The graduation number of June, 1911, contained 32 pages. The entire Literary Department was devoted to the graduation exercises, which, that year, were chiefly on Shakespeare and his work.

With Walter Horton, editor for 1911-12, were appointed two assistants to the business manager and an Alumni editor installed in December. The business manager and his assistants made good account of themselves that year for the December number contained six pages of advertisements, the May number eight pages, and the June, ten pages. The Literary Department was well stocked with poetry, humorous and otherwise, but all well written and good. A cut for this department was first printed in May. The June graduation number was the largest Clarion ever printed, containing 38 pages of which only three were advertisements.

The next fall, Mr. Mitchell, the principal, was appointed auditor, and an Athletics Editor was added to the staff. The first number of this season contained pages of puzzles, charades and enigmas (probably proving the school at that time to have been of a reflective and thoughtful nature).

The March and May issues, at the suggestion of the principal, became "Historic Arlington" numbers. In May, the second editorial page was devoted to lists of questions in both poetry and prose about the town's history, any ten of which would have completely bewildered our most brilliant senior. The Literary Department contained themes on "The Robbins Family," "The Libraries of Arlington," "Historic Buildings of Arlington," "Arlington High School," and a revolutionary history of the town.

After Katherine Reed, the editor for 1912-13, Beatrice L. Hatch was appointed, who in turn was followed by Leo A. Kelley during 1914-15.

The graduation number of June, 1913, was perhaps the most pretentious of The Clarion's history, containing three photographs: a full page picture of the hockey team, which was then the champion of New England, and

two smaller pictures of the Flower Maidens at the Arlington pageant and of the cross-country team which was also the Inter-Scholastic Champion of New England that season. In the December issue of the same year, Dramatic Club, Orchestra, and soon afterwards the Boys' Glee Club and the Mathematics Club had their reports under the Club Notes department.

The March Clarion of 1914 contained a full page announcement stating that of the 525 pupils in the school, fifty per cent. were preparing for college, and that of the graduates of the last four years, forty per cent. were at that time in higher institutions of learning. A mighty good record! The same issue contained the first "School Notes," which took the place of many of the editorials, describing the past activities of the school other than athletics and clubs. About this time quite a change for the worse took place in the Literary Department. Instead of the well-written, serious themes of the past, such articles as "Henry's Mishap," "Teddy's Valentine," and "How Jim Won His Bicycle," were printed. That was three years ago or more, and it's full time that we all should work to recover the old reputation of our Literary Department.

In June, 1911, an Exchange criticism read, "The A. H. S. Clarion has a Literary Department, which it would be well for other papers to imitate, and another, "Papers with good literary departments are rather scarce, and we are glad to count you among that number." This department is the one part of The Clarion which the whole school must make a success.

A very useful "List of Events" was printed in the December, 1914, number, but soon discontinued because of the difficulty in getting material. The June number of 1915 was resplendent with four full-page illustrations of the Cross Country, Baseball, Football, and Hockey teams, and also a page of ink sketches by W. L. Bailey called "School Doin's."

Last year's staff, under Dorothy Quimby, the chief editor, was identical to the present staff except that we have no art editor. The December number had a fine full page photograph of the principal, Mr. Clerk, and the March number one of our superintendent, Mr. Scully. The present cut was adopted for the Exchange column, and also the present cut of the Literary Department. The Club Notes received reinforcements from the Wireless Club, Arlington High School Civic Forum, and the Senior Conference Club. In the June number, which contained the graduation exercises, consisting largely of the play, "Every Senior," was a frontispiece, a picture of the new High school building, and a photograph of the track team.

This year, with Julia Currier as editor, The Clarion is continuing its progress. The Public Opinion Department has been printed for the first time and has proved a grand success, thanks to the cooperation of the school.

Our paper now consists of twenty-five to thirty pages, with eight flourishing departments and five or six pages of advertising. We have five first-class cuts of which any paper might be envious, an attractive cover, and an arrangement on which it would be hard to improve. The Clarion has been able to become what it now is, one of the foremost of school papers, not only through the efforts of its editorial staffs and the English department whose teachers have done much for its success, but through the backing of the entire school. Every scholar cannot serve on its board but the present board hopes that the school realizes that it is their paper, and it needs their interest, their help, and their enthusiasm to make it what it has been for the whole twenty years of its existence, the Arlington High School Clarion!

Ernest W. Spaulding, '18.

INCEPTION

As the first editor of the "Clarion," I esteem it both a privilege and a pleasure to be asked to write a few lines on the twentieth anniversary of the birth of our school paper.

I recall as if it were but yesterday our early struggles to put the paper upon its feet and the small beginnings from which it sprang. The idea originated in the minds of some of the members of the Class of '97 who believed that such a paper would do much to stimulate a spirit of even greater loyalty to the school, and its institutions and to unite, with an even closer bond of fellowship, the different classes and their members. The plan met with the instant approval, not only of the principal of the school, but of the teachers and instructors as well, and we were deeply indebted to them for much valuable advice in connection with putting our new school paper upon a firm foundation.

To me, personally, as its first editor, but a small share of the credit for its success is due. Had it not been for the splendid spirit of cooperation evinced by the four class editors, the zeal with which the business manager, my old friend and classmate, Mr. Warren C. Taylor, went to work getting advertisements to defray the expenses, and the practical suggestions given by Mr. Charles S. Parker, Senior Editor of the Advocate, in arranging and coordinating the various departments of the paper, so as to present to the eye a compact, attractive and harmonious whole, my own efforts to put the "Clarion" upon its feet must have signally failed of fruition. But such was the fine enthusiasm displayed by all who had a share in the establishment of the paper, and so generously and gladly did they give of their time to promote its welfare, that its success, even from the start, seemed assured.

The general arrangement of the paper at its inception was not greatly different from what it is today. It began with "Editorials," then came the "Literary Department," followed by "Athletics" and "Class Notes," and terminating with news items concerning our Alumni under the somewhat pretentious title of "Memoranda Alumnorum."

The name of our paper, "The Clarion," originated with the wife of our school principal, Mrs. Ira W. Holt. At that time, no other school paper in the state had a similar name, though our example has since been followed by the West Roxbury High School, whose paper bears the same title as our own. The "Clarion" was most happily named, as in a very real sense, it sounded the note of loyalty to our classes and our teachers, loyalty to one another and loyalty to every institution connected with the school, and the twenty years of its history upon which we may well look back with pride have proved that our paper is worthy of its title and that it has done much to stimulate every branch of school activity, and to weld together more closely than ever before the entire membership of the school and inspire the pupils one and all with an enthusiastic spirit of cooperation and mutual helpfulness.

It would be presumptious in me to attempt to trace the progress of our paper from the starting point of its career to the high place it now occupies among the school papers of our dear old Commonwealth; of its record of splendid achievement in literary and scholarly effort, in promoting a spirit of sociability and democracy in the school as evidenced by the various clubs and societies which have sprung into existence since its inception, and above all its inspiring history of the high place attained by the boys of the school in all branches of school athletics. These can all be recounted by others far more appropriately and with a more facile pen than mine. Let

me simply say in conclusion that the Arlington High School Clarion, though modest in its beginnings, has carved for itself a proud and brilliant record among the school papers of old New England, and has attained today through the devoted loyalty of its editors and managers a position serene, solid and secure, and bright with the promise of the years to come.

John Gaylord Braekett.

EDITORIAL

THE CLARION is a very ancient and honorable manuscript—yes, even more ancient than any of the pupils now in school. It is probably among the oldest of the school papers.

After looking backward for twenty years of THE CLARION, let us look forward. How little can we foretell the records of coming CLARIONS as the years go on!

The World Wide War is now at our door. Our school activities may be altered, our teaching staff and student body may be affected. Through all the changes, let THE CLARION sound its note of courage and fidelity. No one knows what his supreme task may be, but there is one for each of us. Let us remember the oft-quoted words of Phillips Brooks:

"Oh, do not pray for easy tasks; pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers; pray for powers equal to your tasks."

THE CLARION Board wishes to thank the distinguished former editors and the alumni contributors for helping to make our Anniversary number of special interest to all. We are also indebted to our Assistant Editor for the carefully prepared history of THE CLARION.

THE SECOND ACT

Time: Spring of 1905.
Place: Elysian Fields.

Boswell: "Well, Sir, as you peruse the various amateur publications of the world today, what do you think of the ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CLARION?"

Dr. J.: "Just creditable—nothing egregious."

B.: "The editor has my profound commiseration. He has no assistants; and, furthermore, his hands are tied, since every word that appears in print must receive the sanction of the preceptor of the school."

Dr. J.: "Your first observation is tenable, Sir; but your second is insecure. That he lacks assistants and must collect all his copy, often by cajolery, sift it, read the proof, and, in addition, compose his editorials is indeed an unwarrantable irk. But that he should submit all, even his own lucubrations, to the judgment of a mature counsellor is eminently proper. The writings of adolescents, which in their eyes possess all the appurtenances of brilliancy and originality, are commonly found by the seasoned intellect to possess nothing but tinsel and conventionality."

B.: "I understand also that the editor is charged with the additional task of composing the athletic notes."

Dr. J.: "In that case, Sir, depend upon it he is either a fool, a genius, or a philanthropist, and I incline to the former."

B.: "Would you then call such a paper a failure?"

Dr. J.: "By no means. Such pamphlets may be of uncalculated benefit. They may serve to uncover literary ability that otherwise might lie dormant and perish like the desert

flower in Mr. Gray's "Elegy." This they may do by stimulating authorship through the reward of publicity; and every man likes publicity, Sir, of the right sort. They may give a few, marked by conspicuous ability, a training in editorship—in that difficult office of selecting, appraising and arranging literary and artistic productions, all to be done, however, in conjunction with mature coadjutors. They may serve to weld together school communities. Nothing, Sir, will the more readily and precipitately degrade the whole tone and temper of a school periodical than the open secret that its board will, either through paucity of offerings or laxness of standards, accept all that is proffered or that can be purloined. This will explain why I deem the periodical now under discussion to possess only a modicum of excellence. It is in danger of becoming but the lengthened shadow of one person. The sympathetic fostering which it should receive from the preceptors is in reality but a kind of censorship. Material is so scarce that rigid scrutiny and adequate evaluation would be suicidal. It lives, yet it is not really alive."

Howard T. Viets.

OUR PRECEDENTS

Dear "Clarion" Board:—

Many happy returns of the day to the "Clarion." Dear! dear! what a venerable sheet it is becoming! What a weight of responsibility must rest upon you editors in your efforts to live up to to its hoary traditions! I'm sure I don't envy you your job; even in my day it was none too easy. I haven't forgotten how it feels to rake your brain until it is raw, trying to scratch up ideas; to tramp a mile while rounding the edges off a jagged sentence: to tear up in disgust that lovely joke that sounded so funny in the Latin class, but looks so far-fetched when set down in black and white; to cut and slash a paragraph that is a work of art, so as not to overrun the appointed space; to chase up delinquent class editors and dog the steps of the haughty and indifferent printer; then—horror of horrors!—to discover that for all your care the most appalling blunders have crept in, misprints that disfigure the sense, personal allusions that never should have been admitted, statements that are misleading or false on the face of them. I hope, dear editors, you have never married the wrong man to the wrong woman. I did, once, in the process of condensing the alumni column. Well, enough of this; perhaps it may comfort you to know that your predecessors had their troubles, too, and lived to grin at the memory of them. (There is a nice Latin quotation that fits here, something about meminisse invebit. I have forgotten it, but I suppose you remember). Just now congratulations are the order of the day, not sympathy; and congratulations I do hereby most heartily render to the "Clarion" on this its twentieth birthday.

Walter M. Horton.

THE WALKING GHOSTS

A True Story.

In Montreal, a uniform is the usual apparel for the male population; boyish faces appear under brown soldier's caps, and long brown ulsters are seen everywhere on the streets. These are only the recent volunteers, who are training to fill in the ranks of the depleted battalions at the front. They nearly all have bright, expectant faces which reflect the hope in their minds. Now and then among them a man will be seen whose whole attitude and physical makeup is different. Instead of the boyish exuberance, a grave, serious look dominates his features. His skin is dry and is drawn tightly over his cheekbones. His uniform is a little dirtier than the new buff-colored ones of the volunteers, a sort of shaded gray. In the buttonhole of his coat is the large round button which is the mark of a returned soldier, the mark of impending death. For at this stage of the war only the noncurable cases are sent back to Canada; those disabled temporarily are kept in England.

It was at an informal tea that I first learned the true significance of that button. I was introduced to a young man who was, perhaps, twenty-two years old. He was not in uniform but wore the insignia of his battalion, PPCFI 199, which is the mark of the Princess Patricia of Connaught Field Infantry, 199th Battalion, and in his buttonhole was the round "returned" button.

"I'm glad to see that you people are no longer neutral," he said. There was a certain huskiness in his voice which I had noticed in the voices of all the returned men, and the cause of which I had yet to learn.

"I'm afraid as individuals we were never exactly neutral," I answered.

"You were fortunate in being able to stay out of it so long." Here he coughed heavily and a twitch of pain flashed across his features. "You must pardon me," he said. "It's the gas."

I did not know what he meant at the time but in a few minutes I was enlightened by one of the young ladies. "Isn't it sad about Arthur?" she said. I couldn't see anything sad about it; he sat there surrounded by pretty girls who were talking and laughing. "Why?" I asked.

Then she told me the cause of the husky voices of the returned men. "It's the gas," she said, repeating Arthur's words. "You see it gets into their lungs and sort of eats them away. They don't have enough lungs to hold all the air that they need. That's why they breathe so quickly and cough so frequently. You noticed it, didn't you?" I nodded and she continued, her eyes filling with tears, "I know what it is like; they're likely to die any minute and they are sure to die within two months. They know it and we all know it." Here she started to weep and turned her back and made little dabs at her eyes with her handkerchief. "I'm sorry, but my brother came back last year and was with us for only three weeks, and now the baby of the family has gone across to take his place."

She certainly had given me something to think about. I looked over to Arthur; he was a fine, healthy-looking young fellow, except perhaps for a grayish tinge to his face, caused by a little too much contact with wind and rain. At intervals he coughed, not the healthy cough of a well men, but a dry, hard cough that grated on one's ears. He told me many tales of the war with its humor and its pathos that afternoon. Through all his relating of the humorous incidents on shipboard and in the trenches, I noticed that he smiled infrequently.

"The gas is the worse thing we have

to contend with,'' he said, and another cough emphasized his remark. ''Did you ever see a marsh fire in the fall of the year, when the grass is waist high and dry as a bone on top and still green at the bottom?'' I answered him affirmatively. ''Well, then you can imagine that those volumes of dirty white smoke are deadly gases, which come rolling before the wind, hiding everything behind them from view, rolling and tumbling in huge clouds with here and there a ragged edge, as a bit of it is wisped off by some playful antic of the wind. I'll never forget the first time we encountered it. We were totally unprepared to cope with it; we had neither gas masks nor the slightest idea of what they were. It was early in the morning and a fresh breeze had just sprung up blowing towards us from the German lines perhaps 1,000 meters away. One of the men on guard duty fired his gun and immediately we were all in our places.

'' 'Good God!' ejaculated one of the officers, 'the whole German trench is on fire!'

''For about a mile along their trenches a cloud of smoke was pouring up into the air and, wafted by the morning breeze, was coming majestically towards us. Because the density of the smoke prevented us from seeing what action the enemy might be taking behind it, we were ordered to remain in our positions in the trenches, to repel any attack which they might make under the cover of this impenetrable sheet. Our artillery soon opened fire and we could see the huge shells cleave their way into the mass of cloud until they were swallowed up and only a rotating whirlpool of smoke marked the spot of their passage. The cloud urged on by the early morning wind came nearer until it was almost upon us. A warm, nauseating wave preceded it, and in a moment we were enveloped in a burning fire.

'' 'Hell! It's gas,' came in a choking voice from somewhere to my left.

''Then the commanding tones of the Major's voice was heard above all the rest. 'Lie down! Put your faces in the mud. Wet your sleeves in the water and cross your arms over your faces. Breathe as little as possible.'

''The command was followed by immediate action, a dull thud was heard here and there as we fell on our faces, and buried them into the wet mud which covered the bottom of the trenches. I shall never forget how I felt as I lay there, my legs and face in the cool mud, but with my insides burning like fire. I coughed and felt as though my body was cleaned out like an exploded shell of its powder and wadding and only the hot gases remained. Men coughed all about me and cries for assistance which no one could give were heard everywhere. Finally, the atmosphere cleared somewhat and I looked around. Men were lying in all sorts of gruesome positions, their bodies twisted with pain. Some were all doubled up, coughing until the blood rushed to their heads making them the color of a beet. A few lay still, their faces distorted by a painful death. They were lying on the drier parts of the trench and had not been able to get to water or mud. Many were in delirium, babbling about the hell-fire that was eating them up. The wind had swung the gas cloud away from us, and we drank in the cool air greedily. It was like putting salt on a raw, flesh wound, but anything was better than the fire inside us. Men started to drink from the standing pools of water, but suddenly a voice cried out, 'Hell's in the water.' It was true—the water had been poisoned by the contact of the gas on its surface.'' After a coughing spell he continued: ''We had those gas treatments often. They only came in the day time, because the wind died down at night. However, gas masks had been provided for us and they kept out the bad effects. Our lungs were so tender after that first experience that the slightest irritation would send us into fits of coughing. Even the slight gases from

our rifle shells and from the artillery would set us off." This long story had been told with many halts for breath and in a rasping tone of voice interjected here and there with violent spells of coughing. I had noticed before that none of the young men in the room were smoking, and it was apparently to cause as little irritation as possible to Arthur's tender lungs.

It was from his sister that I learned the facts of his few last days at the front. "Arthur was left to die on the edge of No Man's land, and he had lain there for four days, during a heavy bombardment. He was stupified by the gas and unable to move. He wouldn't tell mother how he had suffered." She looked proudly at her brother as he sat the center of attraction at the further end of the room. "But he told me that no one came near him for days. His gas-mask had long since absorbed its surfeit of gas and was of no value at all. Finally, some Red Cross men came along and examined him. 'He's gone,' one said. 'Let's put him out of his misery.'" A shudder snspiciously like a sob shook her. "But Art pleaded with them for a chance to live, although every breath tortured him. 'I want to get home to see mother and Sis,' he told them. They carried him to the rear and after a month he was able to come back here. Evelyn's brother lived only three weeks, and Art has been here two now." She said it with a quiet resignation which has made women out of those young girls up there.

When I left I was cordially urged to come again and plans were made for the coming summer at the beach. Arthur did not enter into the plan-making; in way of farewell he said, quietly, "I don't think that I'll be fortunate enough to see you next summer, but I certainly was very pleased to have met you." The simplicity of the words and the earnestness of his tone, as he made a noticeable effort to use his natural voice and to refrain from coughing, touched me deeply.

George Currier, 1913.
Dartmouth, '17.

MODRED AND OLIVAN

And Gareth saw
The shield of Gawain blazon'd rich and bright,
And Modred's blank as death."
Why should Sir Modred's shield be blank as death?
And why should Modred ever harsh and sullen be?
But thereto hangs a tale; for Modred was
Not always gloomy as a grove of pines
One sees at sunset on a distant hill.
In early youth he loved a maiden fair,
Who stood to him for all of good and true.
He held for her as staunch and true a love
As Lancelot held for his Queen Guinevere
And she in turn loved him (so Modred thought).

One day as they were riding through the wood,
Said Olivan to Modred, "Dost thou know,
How, two weeks' journeying from here,
There stands a castle high upon a hill,
And in the castle is a jewelled ring,
The like of which has ne'er been seen before,
Of wondrous art and exquisite design,
Wrought by some mystic workman of the East,
And brought here by an unknown pagan king.
But round about the hill, a forest stands,
Deep, dark, and treacherous, full of hidden snares;
And guarding it are two ferocious knights
Who must be conquered, 'ere the prize is gained.

Yet these are not the only creatures to be fought;
For an enormous dragon guards the draw,
Which hath devoured all the valiant knights
Who heretofore have dared take up the quest.
If thou wilt undertake this search for me,
And bring to me the ring for your love's sake,
Will I be yours that day when you return."
Then Modred answered valiantly enough,
"For your sake and our love's, will I do this,
And if I come not back the fortieth day,
Then wilt thou know me dead, and mourn for me."
So Modred soon departed. On he rode
O'er wasted moorlands, craggy mountains steep,
Through forests dark and sombre, over streams
Until at length he saw the castle towers,
Glittering gilded in the morning sun.
Cautiously, yet boldly, he advanced,
And met the first knight in a darksome dell.
The two closed lances. Modred finally won
And marched triumphant to the second fight.
This one was not so easy to be gained,
And Modred well-nigh gave up many a time.
But he at length delivered such a blow
As crashed the other's helm, and left him dead.
As he approached the castle, Modred saw,
In constant-twisting coils, the dragon flash.
Its brilliant, snake-like body gleamed afar,
As if reflecting all the rainbow's dazzling hues.
Its monstrous teeth and dreadful fangs he viewed.
With knife-sharp paws it rended up the earth;
Yet bravely he advanced unto the fight.
He fell upon the dragon suddenly,
And, seizing on its widely-gaping jaws,
He ran his sword down through the monster's throat.
The dragon all the while was lashing him
With dangerous paws and wildly-waving tail,
Till Modred finally pierced his toughened skin
With such a blow, it fell defeated down.
Then Modred entered straight the castle court;
And everything around was still as death,
For not a living soul was thereabout.
He searched through all the empty rooms and void,
So void they sent a chill to Modred's heart;
And terror seized him, as he thought he heard
A crash, a shout, a groan. But silence reigned again.
At last, within a little turret room,
Up in an ancient, dark and gloomy tower,
Where heathen kings had kept, in olden times,
The prisoners whom they captured in their wars,
He found the ring which he had sought so far,
Enclosed in rich, bright case of carven gold.
Right joyfully he seized upon the prize
And gladly bore it back triumphantly.
The way seemed shorter than when he had come.
He hardly ever paused for rest or breath,
Until he reached the city Camelot.
Then eagerly he hastened to his love
To offer her the fruit of all his toil.
And gain his just reward. But there he found
A crowd of people dressed in gay attire
And making merry as for a great feast.
"What means this joy?" said Modred, to a slave.

The servant announced, "How, dost thou not know
Our mistress hath this day become the bride
Of the good, valiant knight, Sir Onsway?"
Sir Modred was astounded. He could scarce contain
The fury of his rage and frenzied wrath.
The most beloved and trusted of his friends
Had married her he had believed was his!
They had betrayed, deceived, deluded him!
Disgusted, Modred t[illegible] away from them,
His passion all [illegible] place
Grew up a stern hostility to good,
And envy, hate, and bitterness of soul.
So this is why his shield was always blank,
And why he ever harsh and sullen was,
And why at last he did betray his king.

Cecelia P. Freeman, '18.

THE DAY I SKIPPED SCHOOL

I had the spring fever so, on one particularly beautiful morning, I decided to skip school.

I ran to the garage and backed out my Ford and started off. I passed the Arlington High School just after eight and wondered if I should be found out and, if so, what would happen.

But throwing all care aside, I sped toward the Heights. I had a glorious time, doing nothing but riding, and finally struck off into a road leading through the Woods.

I was enjoying the wild flowers and the rustling leaves when, suddenly, from out of the bushes I saw a Bullock coming my way, so I started my machine and soon found myself near a farm house. I drove up to it and the farmer was very sociable. I found out his name was Robert Allyn. While I was in the barn one of the workmen introduced me to Robert's son with whom I had a very pleasant chat. He asked me if I attended school and, though I felt rather conscious-stricken, I put on a bold front and asked him if I didn't look as though I had passed that age. I then asked him if he went, but he said that although he wanted to very much, Mr. Allyn was his Foster father and was very Cross so he was forced to work.

The live-stock and gardens were very interesting and I saw something in the gardens which I had never happened to see before. After asking what it was that looked so queer, I was told that it was a Gourd on the vine.

It was nearing twelve o'clock and I was about famished. I inquired whether it was a very Long distance to Richmond avenue, and the farmer said it was quite "Fer down" the road so I decided to go back the way I had come.

On my way home, I stopped at the Baker's, where I bought some rolls, and then I went into the grocer's and asked, "How much is Butterworth?" for I had not stopped to think of needing money and found myself with the whole sum of thirty cents. I took my rolls and butter and ate them standing up for I had nothing to Eaton. My folly was fast becoming a bore, so I started for home. When I reached Pleasant Street I felt anything but pleasant, for whom should I meet but Miss Blodgett and Miss Magner. I was about ready to give up when I saw my chance and drove through Maple Street. I really don't think they saw me for they have never mentioned it.

Barbara Barnes, '20.

CALENDAR

A debate with the Cambridge Latin High was held in our hall on Friday evening, March 2. The subject was, "Resolved: That the United States should adopt a system of compulsory military training for all men between the ages of 18 and 21. This plan shall involve six months of continuous service during the first year and 30 days per year thereafter." Mr. Wallace presided, and three young men from the Harvard Law School were the judges. Arlington, which had the negative side of the question, was represented by David Snow, John Lyons and Herbert Collins. The latter had the rebuttal. Our side certainly had the difficult side of the question, and they decided against us although our boys put up a good fight. While awaiting the decision of the judges the audience was favored with a vocal solo by Patrick Furdon, and a violin solo by Louis Weiner, both accompanied by Evelyn Chamberlain.

* * * *

In the assembly of Thursday, March 8, Gladys Leighton recited a piece entitled, "How He Saved St. Michael's," and was well applauded. On March 22, the school enjoyed a selection played by Linda Woodworth, 'cello, and Evelyn Swan, violin, with Evelyn Chamberlain accompanying.

* * * *

Under the auspices of the Locke School Association, a lecture was given in the hall on Thursday evening, March 22, by Mr. Payson Smith, the Massachusetts Commissioner of Education. Mr. Smith spoke on, "The Elimination of the Individual in Education." His talk was not only very interesting but instructive.

* * * *

The Lincoln Day exercises were held in the hall on Monday, February 12. Three G. A. R. veterans were present, and after a selection by the orchestra, Comrade Berthrong told us of his very interesting meeting with President Lincoln during the war. Mr. Parker's talk was more general but no less interesting. David Snow read the Governor's Lincoln Day Proclamation, and a series of papers on Lincoln's life were read by the following students: Walter Chamberlain, Doris Chauvin, John Lyons and Herbert Collins. Robert Smith, '20, recited Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and after a talk by Mr. Minard, from whom the school was very glad to hear, the exercises closed with the singing of "America."

* * * *

Dr. Luther H. Gulick, president of the Camp Fire Girls of America and a supporter of all kinds of athletics, gave us a fine talk on Wednesday, February 14, on, "God Hates a Quitter." He gave us some very interesting facts about the less civilized peoples of the earth in connection with their abilities in the athletic line, and pointed out that their inferiority to their civilized neighbors lay entirely in their lack of grit. His address was not only entertaining but contained much well worth the school's attention.

* * * *

The second Pratt Fund Lecture was given on Friday evening, Feb. 16, in the High School hall by Mr. Montraville Wood. Mr. Wood is an eminent scientist, a friend of Edison, and the only man who has ever held the position of Aerial Postmaster of the United States. With the assistance of his daughter, he produced the ultra-violet ray with the apparatus on the stage, and demonstrated the marvels of the ray. The second part of the lecture was on the gyroscope, of which he had several with him, and a monorail car to show the use of these instruments. It was one of the most interesting lectures we have ever heard, and certainly one of the best ever given in the High School hall.

* * * *

Mr. Cross has left us for a time to join his company on the Mexican bor-

der. At assembly, Thursday, March 1, he told the school that he was sorry to have to leave us, and hoped to be back by next September. We all wish him luck on his commission, and hope to see him back again before a great while. At the same assembly, Dorothea Critcheson read a composition entitled, "A Perfect Winter Day," and Martha Powell played a piano solo which was greatly appreciated. We were given a very interesting account of his trip around the world by Hugh Berquist, a graduate of our school. It was a real tale of adventure, his ship having been chased by a sea raider and having witnessed the sinking of a Dutch merchantman during the six months or so of the voyage.

* * * *

The Kitchen Extravaganza, given by the Girls' Glee Club in the hall on March 19 was a great success. It was under the direction of Miss Hale, and the whole scheme was very clever, being the idea of a kitchen carried out in the costumes and musical instruments. The Gold Dust Twins, Geraldine Loveitt and Vesta Taylor, furnished much amusement. Caroline Shawhan, the drummer boy, was very good, and there was quite an innovation in the introduction of Odenweller and Chamberlain as bride and groom, who successfully climbed the ladder of roses in spite of the bride's dress. The programs were especially clever, and the whole thing was very enjoyable.

* * * *

On Friday afternoon, March 23, Mme. Guerin, assisted by her daughter Raymonde, gave a very interesting lecture in French on, "Louis XIV and His Court." After the lecture, Mme. Guerin gave a short talk in English. Her daughter recited two fables: "La Cigale et la Fourmi," and "La Laitiere et le Pot au Lait." The lecture was very well attended, and delegations from Newton, Melrose, Somerville, Winchester and Medford were present.

* * * *

Pupils of Mr. Gordon's chemistry classes have made good use of several of their afternoons by visiting, in a body, the Walter Baker Chocolate Factory, the Union Glass Works, the Walker Pratt Range Foundry, and the Davis Ice Cream Factory. The former and the latter were both enjoyed by the chemists, having lived up to their reputation of generosity of former years.

* * * *

CHEMISTRY TRIPS.

Walker Pratt Stove Co. (blast furnaces and moulding).

Walter Baker Chocolate Co. (manufacture of candy).

Davis Ice Cream Co. (manufacture of ice cream and artificial ice.)

Ward Baking Co. (bread making).

Union Glass Works (manufacture of cut glass).

Arlington Gas Co. (manufacture of water gas).

Lever Bros. Soap Works (manufacture of soap).

* * * *

On Friday evening, March 23, the third Pratt Fund Lecture was given by Chevalier Melano Rossi on "South America, the Land of the Incas." The lecturer spoke chiefly of Brazil and Argentina. The lecture was illustrated with some very fine views. We are sorry there was any disturbing noise. Let's remedy that. If your neighbor isn't decent enough to keep quiet at such a time, it up to you to see that he does, and at least look out for yourself!

* * * *

On Friday evening, April 6, Mr. Daniel Brewer of Boston, the president of the North American Civic League for Immigrants, spoke in the hall on "Citizenship and National Security." The lecture was given under the auspices of the Arlington Civic league. He spoke with special reference to immigrants, and his talk was very interesting.

PUBLIC OPINION—QUIPS AND QUIZZES

Twiee told tales: "Everybody back from vaeation, ready for some good, hard work.

Our girls went on a missionary trip to the eountry about three weeks ago, losing a hard fought debate to the Lexington team.

Junior (hurriedly to Freshy): "Have you got a second to spare?"
Freshy: "Sure."
Junior: "All right, tell me all you know!"

I wonder if everybody knows that a birdhouse contest is on in the Manual Training Dept.?

Heard in Lab.: "Say, this match you gave me doesn't light!"
"That's funny, it lit all right yesterday."

We appreciate the good work of the hockey team. Let's see just as suceessful a baseball season.

Did you ever stop to think that a good way of showing your reverence for your country is to tip your hat when you pass the flag which represents it? Try it.

Demosthenes, in his search for an honest man, had nothing on the fellow who looks for yesterday's newspaper.

We are glad to weleome Mrs. Williams of the English Department, to the teaching foree of our school.

Something ought to be said about the beliavior of the pupils attending the recent talk on South America. Notwithstanding the fact that the lecture, owing to poor enunciation, was not over interesting, enough courtesy should have been shown by the pupils to at least have exercised some consideration for the speaker's sensibilities.

However, I am sure that it is the hope of every rational and right-minded student in the sehool that sueh an occurrence may never again be permitted to tarnish our reputation.

The office force is no longer efficient. For the first time this year, a cold, foggy day eseaped without a fire-drill.

Latin III B, discussing ancient history dates:
Voice from the rear: "Sounds like an auetion sale."
Miss Robertson: "How's that?"
Still Small Voice: "228, 339, 498."

"Going, going, gone!"

So-long, see you next month.

C. A. Palmer, '18.

Debating Club

Since our last issue of the Clarion, the Debating club has had three debates: two boys' and one girls' debate. The first of these was held on Mareh 2d by the boys. In the trials, the judges had a very difficult task choosing the team but finally succeeded in picking John Lyons, David Snow and Herbert Collins. Our boys had the unpopular negative of the question of "Compulsory Military Training." Although we lost, we look forward to better luck next year.

On March 3d, the boys and girls held

their annual debate with Lexington. The girls debated at Lexington and the boys at Arlington on different sides of the question of "Old Age Pension." On the girls' team were Marguerite Kenney, Gladys Leighton and Doris Jukes, while on the boys' team were John Lyons, Harold Cahalin and Herbert Collins. Our boys, on the negative, were victorious over the Lexingtonites, while the girls were defeated in Lexington.

Orchestra Notes.

On the evening of March 23, the orchestra played three selections for the Locke School Association lecture, which was given in the High school hall.

The orchestra is now rehearsing for the joint concert.

On April 20th, the orchestra will furnish the music for the Woman's Club meeting which is to be held in the Town Hall.

Respectfully submitted,
Evelyn Chamberlain, Sec.

Photography Club.

The dark room is now in full swing with an average of three periods a day occupied. Any one is welcome to bring in their films and have them developed free. Instructions and chemicals are furnished free.

Wireless Club.

The School Board has appropriated $75. more for Wireless equipment, and the club expects to have what will be probably the best High School set in Greater Boston. Two of the members, Bixby and Hatfield, have passed the government commercial tests. The club has about ten operators working for their amateur license, while six already have them.

Girls' Glee Club Notes.

On March 23, the Girls' Glee Club sang two selections at the meeting of the Locke School Association in the High School Hall.

Since the Kitchen Extravaganza, the club has been working on the joint concert which we hope will be as successful as the Extravaganza.

E. Lake, Sec.

Boys' Glee Club.

The Boys' Glee Club has now been reduced to about thirty boys and has sung at two school functions. They are trying to arrange concerts with Lynn Classical and Cambridge Latin, and are preparing for the school joint concert.



1917.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

Mrs. B-k-r: "Where is the Caribean Sea?"

Miss K-l-g: "Off the north coast of Africa, I think." (How brilliant!)

Mrs. B-k-r: "Where is the Mississippi?"

Miss D-n-v-n: "West of the Rockies."

Mr. L-g: "Seems you weren't here yesterday?"

S-x-n: "No, I wasn't."

Mr. L-g: "Well, why weren't you?"

S-x-n: "Oh! I was absent." (How unusual!)

They may build ships in Gloucester but you have to go through Lynn to Sail-em.

H. K.

The lack of 1917 class jokes is evidently due to the "war."

Seniors! Where are your jokes? Can't you be loyal to your editors? Do your part, next time.

1918.

THE HAMMER.

Put the hammer in the locker,
Hide the sounding board likewise;
Any one can be a "knocker,"
Any one can criticise.
Cultivate a manner winning,
Though it hurts your face to smile,
And seems awkward in beginning,
Be a "booster" for a while.

Ex.

H-t-h-n-s-n: "I got A in the last test."

Surprised comrade: "Honest?"

H-t-h-n-s-n: "No, the regular way."

Teacher: "Is there any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdom?"

Bright Pupil: "Yes, there's Hash."

CHEMISTRY.

Mr. G—: "What's another good source of a nickel?"

Pupil: "The Boston Elevated."

1918.

GEOMETRY III. A.

Miss B-l-k: "I've been trying to

drill that same thing into my solid geometry boys since the first of the year."

LATIN.

"Ova is the Latin for egg, we are told; hence, therefore, when an actor is showered with unsalable eggs, he receives an ovation."

1919.

Heard in commercial geography:

"What do you get when you raise cane?"

"An afternoon session slip."

HISTORY II B.

Miss A-l-n: "Give the character of Hildebrand."

Pupil: "He was tall, bald-headed, etc."

Lightibus outibus in parlorum,
Boyibus kissibus sweet puellorum—
Dadibus hearibus loud smackorum,
Comibus quickibus cum cluborum,
Laudibus boyibus outside doorum—
Boyibus limpibus ad his domorum,
Swearibus he kissibus puella nomorum.

Ex.

HISTORY I. A.

Brilliant Freshmen remarks:

D: "When Rome made herself master."

R: "He sent Caesar a lot of empty sacks full of nothing."

They had never met B4,
But now she seemed 2care;
She loved him 10derly
For he was a 1,000,000aire.

Ex.

HISTORY II. B.

Pupil: "Otto I. drove back the barbarians. Otto II. made an end of the barbarian attacks forever in Germany."

Some autos!

1920.

Pupil: "Who knows what I saw today?"

Friend: "What?"

Pupil: "Everything I looked at."

ANCIENT HISTORY I. A.

Pupil (reciting about Marius): "Marius introduced a new system in military tactics by dividing his men into cohorts."

Giggles from front of room.

Teacher: "Boys! What are you laughing at?"

H—: "I thought M-rphy said that Marius divided his men into coalhods."

A PROBLEM IN ALGEBRA.

Let x equal a sophomore
Then 100x equals one freshman.
100x plus x equals 100x
x equals 0 equals a sophomore.

Teacher to girl: "You ought to respect your name. You have only one and you cannot change it."

Girl: "Oh! Yes I can. I am thinking seriously of it."

Who came out last in the meet at the gym? Not the FRESHMEN!!

Teacher: "And they kill men like Lincoln."

Pupil: "And let you live."

Substitute Teacher: "J-h-s-n, I don't believe you know where the place is."

J-h-s-n: "No, but I'm sure you don't either."

Teacher: "What did Neptune carry as his symbol?"

Pupil: "A submarine."

FROM SCIENCE I. F.

W-t (giving science item): "This woman also molded statuettes out of butter—"

Pupil (interrupting): "And butter 42 cents a pound!"

ALUMNI NOTES

With war in the air and a general state of military preparedness being maintained, a few words of the connection between our Alumni and our country may not be amiss. Should the call some, A. H. S. would be represented by many Alumni, both in the army and in the navy. Already many of our boys have joined the army and navy, and some of them are veterans by reason of the recent Mexican trouble. Harlan Reycroft, '11, Robert Potter, '15, Minot Edwards, '15, Bartel Swanson, '15, and many others were with the National Guard on their Mexican trip. Reycroft was recently credited with ninety-six per cent. in an examination for Captaincy. This was the highest mark of any of the twelve candidates who took the same exam.

Then in the Naval Reserve there are several more Alumni. E. Bertram Dallin, '11, has joined the Reserve, and his knowledge and experience as a radio-engineer will be of great value. Lawrence B. Marshall, at one time a member of the class of '16, is on a training cruise with several other Naval Reserve Recruits. They are on the U. S. S. Nebraska. Willard Bailey has joined the U. S. Marines with the rating of able-bodied seaman. Throughout the many colleges, A. H. S. men are joining the Naval Reserve and are drilling regularly, so that when they are called, they can drop their studies and take up the defence of our nation. We may proudly state that A. H. S. has trained boys who now as men are capable of helping in the defence of our great land.

The military class of the A. H. S. Alumni must not take all our time, however, for there are others in whom we have interest.

The loss of "Ken" Reed, '16, and "Jeff" Kirlin, '16, from the P. G. class, is hereby recorded. These two young men have left our halls in order to chase "shekels." Reed is with a large woolen concern in Boston; Kirlin is employed in the paper pulp industry in Portland, Me. Both young men are in promising industries and have good positions.

Miss Edna F. Easter, '10, is first assistant house doctor in the Belmont contagious hospital, Worcester, Mass. Miss Easter graduated last June from Tufts Medical School.

Beulah E. Easter, '12, is teaching school in Eastondale, Mass.

John McCarthy, '15, is taking a business course at the Boston University School of Business Administration. This school has flournished since its removal to the former Tech. building on Boylston street.

Several Alumni are employed in the Town Hall. Miss Gertrude Clifford, '15, is a clerk for the Board of Health; Miss Catherine Robinson, a stenographer in the Town Clerk's office; and Miss Katherine Viets, '13, is a clerk in the office of the Town Treasurer.

Jeremiah A. Crowley is working for the United Drug Co., Boston.

Margaret J. Melley, '15, has a fine position with Foster Brothers, Boston.

William H. Keefe, '14, is working as a bookkeeper for the Menotomy Trust Co., and Elizabeth K. O'Hanlon, '15, is a stenographer for that company.

Miss Amero Boudreau, '15, is now a stenographer for the Monson-Maine Slate Co.

Hamlyn Robbins, '14, is taking the agricultural course at the University of Maine.

Kenneth Young, '14, is taking a premedical course at the University of Maine, preparatory to a course at Harvard Medical School.

Albert Wunderlich, '14, is also at Maine University, where he is preparing for a course in Harvard Law School.

Miss Enid Taylor, '14, is also attending the University of Maine. It seems that as this institution grows in numbers it grows in popularity for our Alumni.

Miss Gean Lufkin, '16, is at Burdett's College.

Harold Kimball, '14, is a Sophomore at Tufts College, where he is studying electrical engineering.

A cable and several letters have been received from Arthur Dallin, '16. He has arrived safely in Paris and eagerly awaits the call for duty at the front. He tells many incidents of the trip across and describes his fellow ambulance men.

Let us try to drop more Alumni notes in the "Clarion Box" in the A. H. S. Library. Only three notes were found there between the last issue of our paper and the present one; and surely there are more than three people who have knowledge of some Alumni news. All notes, not printed earlier in the year, will gladly be printed.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

CONCERNING OTHERS.

The Review, Cambridge: Yours is certainly an interesting paper. The cuts are excellent, the class notes good, and "The Fool's Paradise" column very clever.

The Newton High School Review: We all enjoy your paper immensely. Please tell us what you think of the "Clarion."

The Delphian, R. I.: The lack of jokes is very noticeable. Why not a few class notes, also?

The Penn. Charter Magazine: We think the prize story contest very original, as well as interesting, the magazine very well arranged, and the Alumni Notes good.

The Palmer, Palmer, Mass.: It more than pleased us to receive such a fine magazine. Your cover is original..

The Pioneer, Reading: A very neat little paper with good material, but the lack of athletic notes and a list of contents, as well as a few more cuts, detracts.

The Recorder, Winchester: Good looking cover!

AND WHAT THEY THINK OF US.

Your literary department is very complete, but why not make a few more comments in your exchange department?

—Dean Megaphone.

Read "Said and Done," "The Oriole" and the Arlington High School "Clarion." They are three of the best papers we receive, as everything they contain from the literary department to the advertisements is interesting, well written and well arranged. They contain, besides, many excellent cuts.

—School Life, Melrose.

We thank you both but wish more of the Exchanges would criticize the "Clarion."

List of exchanges: Archon, So. Byfield, Mass.; Authenic, Stoneham, Mass.; Blue Owl, Attleboro, Mass.; Brewster, Wolfboro, N. H.; Bulletin, Watertown, Mass.; Chronicle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Clarion W. Hartford, Conn.; Colby Voice, New London, N. H.; Delphian, Providence, R. I.; Everett High Clarion, Everett, Mass.; Harvard Alumni Bulletin, Cambridge, Mass.; Lexingtonian, Lexington, Mass.; Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.; Monitor, Wellesley High school; Newton High School Review, Newton, Mass.; Oak, Lily and Ivy, Milton, Mass.; Palmer, Palmer, Mass.; Parsem, Parsonfield, Maine; Penn Charter Magazine, Phila, Penn.; Pioneer, Reading, Mass.; Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y.; Radiator, Somerville, Mass.

Willie: "Father is the captain of our ship at home and mother is the first mate."

Teacher: "And what are you?"

Willie: "I guess I'm the compass, 'cause they're always boxing me."

Teacher (lecturing on circulation of the blood): "If I stand on my head the blood rushes down to my head, doesn't it?"

Class: "Yes, sir."

Teacher: "Well, then, when I stand on my feet why doesn't the blood rush to my feet?"

Small Voice: "Because your feet aren't empty."

Pupil in Library: "I want the 'Life of Caesar.'"

Librarian: "Sorry, but Brutus got ahead of you."

Pupil: "Caesar was a great merchant as he purchased two tons of chalk."

Teacher: "That's news to me. What for?"

Pupil: "To Mark Antony."

"It's all in the game," said the boarder, as he separated the buck shot from the quail.

—Yale Record.

Isn't it strange that:
Cows never blow their own horns,
Birds will not pay their own bills,
Fishes are never weighed on their own scales,
Elephants never pack their own trunks,
And a window never suffers from pain.

How was iron discovered?
They smelt it, boy, they smelt it.

The obvious person came upon an angler. "Fishing?" he asked acutely. "No, I am engaged in teaching this worm to swim."

A SONNET TO THE A. H. S.

Oh, our old A. H. S., you school of
of schools,
We pledge thee loyalty forever more.
Through thee, we're led to wisdom's
very door;
Through thee, we learn to use those
natural tools,
The gifts of God, which we should
waste as fools,
Who having talents know it not. The
more
We know thee do we see in thee the
fore-
Most friend of these, our earlier days.
Thy rules
And lessons are those of a loving
friend.
A friend's thy fellowship, a friend's
thy care;
And as a friend bears much from
friend and knows
'Tis for his good, so we from thee, to
mend
Our ways, and to be worthy of thee,
bear
Thy reprimands, as one who, trusting,
does.

E. W. Spaulding, '18.

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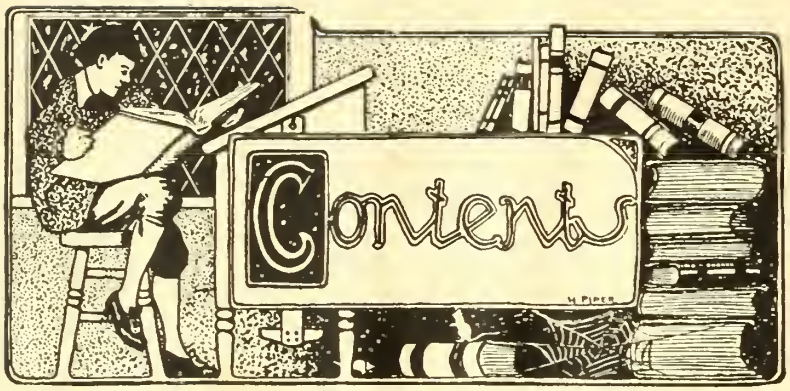
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FOREWORD

The Class of 1917 presents in this Clarion its last official record as a class of Arlington High School. As a class, it wishes to Arlington High School, teachers and students, a happy, successful ensuing year. With the deepest interest in our hearts for our Alma Mater and all her activities, we bid her farewell.

GRADUATION PROGRAM

1. Coronation March....Meyerbeer
   Entrance of the Class of 1917

2. Awake, Ye Bards!.....Smieton
   Senior Chorus

3. Salutatory
   David Francis Snow

4. Blow, Soft Winds.....Vincent
   Girls' Glee Club
   Miss Florence Hale, Director

5. Address
   Honorable Samuel J. Elder

6. Winter Song.....Bullard
   Boys' Glee Club
   Mr. Frank V. Gordon, Director

7. Valedictory
   Educational Development in Arlington
   Ruth Morse Lovewell

8. Violin Solo, Adoration..Borowski
   Louis Patriquin

9. Presentation of Diplomas
   Mr. Carl N. Quimby
   Chairman of School Committee

10. The Heavens are Telling
    Hayden
    Senior Chorus
    Musical Director,
    Miss Blanche E. Heard

Accompanist,
Miss Evelyn Chamberlain

SALUTATORY

Parents and Friends:

It gives me great pleasure in behalf of the class of 1917 of the Arlington High School to welcome you here this evening.

In view of the scattering of our class members, because of public service demands, and the accepting of business positions, we are having, on our part, more simple exercises than we had planned. We had thought of presenting to you a sketch descriptive of our school life, and we had been planning our musical program with as much interest as former classes. But many of us responded to our country's call, and we knew we might be pardoned the giving up of other activities for this greater service.

We do not intend to discuss war topics with you tonight. Not that we are not seriously interested—in fact, we can call ourselves the first war class to graduate into this confused and needy world. Because the world is confused, we thought we would review for ourselves and you that chief possession of ours, Education.

You will hear later of educational development in Arlington. I would like to tell you briefly of our educational advantages during the past four years. Of course the primary source of our educational development has been our studies. First we think of English, our mother tongue. None of us can succeed without some ability to write and speak correct English. We become acquainted with literature in the broadest sense, and through it with the best ideals of people of all races and times. Through the foreign languages we come to know the Frenchman, the German, the Spaniard, something of his customs and his speech. In the study of Latin and mathematics we find valuable mental training and the development of accuracy. Through the sciences, we acquire a broader mental training. It is science that teaches us the theories of life and the laws of action. In our history courses we study world movements and the principles of government. Little need be said about our practical courses, Mechanic Arts, Household Arts, and our splendid possibilities of business training. Their benefits are obvious.

Besides our mental education we have much to be grateful for in our opportunities for social life, with its consequent forming of friendships. Our numerous clubs and athletic fellowship have drawn us together with advantages of good comradeship to all.

Our parting from these advantages and pleasant associations of school life, is to us an event of great import. A new epoch in our lives is started this evening as we leave the protection of the public schools and enter the field of life where only our own initiative can secure us true success. We go forth into a world smitten with the strife of a raging war of nations. At this time we are the ones who are thankful for having been able to complete thus far our education. In these times of unrest and uncertainty, we, as a class, should not forget our precious possession of education, even though the line of the other calls is strong. We would suggest to under-graduates that they also should cherish it in the realization that when the present strife is over, Education will be the foundation upon which all nations will rebuild their ruined civilization.

In our hearts as we look ahead of us is seriousness of purpose. We ask that as we come to you, you will help to guide us in the work we desire to do.

Again in the name of the Class of 1917, I bid you welcome.

David F. Snow.

VALEDICTORY

EDUCATIONAL DEVELOPMENT IN ARLINGTON

It is a fact of some interest and significance respecting the people of Arlington, that before the means and population were sufficient to sustain a church, more convenient to their homes than the one in Cambridge, provision for the education of their children was made. This was an exact reversal of the then prevailing custom of "first a church and then a school." The establishment of a school was purely voluntary and almost entirely without assistance from Cambridge. The interest of the people was manifest throughout the whole undertaking. And this interest in educational matters has continued down to the present day. The graduating class is glad to have had the privilege of enjoying the advantages and benefits which the generosity of the town has provided; it is glad to have been educated in a community where education has been the first consideration.

But the conditions which affect school affairs are now far different from what they were in the days of our forefathers. The building first used by them for the purpose of instruction was about thirty by forty feet in size, with a small garret under the roof. It was built on a lot to the rear of the present First Parish Church, and beside it was the town burying ground. It consisted of only one room, equipped with hard wooden benches and means for heating. Only the essentials of shelter and warmth were considered, but it would be unreasonable to expect anything more for a school from a community that was content with a church built like a barn, and like it, entirely lacking in anything ornamental. Besides being used for a school, the building was used for a meeting house, until 1737, "when the meeting adjourned to the meeting house"; also for a place where the people met to act on local affairs.

The school master would doubtless be considered a queer individual in our modern eyes. When chosen for his position, it was generally not for his mental attainments; probably it was for his strength and muscle which he would be required to use, when presiding over a school which boys as large as he attended. In the very early days he received no salary but boarded around at the various homes of his pupils. In this way he had variety at least. But it must be remembered that then the schools were supported entirely by voluntary subscription. Later when an appropriation of $610 a year for fuel and salaries was made, the teacher received $3.75 a week, which was certainly a large amount in the opinion of the selectmen.

The type of discipline practised in the early schools can easily be understood from a question that once arose concerning a clump of willow trees near the school, "Was it Providence, the judgment of the school authorities, or merely accident which placed an unlimited supply of these supple switches so convenient for the teacher's use?" Rapping over the knuckles was usually the punishment for the girls, when they misbehaved, but with the boys the methods were more extreme. The wisdom of inflicting corporal punishment had never been questioned.

The methods and purposes of instruction were as different from the modern as anything well could be. At first only reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught. When these subjects were learned, one was quite sufficiently educated to be successful in life. But, what was learned, was learned thoroughly. The verse of

"Whatever you do, do with your
might,
For things done by halves are never
done right,"

was truly applied. Morals played an important part in school life and for them the teacher was held responsible. Whenever possible he was to instill in the pupils the value of honesty, piety, frugality, justice, and like virtues.

But the years have changed the old ideals, purposes, and methods. Now, we have schools placed in various parts of the town, which the children from the first to the eighth grade attend. In these, the essentials of reading, writing, geography, history, and arithmetic are taught. In some rooms birds, insects, and flowers are studied; much interest is always displayed. Instead of one room for all children, and one teacher for all grades, we have a teacher for each grade, and that grade is usually the one which she feels most qualified to teach.

The Junior High School, which accommodates children of the eighth and ninth grades, was built for two purposes; first, to make the change of subjects and methods between Grammar school and High school less perceptible and thus more easily borne; and to give the children the opportunity to select the courses and studies which they will continue when in High school. This problem has faced the town and school authorities for a number of years, and the Junior High School is thought to be the best solution. Everyone agrees that it eliminates to a great extent, the difficulty which the Freshmen class usually confronts.

In High school there are five courses, from which the student may select the one best suited to his needs. All have been prepared with the greatest care, and all offer a good all-around education. The college course prepares one for college, the technical course for Technology, the general course for Normal school or business, the commercial course for business only, and the household arts course, which is for girls alone, prepares one to be an efficient housekeeper. An instructor teaches one or in some cases two subjects, so that the student has an expert for each study, instead of a teacher who knows several subjects indifferently well. So, if he is serious in his work, he is really prepared to win success in the world.

Studies are now taught differently. Instead of the children being all treated exactly alike, each individual is considered. The old cut-and-dried methods are being done away with: each study is presented in a form most interesting to the pupils. The children are no more considered mere machines, while the rule "spare the rod, and spoil the child," is practically gone out of existence. If corporal punishment is necessary, it is left for the parents to inflict, which to the offender is a much better method than receiving his discipline in front of thirty pairs of interested eyes.

In order to meet the requirements of varied subjects, the type of school building has changed. Instead of a badly repaired wooden firetrap, we now have large, brick, fireproof buildings. The rooms are furnished with comfortable desks; the walls are of a quiet color. Everything is restful. On the walls are some of the best pieces of art, the pictures chosen with care; calendars and advertisements no longer have their places in the school room. The best means for proper ventilation and heating have been installed. Very seldom is it necessary to dismiss the entire school because of the cold, and surely it cannot be complained that if one accidentally drops his pencil, it will go through the floor, into the cellar (which was generally full of water) and thus be lost. Once this happened in the old Crosby school building!

As students in the High school, the class of 1917 has enjoyed all these advantages. It has received broader training than our great grandparents could ever have received in the public schools; this broader training, however, has brought wider responsibilities. But as a class we are glad to have been educated in Arlington. Although we know it is customary for the graduating class to express the appreciation which it feels toward the

town, we do not do so because it is enstomary, but because we truly desire that the town of Arlington know we are grateful for our opportunities. We realize that we will appreeiate them more as we grow older, and we hope that with that increased appreeiation will come increased desire to serve.

Ruth Morse Lovewell.

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

ASSEMBLY HALL, JUNE 25, 1917

Presentation of Blake Books

Mr. E. Nelson Blake

Solos ..... Mrs. E. Nelson Blake

Ivy Oration ..... Paul Hazeltine

Class History ..... Doris Chauvin

Class Propheey ..... Hazel Kimball, Walter Chamberlain, John Lyons

Teaehers' Propheey ..... Daniel Clifford

Class Statisties .. Julia Currier, Evelyn Lake, Mildred Wadman, Gertrude Viano, Beatrice Young

Accompanist ..... Evelyn Chamberlain

Class Will ..... Herbert Collins

CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... David Snow
Viee President ..... Dorothy Jordan
Secretary ..... Hazel Kimball
Treasurer ..... Walter Chamberlain

CLASS DAY COMMITTEE

Dorothy Jordan, Paul Hazeltine, Doris Chauvin, Gertrude Viano, Harold Cahalin, Nelson Jost

IVY ORATION OF THE CLASS OF 1917

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Clifford, our two worthy representatives from the college of hard knocks:

I am here today to deliver to you the Second Annual Ivy Oration.

One year and three days ago the first Ivy Orator, my ivy predecessor, the Hon. Leonard Daniel Webster Collins, stood upon the platform to deliver the first ivy oration. Far be it from my poor power to detract from his speech, but what I am going to say here today you will never forget.

The Ivy we plant this year will live forever, and will not perish as did the one last year which had so much poison in the oration that it was never able to show its ivory above the ground.

This will not be an English Ivy Oration, nor a German Ivy Oration nor a Poison Ivy Oration, but an American Ivy Oration and like America it can never be beat. (Applause).

Why am I chosen to give this oration? Why?—because I am the champion orator of the school. Do I hear the name of John William Jennings Bryan Lyons, or Beatrice Fairfax Richardson, or Harold Billy Sunday Pick? Do I hear the name of any of these? As Brutus Hazeltine once said, and Hazeltine as you all know must have been Brutus family name, as Brutus said on that noble occasion, I pause for a reply—does no one come forward to dispute my claim? Then I, Paul Homestead Hazeltine, stand here, the Champion Ivy Orator of the Class of 1917. I stand here on this faculty trampled arena where Kaiser Wallace and his war lords, the faculty, and Mr. Long, hold sway, dictating to the common herd below; (never you mind, Freshmen, you with heads that are new, having never been used, you will be dusted off and taken down from the shelf next year to sit with the select). As I was about to say it is a very difficult thing for me to talk to you people here, as you are suffering from an acute case of cevelic tume faction, magum caput, grosser kopf and that you cannot comprehend the ratiocination of all my complex syllogisms. But I shall do my best.

There are many here who represent the Ivy in many ways. For instance the Freshmen are like the new Ivy inasmuch as they are green, undeveloped, and undersized. The Sophomores are like the Ivy when it has grown a year, weak, ambitious, and flimsy. The Juniors in their third year in school are like the Ivy in its third year of growth, a little taller, more ambitious, and thicker than ever. The Great Seniors are like unto it a year later because they are sturdy, far reaching, and forever climbing. But I am an exact counterpart of it in its final growth, tall, handsome, independent, and graceful.

The Ivy is indeed one of nature's most wonderful plants and had I time I could to you unfold so vivid a description of its peculiarities, similarities, varieties, and persistencies that it would make your young blood congeal and every individual hair stand on every individual head like the quills on the back of a fretful porcupine. But as I look at the clock I see it is getting beyond my time. I of course am the principal speaker today but out of fairness to the other ambitious aspirants who are merely to fill in and take time out of your lessons, I presume that I shall have to desist and thus ends the greatest Ivy Oration ever delivered by any orator of the A. H. S. Amen.

Paul Hazeltine.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1917

The class historian is usually chosen to write the record of the class, and to set forth in glowing terms their more or less interesting career. But my task is simplified by the extraordinary nature and attainments of our class. Being so unusual, I do not have to discuss first, as my predecessors, that well-known field-of-grass stage, for, it was under difficulties that we began our High school career, and we have seemed to keep under them ever since.

The old High school building not being large enough to contain our Freshman class—we felt pretty big then, you know—part were obliged to remain another year in the Crosby school and part in the Locke school. Those being fortunate enough to be assigned to the High school were so made to feel their own insignificance that they evidently didn't think it worth while to elect class officers, and as to the social side, it simply didn't exist. The old saying, "Happy are the people who have no history," can easily be seen in our case. Our Freshman year was exceedingly happy.

But with Mr. Mitchell continually setting forth the advantages of stick-to-it-ive-ness, in our Sophomore year, with a class reunited, we managed to elect class officers with Nelson Jost as president. Strange to say we even had a couple of class meetings, whose very purpose has been forgotten. But we had not even then developed to the point where we felt free to have any good times, that is, as a class.

In our Junior year, entering this beautiful High school and having a new principal, Mr. Clerk, we took a new outlook on life. Mr. Long, familiarly known as "Pie" Long, was chosen as class advisor; Walter Nix, president; Dorothy Jordan, vice president; Elmer Lowe, treasurer; and Evelyn Chamberlain, secretary. The constitution of the class of 1917 was drawn up with due formality putting forth in hopeful terms the high purpose of the class. These I will not repeat as one could see too easily how well we have lived up to them. Mr. Clerk early in the year began trying to impart to us the feeling of "Individual Responsibility." Perhaps imbibing too much of this feeling was the reason the class didn't seem to "hang together."

On January twenty-eighth the Seniors gave the much looked forward to Social to the Juniors, and the minstrel show they gave certainly came up to our expectations.

On Arbor day we dutifully did our bit towards beautifying the grounds by planting a little fir tree in our allotted corner. Then came the Juniors' reception to the Seniors. Under Mr. Long's supervision several members of the class prepared an original sketch entitled "The Last Days of School." It was very entertaining and was enjoyed by all.

At the end of the year we were very sorry to lose our principal, Mr. Clerk, and at the same time our superintendent, Mr. John F. Scully, who had for many years been a friend to us.

Our Senior year started off well to say the least. Our new principal was Mr. Wallace, and the new superintendent Mr. Minard, both of whom we have grown to love and admire during our year of close contact with them. We elected Miss Magner as class advisor, David Snow as president; Dorothy Jordan again vice president; Walter Chamberlain, treasurer; and Hazel Kimball, secretary. The first thing of interest in an interesting year was the afternon dances conducted by the Senior class in the gym for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The few dances that were given were a success and added a much needed bit to the treasury. Our English teacher, Miss Eaton, early in the year was obliged to take a vacation but we were only too glad to welcome her when she came back.

The Seniors' reception to the Juniors,

Friday evening, January twenty-sixth was a "Cabaret Show." The Seniors enjoyed getting up the show quite as well as the others enjoyed seeing it, as among other things it necessitated a little trip into the "Follies of 1917" to get ideas—needless to say we got them. At the performance Mr. Minard for the first time spoke to the school, which greatly added to the enjoyment of the evening. The show was such a success that on February second we repeated it with a few added features for the benefit of the A. A. A. Just at the height of our activities one of our number, Richmond Parkhurst, died, to the great sorrow of us all. It was the first break of this kind in our ranks and we lost a good friend and schoolmate.

On February ninth the Juniors, according to custom, returned the reception to the Seniors. For some reason the doors were not opened until very late and the poor Seniors getting anxious began climbing in the windows, with a rather disastrous result. Very mysteriously one of the Junior cast disappeared and great was the excitement that prevailed. After the lost member, none the worse for his joyride, was returned, with suspicion resting heavily on a few members of our class, the play entitled "Her Busy Day" began—it had been the Juniors busy day too. The Seniors appreciated the little play and enjoyed it very much; the members of the cast did admirably.

Our thoughts then turned toward graduation and with this idea we elected Purdy as class photographer and enthusiastically and lustily started our graduation music.

At this time everyone's interest was centered on the relation of America with the warring nations, and when the break finally came, the patriotism of the Senior class was represented in the firing line by Joseph Gahm in the Cavalry and Whytal Bennett in the Naval Reserve, in the planting line by Snow, Stevens, Reiche, Kellog, Estabrook, and Viets.

Perhaps the saddest event of our whole school life was the sudden death of Elsa Haller, who, although not a member of our class was a dear and valued friend to many among us, and has been sincerely missed by the Senior class.

This morning we meet you for the last time as the Senior class of the Arlington High school, and while it may seem good just now to get out of school, we will all sooner or later miss our happy years in the dear old A. H. S.

We are not leaving you our history as an example to be followed, that would be imposing too hard a task on you, but merely as a record of our doings for you to read and ponder.

Doris Chauvin.

CLASS PROPHECY

The Future of 1917 as Prophesied by The Three Witches.

Witch Hazel Kimball
Wizards
W. Chamberlain and J. Lyons

Here do we three meet again,
One old maid and two old men.
As we three gaze into this steam
We'll tell the future of seventeen.

W. C. "Sister Witch Hazel, what do you see?"

H. K. "I see a large illuminated sign bearing the names of some of our class-mates—Hazeltine, Donnelly, Jost and Moore—sole owners and managers of the Gaiety Vaudeville."

W. C. "They should have owned it long ago and saved money!"

H. K. "I see the program:—

1. Fraulein Louise Holt—
W. C. "Holen, holter geholt"
Snake Charmer

J. L. 2. "Seniorita Rosa Bennett
Yaaka Hula Dancer."

W. C. 3. "Bass soloist, Ernest Brokenshire. World famed in his favorite hit of the evening—I Love the Ladies!"

H. K. 4. "The largest human specimen in captivity—Constance Taylor."

J. L. 5. "Laurence Chellis as the most natural woman charmer."

W. C. 6. "Siamese Twins—A. and Helen Keaney."

7. "Speed Maniacs—Dare devil eyelists—the Schwamb Twins."

H. K. 9. "The wild man of Borneo—only specimen in captivity. Albert Surrette."

10. Prize dancer—Grace Donahue.

H. K. "Here I find a newspaper clipping. (Takes paper and reads) "'Julia Currier, renowned opera singer, marries head of Stone and Webster Engineering Concern.'"

J. L. "He was a member of that class of 1916."

W. C. "That will put an end to Julia's singing!"

H. K. "A horseman comes galloping up the street. It is Capt. Joe Gahm of the Mass. Cavalry."

J. L. "He is just returning from a successful journey in quest of Flo."

H. K. "Who is this devoted couple that I see? The smile of bliss and contentment is pictured on their faces."

J. L. "Laura Allen and Apsie Adams!"

H. K. "Flash! Beauty parlor managed by Mme. Viola Allen."

J. L. "Who ever thought Viola would give away her secrets?"

W. C. "And there's Lester Edwards demonstrating the peaches and cream blush, and Edmund Hommel, the manufacturer of Hommel Bay Rum."

H. K. "As the VAIL lifts, I see Ralph Stevens in the old flivver on the old road to Lexington. He is kidnapping."

W. C. "A youthful habit."

H. K. "A red cross nurse—Teresa Lunt! The fellow from Yale must have been unsuccessful."

J. L. "She makes a good nurse."

W. C. "Yes, she always did have a lot of patience."

H. K. "A judge's box—Jennie Balser in the stand laying down law to the multitude."

J. L. "She must have received her training in the Senior Com. Law Class."

H. K. "Change of scenery. Who is this little man dodging around?"

J. L. "Some one is after him, it is Mack Dodge trying to dodge Ethel Burt; she's got him!"

W. C. "Mack always was an unsuccessful dodger."

H. K. "A scene in Germany—"

J. L. "Two of our former class-

mates, Helen Seasley and Gladys Ramsdell. The former married a Frankfurter and the latter a Hamburger."

H. K. "Who is that couple on their honeymoon? It is Warren Powers with that liquid eye and same watery smile."

J. L. "It looks like a Lake."

H. K. "Do you see that large poultry farm? And who are those two people walking around?"

J. L. "Well, Well, if it isn't our friends Harold Cahalin and Teddy Peiree."

W. C. "They always did have a great fascination for the chickens."

H. K. "A boarding house—"

J. L. "Helen Rice assisting her husband, a doctor, in running it."

W. C. "She cooks and he cures; a formidable partnership."

H. K. "Now I see Dot Jordan."

J. L. "A peach she surely was."

H. K. "But now she's working like a dog."

J. L. "Obeying Clifford's laws."

W. C. "Dot never was cut out for an old maid."

H. K. "Flash. A large class room of little children. Slowly paeing the room is Gladys Brenton."

J. L. "Her happy smile is replaced by a sour, crabbed look."

W. C. "A predominant feature of a teacher."

H. K. "I can see Margaret Sexton as secretary to the president."

J. L. "She always sits on the right side of him."

W. C. "High School training."

H. K. "Scatter, ye mists. Now I can see a little man staggering under a bunch of green bananas."

J. L. "It is Dan Sexton."

W. C. "As the twig is bent so shall it grow."

H. K. "Who is this great, tall man?"

J. L. "That is Guy Edwards, the great wool merchant."

H. K. "There's Gordon Higgins, how long since he's been working in a bank?"

J. L. "He is the draft clerk in the Menotomy Trust."

W. C. "Yes, draft clerk, opening and shutting the door."

H. K. "Flash, here I see a large farm with women operators."

J. L. "Sure enough I see Mary Hourihan, Beatrice Hurley, and Violet Irwin."

W. C. "Of course they had to follow the boys. Everybody's doing it!"

H. K. "Look at the boat coming up the harbor!"

J. L. "It's the boat that comes in on Monday morning, quite popular with the gentlemen of our class."

W. C. "Might have known it; it has claimed Abraham Marcus and Joseph McGarry for life."

H. K. "There's Roland Jones, the star first baseman on the 1917 nine; he seems to wear a look of perfect contentment and prosperity."

J. L. "Yes, he is now manager and coach of Notre Dame girls' baseball team."

H. K. "Here is a large Art Studio with Wilhelmina Allen over the door."

J. L. "The printing seems to resemble that of a Tufts Engineer."

W. C. "Wilhelmina has stuck to her High School ambitions."

H. K. "I see Florence O'Connell, champion heavyweight boxer. He has women for seconds."

J. L. "Sure thing, they are Edith Meehan and Anna McNichol."

W. C. "They were always his loyal supporters."

H. K. "I think I hear music. It seems to be coming from a large hall."

J. L. "People are dancing and working over a new step; the Balser Glide, after the originator, Catherine Balser."

H. K. "I see ex-President Snow happily married."

W. C. "He always was a good sticker and has stuck through rolling pins and flat-irons."

H. K. "I smell something, now I can see it. It is a delicatessen shop."

J. L. "Alas! 'Tis run by Anton

Steidle with Parry Reiche and Rimbach as chefs."

W. C. "Parry always did love the Germans."

H. K. "Here comes a huge battle ship."

J. L. "Its decks are empty; no one can be seen but the admiral and his first-mate."

W. C. "Well, well, if it isn't Admiral Rabbi Bennett in command, commanding his first-mate Doris."

H. K. "Look at Esther Johnson, the successful farmer."

J. L. "Yes; she is planting peas and putting sugar around them so they will be sweet peas."

W. C. "Another scene—Norah Kelly and Rose Melley are somewhere in the north looking for frozen pudding."

H. K. "What can this store be? All sorts of gowns of the brightest colors."

J. L. "The sign above reads:—Corine Danforth, foreign gown modeler."

W. C. "At last Ruth Curran has settled down to business, assisting her husband in the manufacture of BLUE dyes."

H. K. "I see Edith Strandberg, Eva Sullivan, Agnes Welch, and Gladys Whelpley in a quartet."

J. L. "They sing at the movies every night, "When It's Time to Go Home."

W. C. "Another one of our number is in the navy. Sam Hatfield is chief electrician in the Irish Navy."

H. K. "Charles Kennedy is a multimillionaire."

J. L. "He got all his money singing and caroling."

W. C. "Here is Louis Patriquin, working in Grossmith's freezing ice cream. He thinks one good turn deserves another."

H. K. "Here is Marguerite Kenney delivering one of her fiery orations to a hen-pecked husband."

W. C. "Poor Furdon deserves a better life than that."

H. K. "Look at Florence Caterino there fixing the styles."

J. L. "She's quite a machinist, they're turn stiles."

H. K. "Who is this great, big, husky, blonde life-sized man?"

J. L. "It's Walter Chamberlain! Whoever thought he'd come to that?"

N. K. "A scene in Japan:—Marion White pulling a jinrikisha."

W. C. "She is the favorite steed as she was always good at covering the ground."

H. K. "Flash!! I hear soft music."

J. L. "It is Evelyn Chamberlin playing her favorite piece."

W. C. "It's nice to get up in the morning but it's nicer to lie in bed."

H. K. "I now see Gertrude Viano, assisting her husband, by editing the society column of the Arlington News."

J. L. "Look at Louis Weiner leading a band of musicians. He is leader of Symphony orchestra and horribly famous."

W. C. "I hear the rush of wings. Away, ye Imps! It is the angel Beatrice Young."

H. K. "I'm surprised to see Jack Viets tending a soda fountain."

J. L. "Oh, yes, he is a howling success; he was such a good mixer."

H. K. "I see Mertis Banks happily married and living at Allerton, where her romance began."

J. L. "A scene at Nantasket Beach. Herbert Collins and Justin McCarthy pacing back and forth on the beach."

W. C. "They've stuck to their policy, Watchful Waiting. Will the Hazels ever come?"

H. K. "Here is a new kind of school."

J. L. (Takes paper and reads)—"The Stanley Kellogg School for Unfortunate Lovers."

W. C. "Information on—How to rush a girl. How to drop a girl."

H. K. "Motto: A Kellogg Flirt never fails.—Price of course depends on age of applicant."

J. L. "First Applicant: Edith Dav-

is. Ought I live in Winchester or Watertown?"

W. C. "Second Applicant: Josiah Crosby. What kind of a girl would share my old gray mare and my old red wagon?"

H. K. "John Lyons has changed his occupation as undertaker in this town."

J. L. "Yes, business was too dead."

W. C. "He is now teaching domestic science in a Girls' High School."

W. C. "It can't be true! Lucretia Kellogg running an Old Ladies' Home."

H. K. "I see Helen Sampson is playing a Jews-harp with the Jewett Players in N. J."

H. K. "Poor Martha Barry, has just been fired for flirting with the janitor in her last position."

J. L. "Dorothea Critcherson has started a tatting establishment. She has invented many beautiful designs and is now a howling success."

W. C. "Eileen Connor is now managing the Whitehead Metal Co., and likes things harmonious as well as business-like, so is hiring blonde help."

H. K. "Time for a flash. Aha—Fay Brackett—the girl who always kept her heart locked at school, has persisted in her secluded attitude and is now living with her Lockhart in seclusion."

W. C. "The most popular boy in the class. Duke Reycroft."

J. L. "His increasing executive ability and popularity landed him finally in the exalted position of Presidential Chair."

W. C. "The days of men school teachers are over. Woman's Suffrage has come, and Hazel is holding down the job of Principal of the A. H. S."

There is no more that can be told
You've learned your future young and old;
Forgive us, please, if we've been bold.

CLASS STATISTICS

We're singing to you now in this hall,
We're singing to you now one and all.
Everybody should listen, else there's something you're missing,
For we mean to keep you guessing, every laddie and gal.
If missiles flying should fall in your way
Please don't get angry, but take it in play.
Now if you think you'd like to hear a little jest or two,
Say three or four or more, just listen.
For we'll hand them to you.

ODE

Listen here, listen here, we want you to know
That we have a president who isn't very slow,
List to us, list to us, a great one he does make
Our farmer David Snow is the one that takes the cake.

Demure little Dorothy, our president protem,
She has done her duty with the very best of them,
And when it comes to serving meals she sure cannot be beat
We wonder who the lucky man will be who gets the treat.

Kimmie dear, Kimmie dear, we want to tell to you
That you've been a secretary ever stanch and true,
Now that school is over and our fun is at an end
We always shall remember that you ever were our friend.

Herr Walter Chamberlain, he is Miss Magner's PEST

And when he left the German class we
were all at rest—But
Since he's bought that green felt hat
we wonder what it cost
And also if the treasury has suffered
any loss.

Our gallant hero Joseph Gahm
May soon leave wife and home
And with the Cavalry Reserve
Far from this country roam
And over all the bounding deep
May youthful Bennett go
But patiently at home shall wait
Frenchie and little Flo.
If Berkie with the Red Cross boys
To France shall wend his way
Lucretia as a Red Cross nurse
Will follow sure we say.
Now Amos dear as we all know
Trusts the academic plan
So Julia may be married to
A technological man?
For Charlie Moore so young and good
May life real tranquil flow
But just these words to him and Puss
Spy is quite deep you know.
For Macie Dodge and Ethyle Burt
The movie man has said
A little booth he'll build for them

So they'll not be disturbed.
There's Cricket Morton in our school
Who starts upon the ice
Whose clever feats in hockey
Sabina did entice.
There's Stanley Kellogg in our class
Who thinks he's very nice
And this is always seconded
By little Dottie Rice.

Harold Pick, it's you they're after,
Harold Pick, you teachers' pet,
When you're absent they are happy
Never mind, they'll miss you yet.

Evelyn Chamberlain is our class
blonde
Who charms us with her look,
And Billie Wadman our brunette
Who charms Mit Estabrook.

As for sports there's Lonis Reycroft
Hockey champion on arena ice
But it isn't that a-tall-a-tall that's fas
cinating us,
It's his winning smile so nice.

Josh Crosby with those big, brown
eyes
He sure can dance divinely,
And as for pleasing the fair sex
He certainly does finely.

You've all heard of Caruso
And his voice that gave him fame
Here in our midst there is another
Pat Furdon is his name.
And Geraldine Farrar you know
Is impersonated here
By one we all know real well
And that is Julia dear.

Do you know that in our class
There is one that does not flirt,
That does not talk in line
Or lessons ever shirk,
That very rarely speaks to boys,
Oh, men she sure does hate—
She never goes to dances
Or at dances stays out late?
When they told me of this girl
She with manners truly staid,
I thought and thought and finally said
Gertrude Viano—the class old maid.

WILL

BE IT REMEMBERED, that we the class of 1917 of the Arlington High School of the Town of Arlington in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, United States, North America, Western Hemisphere, knowing the uncertainty of this life do make this our last will and testament.

After the payment of our just debts and funeral charges, we bequeath and devise as follows:

1. To Mr. Minard and Mr. Wallace the well wishes of 1917 for a prosperous and happy future and renewed health, strength, and vigor for the work which they have so nobly carried on.

2. To the class of 1920 a supply of educator crackers and milk.

To the class of 1919 a Constitution and F. E. Clerk's Edition of Parliamentary Law.

To the class of 1918 our best wishes for their Senior year, and anything we have left in the treasury.

3. To Mr. Gordon and Mr. Robinson a book on how to bring up a model child and one on how to sleep while walking in the wee small hours of the morning.

4. To Miss Furdon and Miss Hadley one Freight car of blue pencils to mark up the ambitious students supposedly correct typewriting papers; with one equals two predominating.

5. To Miss Lyon a box of afternoon slips to be distributed among worthy pupils and a book of discipline containing the Constitution written by her worthy and great predecessor, The Hon. Lieut. George Irving Cross.

6. To Miss Magner our class advisor, we leave our individual best wishes for a happy and successful future.

7. To Miss Eaton, for the welfare of the coming seniors, a proclamation calling in all books on Burkes' speech which she advises reading for our own good.

8. To Parks Odenweller of the Junior Class one book of proper daneing manners.

9. To Philip T. Robinson, an emergency brake to be put on his tongue so that hereafter the school may understand all Governor proclamations that he may read.

10. To Mr. Gordon Higgins, a couple of Extra soles on his shoes and a couple of pocketsful of lead, so that he may become tall enough and heavy enough to be a sailor in Uncle Sam's navy. Hurrah for Higgie!

11. To Harold Pick and George Chicken Johnson, we bequeath the honor of being the champion pinch hitters of the Baseball team of the A. H. S., neither one getting a hit all year although Chicken once got a foul.

12. To the following we give the Library the third period each day so that they may do their knitting in peace.

Helen Vail, Hazel Donovan, Little Lena King, Anna Willis, Alberta Hadley, Cora Wyman, and Miss Bowker.

13. To Paul Hazeltine the honor of being president of the Diplomatic Alibi Association, the only one in captivity.

14. The hope that the rest of the school will become as noble, great, studious, conscientious, and glorious all round students as we, the class of 1917, have proved ourselves to be.

HERBERT COLLINS.

LIST OF GRADUATES

Laura H. Allen
Viola M. Allen
Wilhelmina F. Allen
Catherine L. Balser
Jennie Balsor
Mertis M. Banks
Martha C. Barry
Rose B. Bennett
William W. Bennett
Fay Brackett
Gladys M. Brenton
Ernest Brokenshire
Ethel L. Burt
Harold A. Cahalin
Florence J. Caterino
Evelyn Chamberlain
Walter T. Chamberlain
Doris Chauvin
Lawrence Chellis
Daniel T. Clifford
Herbert L. Collins
Eileen G. Connor
Christena M. Cousens
Dorothea C. Critcherson
Josiah D. Crosby
Ruth V. Curran
Julia M. Currier
M. Corinne Danforth
Edith M. Davis
Malcolm G. Dodge
Grace Donahue
James P. Donnelly
Hazel C. Donovan
Guy W. Edwards
Lester W. Edwards
Lina Edwards
Milton Estabrook
Patriek J. Furdon
Joseph H. Gahm
Samuel J. Hatfield
Paul Hazeltine
Gordon S. Higgins
Edmund E. Hommel
Mary E. Honrihan
Beatriee M. Hurley
Violet M. Irwin
Esther F. Johnson
Roland G. Jones
Dorothy P. Jordan
Nelson M. Jost
Agnes G. Keaney
Helen Keaney
Lucretia Kellogg
Stanley Kellogg
Norah G. Kelley
Charles L. Kennedy
Marguerite P. Kenney
Hazel M. Kimball
G. Evelyn Lake
Ruth M. Lovewell
Theresa M. Lunt
John J. Lyons, Jr.
Abraham Marcus
Carol L. Masseck
Justin J. McCarthy
Joseph McGarry
Anna McNichol
Edith E. Meehan
Rose I. Melly
Florence M. O'Connell
Louis A. Patriquin
W. Theodore Peirce
Harold F. Piek
Warren T. Powers
Gladys L. Ramsdell
Parry Reiche
Louis M. Reycroft
Helen T. Rice
Bertha K. Richardson
F. Williams Rimbach
Alma Russell
Helen E. Sampson
Edward B. Schwamb
Theodore A. Schwamb
Helen J. Seasley
Daniel J. Sexton
Margaret T. Sexton
Helen S. Sinclair
David F. Snow
Ruth Sparks
Anton Steidle
Ralph S. Stevens
Edith A. Strandberg
Donald C. Stront
Eva T. Sullivan
Constance A. Taylor
Gertrude A. Viano
John B. Viets
Mildred M. Wadman
Louis Weiner
Agnes Welch
Gladys H. Whelpley
Marion E. White
Beatriee Young



A. H. S. FIELD HOCKEY TEAM

D. Roberts, A. Condon, coach, C. Wyman, M. Willis, K. Kennedy, H. Bowker, coach, E. Bateman.
G. Loveitt, H. Kimball, H. Hadley, R. Stickney, M. Thatcher.
Marion Wing Ethel Roberts

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